"The Man-Hunter" by Peter B. Kyn

Police Magazine

June

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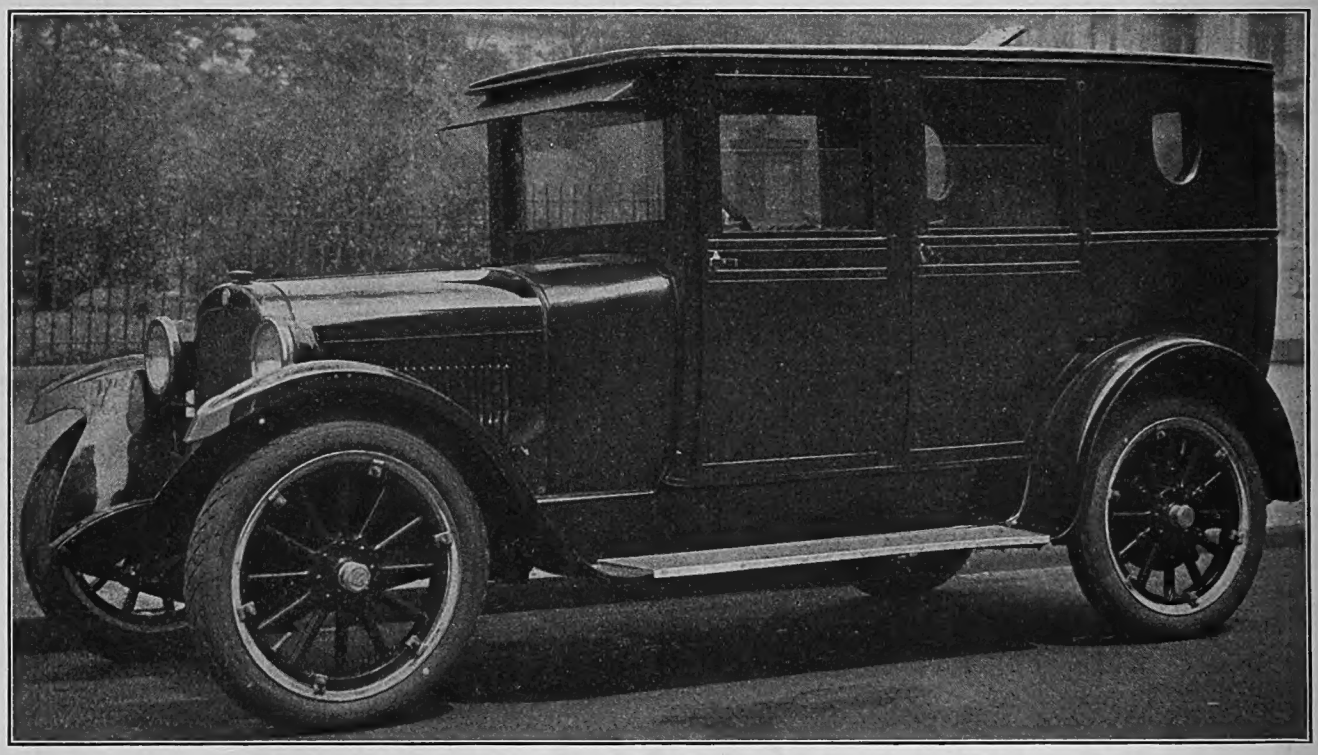

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June, 1925

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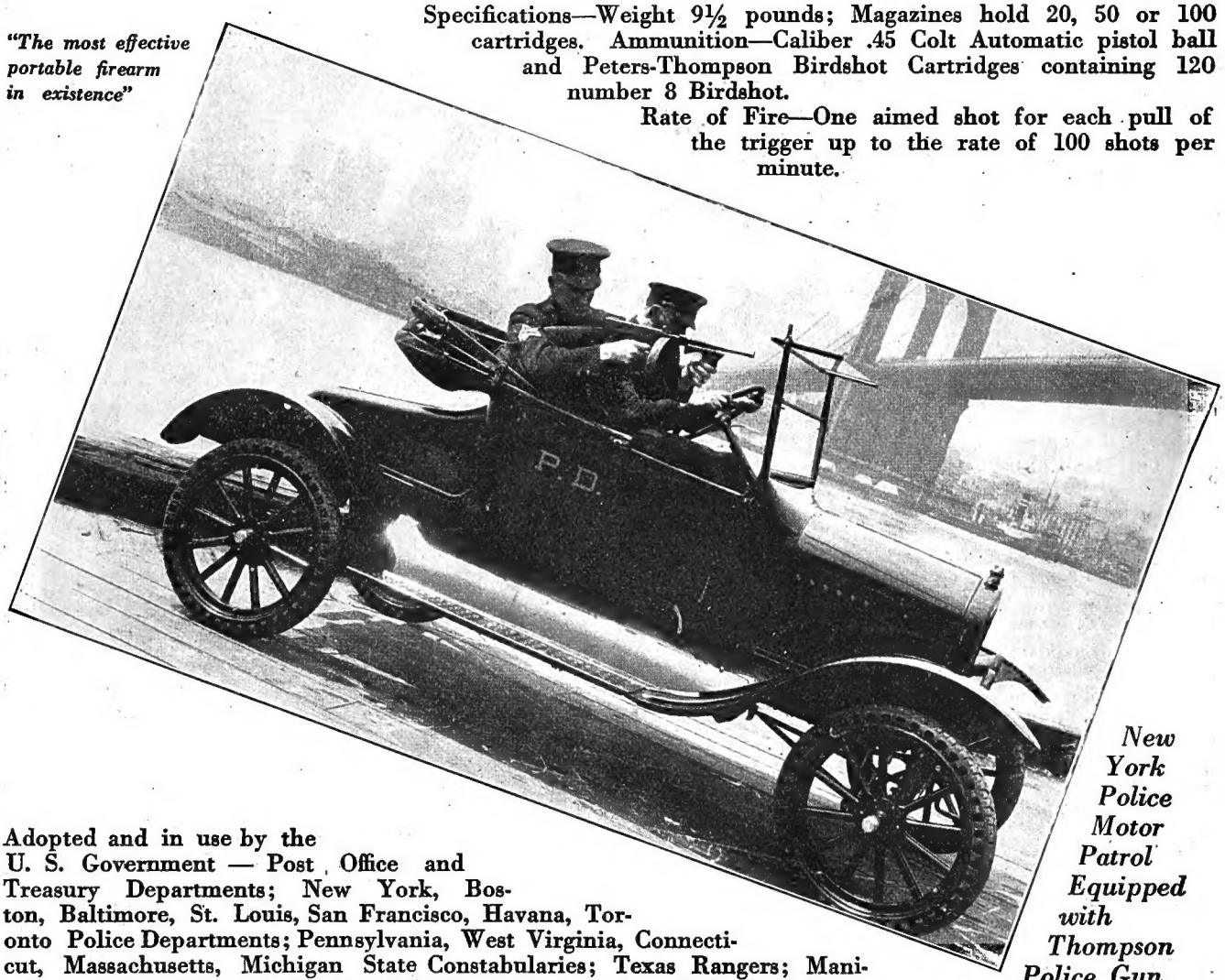

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THE POLICEMAN'S PRAYER

By PERRITON MAXWELL

GIVE me unfailing courage at all times and under all conditions. Let me look into the face of death with unblinking eyes and with no sense of fear.

Teach me to realize that there are prowling human wolves ever ready to devour the innocent, and that there are depraved creatures, cast in the comely human mould, to whom murder is but an incident and crime in all its hideous phases a persistent occupation.

Grant that I may live my life simply and keep my mind clean.

Let me acquire, superlatively, the art of self-defense against the cunning wiles of mine own and the peoples' enemies.

Steel me against the machinations of those who would corrupt me.

May I never disgrace my uniform, nor think too lightly of those who, by long service and faithfulness to duty, have earned the right to rank above me.

Let me possess the virtues of a soldier on the battlefield.

Let me traverse my beat as the Roman Emperors of old trod the Forum. But preserve me from personal vanity and the arrogance which too often goes with power.

Save me from all pettiness in my dealings with those less fortunately placed in life. Aid me in understanding that my calling is a truly noble one, that it involves self-sacrifice, the maintainance of a robust body and a cool head, and that, first and last, I must be a man among men.

Help me to be lightning-quick in determining the right thing to do in grave emergencies.

Help me to cultivate a warm heart and a ready hand for the needy and the weak.

May I be greatly feared by the law-breaker and greatly loved by my friends.

When, in the course of duty, it becomes necessary to grapple with thugs bent upon my destruction, let my gun-aim be true and my fist-blow devastating.

Cause me to do my work with cheerful mien and honest zeal.

Teach me to bear myself, in storm and sunshine, in congenial or distasteful location, always as the blue-clad symbol of civilization's law, without which there would be but little happiness on this earth and no chance whatsoever for human progress.

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Drawn by EUGENE M. FRANDZEN

The chair hit his bad ankle and Charley sat down suddenly. The three men started for him. There was but one more cartridge in his revolver. He fired point blank at his foremost assailant.

(See "Bad Money and a Good Horse", Page 24).

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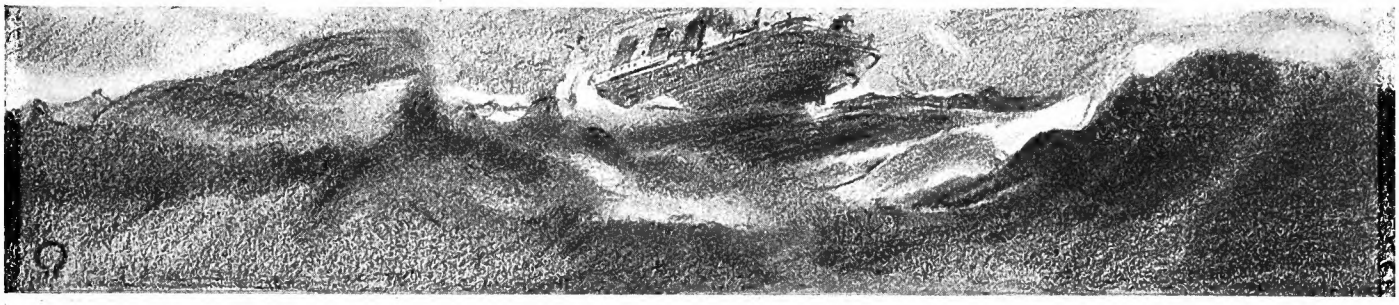

The "Omega" breasted the choppy seas that rolled in from the Pacific to lash themselves into a wild smother of foam on Coos Bay bar.

The Man-Hunter

Detective-Sergeant O'Shea Trailed His Quarry from San Francisco to Victoria, B. C., Lured Him to Portland, Oregon, then Aboard a Steamer When—Something Happened, Something Unforeseen, Dramatic, Thrilling

By Peter B. Kyne

Author of "The Pride of Palomar," "Kindred of the Dust," "The Valley of Giants," "Cappy Ricks," etc.

Illustrated by RALPH CRAWLEY

IN the office of the captain of detectives in the city of San Francisco there used to hang over the captain's desk a framed enlargement of a kodak picture. It portrayed a youth seated with arms outstretched on a table, his head bowed, in an attitude of profound hopelessness and sorrow, upon his left arm. The boyish face, half turned to the right, was drawn in all the unutterable woe and tragedy of the ages. The eyes were closed—the pale cheeks were streaked with tears. It was a terrible, a colossal exemplification of the ancient biblical quotation, "The wages of sin is death"; for the hands of the boy were manacled.

It was a dreadful, a brutal thing, and why they kept it there is a mystery. The picture made of the neat and orderly office of the captain of detectives a chamber of horror. It was impossible for any human being to gaze upon it without being awed and chilled by its monumental awfulness. Probably they kept it there as one of the props in that pitiful human tragedy colloquially designated as "the third degree." Young Hen Maguire, who did night police for the *Herald,* never went into the office of the captain of detectives without first asking Munson, the chief's clerk, to turn that picture to the wall. But when he wanted to write a great newspaper story with the final scene laid in a prison cell, and pointing a moral, young Maguire would walk into the upper office and gaze at that picture; for to Henry, who was temperamental and imaginative, it was unfailing inspiration for a sob. That picture had been responsible for more than one raise in Hen's salary, although there were other drawbacks. For instance, the picture had, for some indefinable reason, aroused in young Hen Maguire a fierce resentment of our vaunted civilization in the matter of our treatment of the transgressor, so he wrote stories that earned him the enmity of all in the upper office with the exception of Detective-Sergeant Michael O'Shea; consequently, when young Hen started out to reform the police department, he decided

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to experiment first on O'Shea. He presented that astute individual with a book and bade him read it for the good of his immortal soul. The book was Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables.*

"Why this French book, Henny?" demanded Detective O'Shea.

"There's a character in it that's a dead ringer for you, Mike, only he's a Frenchman——"

"More's the pity," interrupted Michael O'Shea.

"I consider this character, Javert, one of Hugo's greatest. He was an honest gum-shoe man like you, Mike, and he got results without a dictograph. He held the same theories regarding crime and criminals and he was a human wolf when it came to going after his man. He always landed him. Only in the end he turned crook himself."

"Huh-huh!" grunted Michael O'Shea. "And what did he get for it?"

"Not a sou. He did it on principle, Mike, and when he found he couldn't be faithful to his trust, he removed his shield, threw it into the Seine and jumped in after it."

"D'ye mean to say he bumped himself off?" demanded the honest Michael.

"Exactly."

"The lobster! Just like a Frenchman to get excited over nothing. Why didn't he resign from the department when he found the yeggs were getting his goat?"

"Well, he had to commit suicide or there wouldn't have been any story, you bonehead. You hate him all through the story, but when he turns off his light—Mike, you've simply got to cry, that's all."

Michael O'Shea knew better than that. "Well, Henny, I've heard of a fly-cop turning crook for cash, but never for glory. But tell me, Henry Maguire, are you trying to sneak up on the blind side of me for a scoop, that you insist on me taking this book and reading it?"

"Not a bit of it, Mike. It will be good for your soul. You're too hard on the underdogs, Mike. Why, only this morning I saw you pick up an ex-con. in Market Street and make him give an account of himself. The unfortunate mutt didn't look like a hard nut either. The only criminal thing that I could see about him was his prison suit of 'free' clothes, and they shrieked his shame to high heaven. Now, I daresay that poor devil had been out of San Quentin for about four hours; he'd just crossed the bay and was breezing up Market Street, enjoying the wicked old world again when he bumped into you and——"

"Not a bit of it, Henry. I bumped into him. I had the tip that he was due in town and I was watching for him. Want to know who it was you saw me pick up? That was St. Louis Slim. Give that bird the time and a good set of tools to work with and he'll burgle his way through any armorplate steel door that ever swung on hinges."

"But he isn't a criminal any more, Mike. Can't you see the point? He's served his time; he's paid his debt to society and he's entitled to go his way in peace. You have no right to interfere with him. I suppose you ordered him to report at headquarters every day or two, never pausing to think, of course, that he might want to get a job and work at it."

"True," assented Detective Sergeant Michael O'Shea. "That's why he has to report. The chief's afraid he'll find a job—and work at it. He works at night, Henny, so it's easy for him to report by day."

Michael O'Shea chuckled at this flash of his Hibernian wit. But young Hen Maguire was too temperamental for a night police reporter. He was peeved at "the system", so he said:

"Mike, do you know what I'd do if I were St. Louis Slim? I'd lay for you and the likes of you and bump you off some dark night in an alley."

"That's why I keep out of dark alleys, Henny. Don't you worry about St. Louis Slim or his lack of intentions. He'll do me fast enough if I ever let him have the chance."

Detective O'Shea, callous to crime and long since inured to the shame and sorrow of the under-world, patted young Henry's shoulder patronizingly. He was fond of young Hen, for the reporter had brains and character, as did likewise Michael O'Shea himself.

"Everybody to his own taste, Henny Boy, as the old lady said when she kissed the cow. You've got too many of them advanced ideas in your head for a police reporter and they ain't buying you anything around headquarters. Of course, I don't mind you springing them on me, because I understand you and we're good friends, but don't shoot off your mouth around the chief or you'll get yourself disliked and the other boys will be scooping you every blessed day. A loose tongue may cost you your job, Henny. You've been tearing things open with a pretty high hand lately, and take it from your friend Mike, you're not any too popular around here right now. However, I'll take this French book and read it, and tell you what I think about it, anyway."

"Thank you, Mike. I'll buy you a good cigar for that. You're so absolutely on the level with yourself and your friends that it hurts me to know you won't give an ex-convict an even break. However, I've said all I'm going to say until you've finished reading that book. If Victor Hugo, who was one of the greatest writers that ever lived, can't convince you, it's a hopeless job for a mere police reporter. When you read the book pass it along, Mike."

"I will," promised Michael O'Shea. "Now buy me that good cigar before you forget."

. . . . . .

"Mike," queried Horton, the captain of detectives, "how are you going to spend your vacation? It starts next Monday."

"Around the house with the wife and kids, of course," replied the detective. "I'm going to put in a lawn and set out some geraniums and sweet peas. I'll fuss around home all morning and in the afternoon I'll go to the ball game and take my boy Jim. If you can beat that for spending a vacation, me lad, show me."

"Well, you have two weeks of it, Mike, under the city charter, and on full pay. But the police commissioners have the power to extend your vacation indefinitely—and I might so arrange it for you. For instance, you might have an attack of rheumatism and have to go to the springs."

"Not on pay," warned Michael O'Shea, who was famed for his honesty. "My record's straight to date and I won't have any man say I grafted a cent of pay off the city without giving value received."

"Easy, Mike. There may be a wad of money in this for both of us. The job's not exactly official."

"Is the money clean?"

"Chemically pure, Mike. It's a five-thousand-dollar reward for a crook."

"Well, that's clean enough for the O'Shea family."

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"Hang on!" yelled the Captain, and the two passengers sprang for the iron bridge-railing and grasped it, just as a huge green sea came over the port counter.

The detective leaned a large ruddy ear toward Horton. "I'm listening," he said. "Who pays the freight if the city don't? I have no money to speculate with."

"The Pacific Life Insurance Company."

"Insurance swindle, eh? Some class to this case, eh? I'm tired of picking up cheap dips and yeggs and bunco-steerers, and a first-class run-in with a brainy crook will be a change. Tell me the sad story."

"Two years ago," began Horton, "the Pacific Life Insurance Company issued a $20,000 policy to one John F. Mallory, a resident of Sacramento. Six months later Mallory's body was found half buried on a sand-bar in the Sacramento River near Kennett. Mallory had been missing for two months prior to the discovery of the body and it was proved that the last seen of him was aboard the Shasta Express. He was then bound north for the headwaters of the Sacramento on a fishing trip, from which he never returned."

"How did he pay his premium?" demanded Detective O'Shea. "Quarterly, semi-annually or annually?"

"Annually."

"Then there's no swindle. No crook's going to throw away a couple of hundred dollars by paying his premium annually, in advance, when he intends to pull the trick in six months. However——"

"Prior to embarking on this fishing excursion," continued Horton, "Mallory had purchased in a Sacramento sporting-goods house a pair of gum hip-boots, two pair

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of heavy gray woolen socks and a brown corduroy outing suit. When the body was found it was identified immediately. The clerk who sold Mallory the boots and clothing testified, and in addition Mallory's watch and his pocket-book, with his name in gold letters on it, was on the body. The body itself was not recognizable when found. However, in height and approximate weight it closely resembled Mallory. The identification was complete enough for all practical purposes and the insurance company was satisfied. It paid over to Mallory's widow the amount of her husband's life insurance policy."

"I see," observed Detective O'Shea, "but where's the bug? John H. Mallory hasn't been seen around Sacramento since, has he?"

"No, but one James Pike, a former neighbor of Mallory in Sacramento, informs the life insurance company that on a recent visit to Victoria, British Columbia, he saw John H. Mallory seated at a desk in the real estate office of the firm of McDougall & Rand. Mallory did not see Pike, but Pike swears it is either Mallory or his double. Now, if it's Mallory there's been a $20,000 swindle put over."

"Naturally. But how about Mallory's widow?"

"She doesn't appear to be in on it. She has resided quietly in Sacramento ever since, and after keeping Mallory's grave free of weeds for a year she has remarried."

"What did she do with the twenty thousand? It might have been a frame-up and they split the swag, Mallory agreeing to disappear permanently and permit her to marry someone she thought more of. That would have been a safe arrangement, you know. While he would have her for bigamy, she'd have him for felony. Neither one could blackmail the other in that event. You remember the Hudson case in Delaware nine years ago——"

"No chance, Mike. When Mrs. Mallory remarried, her No. 2 was a clerk in a dry-goods store. She staked him to the $20,000 and set him up in business for himself."

"So far so good, Cap. But I can't see a man putting over a grab of that size unless he's going to profit by it himself. Remember, he paid his premium annually."

"There's been a swindle pulled off all right," retorted Horton doggedly, "and I can prove it to you." He reached into the drawer of his desk and drew out a large envelope. "John F. Mallory has done time," he continued, "three years in Joliet for forgery under the name of Henry Price. You see, Mike, when the insurance company tipped me off to this suspicion of a swindle, I figured that the Sacramento papers might have run his picture at the time of his disappearance, if not when the body was recovered. Sure enough they had, and I secured an original photograph, had copies made and sent to the wardens of every penitentiary in the United States and Canada, together with a circular letter of inquiry. And I dug Mallory up on the records of Joliet. I have his Bertillon measurements, his prison photographs and his fingerprints right here."

Detective-Sergeant Michael P. O'Shea was a skeptic no longer. "That settles it," he said. "Once a crook, always a crook. This is the job for Michael P. Show me the fellow's mug."

He studied the photographs with the eye of the trained thief-catcher, but even after a long scrutiny he glanced up, disappointment showing plainly in his big ruddy face. Even with cropped head and shaven face, a condition which brings out forcibly every criminal angle in the human head, there was nothing about John F. Mallory that would indicate the criminal save the horrible barred suit and the number on his breast. O'Shea compared the prison photographs with the one published in the Sacramento papers.

"They're pictures of the same man," he announced. "And yet, that's a good face, Cap—a good, strong, manly face. I see he was wearing a mustache when he disappeared."

"It's a cinch to locate him, Mike. You'll notice he's just a trifle myopic; he might be wearing spectacles now. The job before you, Mike, is to proceed to Victoria, B. C., and find John F. Mallory under whatever alias he may be living. He was seen at a desk in the office of the real estate firm of McDougall & Rand. Of course you understand that this is a roping job. While a felony is extraditable under our treaty with Canada, we can't commence extradition proceedings without a Grand Jury indictment, and we haven't any real proof that a felony has been committed; besides which, if this thing leaks out it's an official job and our reward goes glimmering. It's up to you to entice him across Puget Sound into American territory and hold him there, on some pretext, until you can communicate with me by wire. Then I'll have a warrant sworn to here, on information and belief, and forward it to you. Once we get him back in Sacramento it's easy to cook the case against him, if he's the man, and you and I split the five thousand. Of course you understand that I must never appear in this at all. You're on your vacation and this is an unofficial job."

"I don't like a roping job," protested O'Shea. "It makes me feel like a stool-pigeon, and if this fellow hadn't done time and wasn't an out-and-out crook, I wouldn't take the job, Cap."

"Well, you can't walk into his office, knock him down and identify him by his thumb-print and Bertillon measurements and then call in the Victoria police, can you? Be sensible, Mike. You're the only man big enough for the job and the only one I can trust to play fair with me. The rest of the dicks around this office would blackmail him for his roll, if they thought he'd come through stronger than their cut of the reward, and then they'd turn him loose, hotfoot back to San Francisco and tell me it was a case of mistaken identity. *But I don't think it is.* I do not believe the body found in the river was that of John F. Mallory. I know it ain't a pleasant job, Mike, but it's on the level. I've put you next the good thing—now go forth and gather. Remember, there's $2,500 in this for each of us, no publicity and no questions asked."

As the captain said, it was a fair game, in playing which Mike O'Shea would be merely using his skill as a detective in a purely private and individual capacity. Mike O'Shea never felt any pity for a crook. His motto was "Deliver the goods," or, in police parlance, "Get your man."

"I'll spend my vacation in British Columbia, Cap.," he said. "I need the money."

He did, indeed. He was buying a little home on the installment plan, and since he supported a numerous family on his salary as a detective-sergeant and scorned the "pickings" of his profession, the prospect of $2,500 in clean money, with vacation, travel and expense money, not to mention the professional pleasure, the artistic

(*Continued on page* 55)

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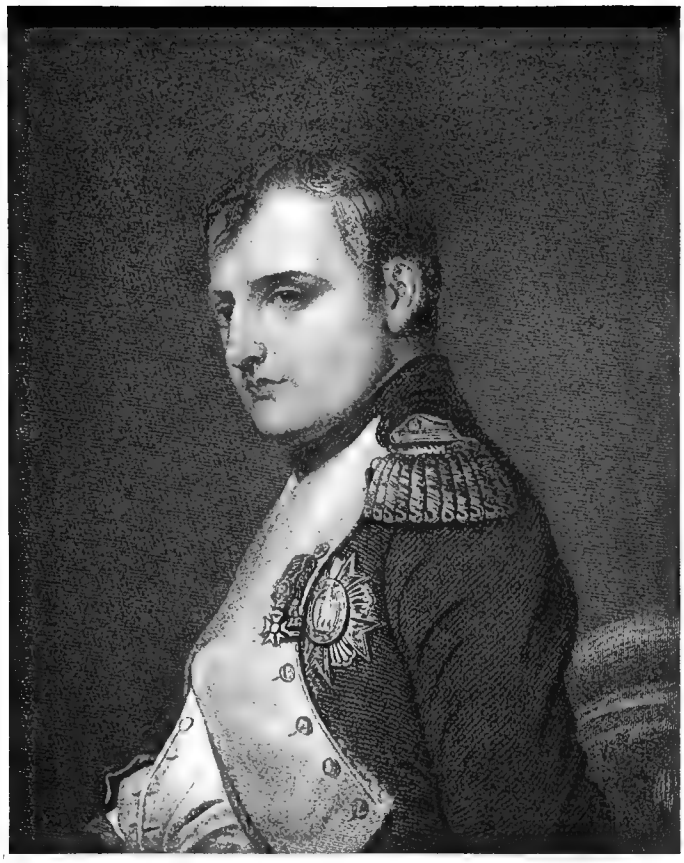
Napoleon Bonaparte was a world conqueror, an emperor, a man feared by all of Europe. Can you imagine him being "shadowed" by a detective at the height of his glory? Nevertheless, he was under surveillance.



Said the Minister of Police to Napoleon: "I know that every second night a small man leaves this palace and visits a certain opera singer and I know that this same small man is yourself.

History's Police Blotter

The Famous as Well as the Infamous Have Left Entries in the Desk-Sergeant's Day-Book

By Paul W. Kearney

Author of "The Policeman's Pedigree," "When Justice Grins," Etc.

Illustrated with Rare Old Steelplate Portraits

WHEN we consider the exploits and fame of some of the prominent characters of history, it is seldom that we think of them in connection with the Police Department.

Infamous characters, of course, are closely related to the "Green Light Hotel" system—but the famous ones never are.

Nevertheless, one doesn't spend much time browsing about the book-shelves before he begins to uncover little notes here and there that tend to show how human some of our modern bronze statues were when they were considerably more mortal.

Take Napoleon Bonaparte, for instance. Napoleon was a world conqueror, an emperor, a man feared by all of Europe. Can you imagine him being "shadowed" by a detective at the height of his glory?

Neverless, he was under surveillance always, and while it was obviously for his own protection, it developed, on one occasion, to be for his own discomfort.

Something transpired, it seems, that had escaped the notice of his Minister of Police, Fouche. Napoleon summoned the official and berated him for having missed this particular tip.

"I am surprised," he said, "that a man of your cleverness should allow things to happen without your knowledge of them."

"Yes," replied the minister, "there are things of which I am ignorant, no doubt. But I assure you there are other things that do not escape me.

"For example: I know that every second night a small man in a three-cornered hat leaves this palace through the door at the kitchen pavilion, and, riding in a hackney coach, goes to No. 38 Rue Chanteraine where he visits a certain opera singer.

"I know that this small man is yourself. And I know, further, that on many of the alternate evenings this opera singer entertains a violin player from the Rue du Mont Blanc."

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There was a case in Russia once when the Emperor Nicholas I. came in contact with the police heads much to the discomfort of the latter. Practical jokes always appealed to this emperor and one of his favorites was sending the police on wild goose chases.

The Russian chief of police determined to get even with the emperor and sent word to the sleeping monarch just before daybreak one morning that the Winter Palace was on fire. When it developed that the thing was a joke Nicholas sent the chief to Siberia.

The minister of police paused. There was a long silence.

Napoleon began to whistle an Italian air as he paced up and down the floor in an unconcerned fashion.

Fouche took the hint and left. But he knew that his department was held in higher esteem from that day on.

But not only was Napoleon a "case" for the detective branch; he was what one might term a "jail bird."

One day, to be more precise than this, the Counselor of State, marveling at a point in Roman civil law that Napoleon had just made, commented upon his obvious familiarity with those statutes and asked him how he came to be so well-versed in this field. It was then that the Emperor explained that in his cadet days he had once been arrested and confined to a cell in which the only available diversion happened to be a thick volume of a digest of Roman law.

With nothing to while away the time but this ponderous tome, he proceeded to read it. His "bit" was only a ten-day sentence, but in that time he became saturated with Justinian in a manner that equipped him, later in life, for pertinent and helpful references in many a session of the Council of State.

All of the notes in History's Police Blotter are not as human as these, however. There was a case in Russia once when the Emperor came in contact with the police heads much to the discomfort of the latter. Nicholas I. was the man, and one of his failings was a grotesque sense of humor. Practical jokes always appealed to him, and one of his favorites was sending the police on wild goose chases that brought the laughter of the city down upon their heads.

One night he sent word to the Master of Police that the colossal statue of Peter the Great had been stolen from the square. Of course, when the "reserves" arrived on the scene, they found Peter still on the job. This was the last straw, as far as the chief was concerned, so he determined to get even with the emperor. Accordingly he sent word to the sleeping monarch just before daybreak one morning that the Winter Palace was on fire.

Nicholas, in wild alarm, rushed out of bed, hastily clothed himself and lost no time getting to the spot.

When it developed that the thing was only a joke, in retaliation for his own hoaxes, he sent the police-master to Siberia to ponder over the hazards of giving monarchs their own medicine.

Not all of the Russian monarchs had such a distorted sense of humor, though. The ancient annals, with a little persuasion, give up a story about Peter the Great which is based not so much on any record in the police blotter as upon the absence of such an entry.

The story is none the less pertinent, however; and it might be read with interest by some of our law-making friends who are so fond of ordinances that are impossible of enforcement.

It seems that a sort of crime wave was running its course in Russia during the reign of Peter I., the chief

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symptom of which was an increasing mania for stealing things. Many reports of the seriousness of the situation had come to the Emperor and finally, losing his temper, he called for his chief advocate and dictated to him the substance of a new law which would make the penalty for theft capital punishment, even if the stolen article were nothing more than a piece of string.

The advocate, being a man of sense, protested, but the Emperor ordered him to write as dictated. "But think of the consequences," he objected.

"Never mind the consequences. I shall put an end to this thievery," stormed Peter. "The law must be enforced."

"As you will it, sire," replied the minister. "We shall enforce the law to the letter. And presently you will be without servants, without troops, without a Russian citizen but yourself to hang the last thief. What then?"

The Emperor hesitated and the hard facts sank in. Then he burst into a hearty laugh and threw the proclamation into the fireplace!

A sort of crime wave was running its course during the reign of Peter the Great and that Monarch dictated a new law making theft a capital punishment. How he reversed himself is an amusing story.

There was another amusing instance of where a thrust of royal wit proved more beneficial and sensible than the weight of authority. The police magistrate in Brandenburg once committed to prison a burgher who was charged with "blaspheming God, the king and the magistrate." The sentence imposed was pretty stiff, so the burgher's friends took the case on appeal to the King himself, Frederick II.

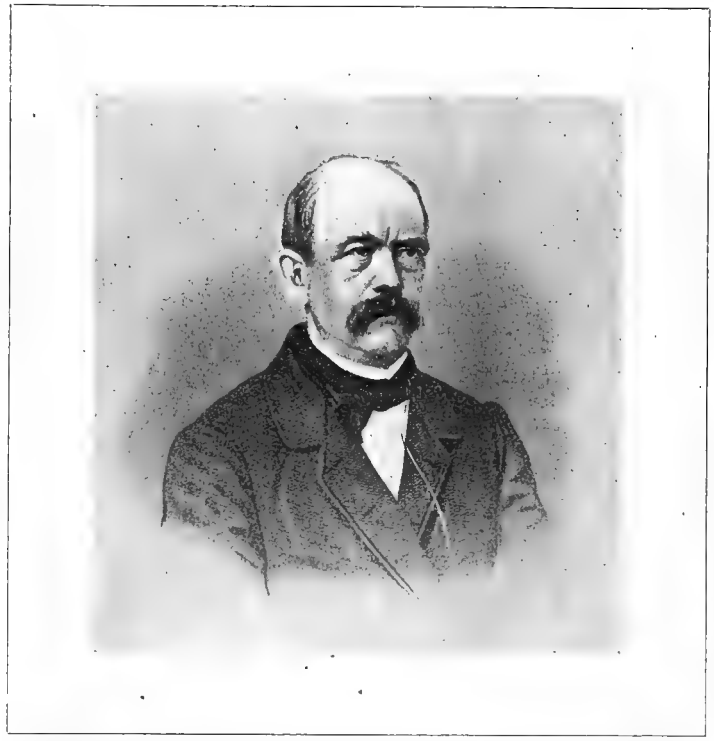
The facts were reported in the usual manner and with the papers before him Frederick reviewed the case quite thoroughly. Shutting off the eloquence of the convicted man's friends, he wrote his verdict on the back of the brief in these words:

"That the prisoner has blasphemed God is a sure proof that he does not know Him; that he has blasphemed me I willingly forgive; but that he has blasphemed the magistrate of the town is a serious crime, and the prisoner, therefore, shall be punished in a fitting manner. I order that he be imprisoned in the fortress of Spandau for thirty—minutes."

Such was the regal tendency for failing to support the authorities. Yet this was really a simple case. There have been others where the dictates of the law were even more flagrantly violated by men of fame. Take Bismarck, reputed to be a man of iron discipline and the mailed fist. That he was all of that there is no denying. But that he had his softer moments is also demonstrable. History proves it by telling us that once he was instructed from Berlin to apprehend a young revolutionist who had escaped from the jurisdiction of the capital police and was thought to be in the territory Bismarck was then occupying. The Count thereupon detailed several of his "intelligence staff" to look up the wanted man, and before long they were successful.

The fugitive was accordingly brought before Bismarck for final instructions. The instructions were brief. First he waved the men out of the room. Next he reached into his pocket and took out several gold pieces which he offered to the youth. Then he rose, opened the door and pointing out said:

"My boy, the police in Berlin are after you. You have enough money there to reach the border. I advise you to do so."



Bismarck, Germany's "Man of Iron", once helped a young fugitive from justice to escape the clutches of the law. How he did it is told here.

The books, as we have said, are full of such anecdotes in which the protectors of the peace and men of fame have come in contact with each other. They include examples of good conduct and bad. But one consistent thread runs through the lot; they show us that the great and mighty are also very human.

And that is a good thing to know.

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¶ *There was a thud, a muffled cry, a feeble scuffle and the shadow disappeared over the park wall, leaving a lifeless form on the ground.*

That Thing Called "Fate"

When Mike the Crook was Hard-Pressed for Jack He Pulled a Boner and Benkoned to Hard-Luck

By Erle Hampton

Illustrated by Jay McArdle

Mike Bonanza didn't know much about fate. When things didn't break right he called it "tough luck" and let it go at that. The fact that happenings might be foreordained did not occur to him. His sole concern was for the present—the immediate present, in fact. For, Mike thought as he looked blankly through the grated door that formed the only comfortable means of access and egress to his six-by-two compartment, he might still be enjoying the sunshine of East Fourteenth street if he had not been such a sap. Tim Haggerty, the turnkey, tried to tell him it was fate and Mike, with characteristic bluntness, voiced the opinion that Tim was just one degree this side of a raving maniac.

"I was readin' in a book once," said Tim through the bars, "that whatever is goin' to happen, *will* happen. If its in the stars that your goin' to get a million dollars or scarlet fever or six months in the hoosegow, you'll *get* it, no matter what you do or don't do."

"What's the stars got to do with me gettin' three years in this coop!" demanded Mike irritably. "I oughten ta be here. This cell oughta be padded and I should be in Matteawan or Bloomingdale or some other nut factory. Fate! Hell! It's just plain sap—that's me. If I had the sense I was born wid, I'd a looked at that guy before I socked him. Why I——"

And Mike told his story.

Mike Bonanza was one of a gentry on the lower East Side of New York City to whom the police usually looked when crimes of certain sorts were committed without traces of the perpetrators. But Mike—known more or less affectionately as "The Eel" in the Central Office—had a knack of proving to the satisfaction of juries and judges that his cynical but smiling countenance was decorating

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places as far removed from the scene of the alleged felony as Hoboken or, if need be, west of the Rockies. Although the police were convinced that Mike had been without the pale of the law a sufficient number of times to have himself committed to jail for the rest of his natural days, they had never been able to fasten a crime on him until——

The VanKempen mansion on upper Park Avenue, deserted during the height of the Palm Beach season, as it was the habit of the millionaire to take his winter vacation at the southern resort with his family, offered a tempting subject for the practice of the science of applied burglary. Forthwith, the palatial home of the banker was relieved of thousands of dollars worth of sundry silverware, jewelry, rare tapestries and valuable curios, not to mention vintage wines, cognacs and other relics.

Perhaps it was the vintage products and, then again, perhaps it was carelessness born of a desire for a hasty exit that caused one of the nocturnal visitors to neglect the formality of taking his hat along when he left. That hat, with the neat gold tinted imprint "M. B." on the hatband, was what led the ever-curious and much-too-long arm of the law into the lair of "The Eel", *née* Bonanza.

John T. Kilgour was a criminal lawyer of accepted ability, if questionable technique. He had the reputation of defending successfully more recognized criminals than any other lawyer in the state. Kilgour was a man of the people, by the people and for himself, first, last and always. While at night he sought the association of the more erudite of Wall Street and frequented their club rendezvous, he was not above consulting with and coming to the assistance of the great masses in distress in the daytime. Daylight, of course, made *tête-a-têtes* with personages such as "The Eel" more—well, more secure.

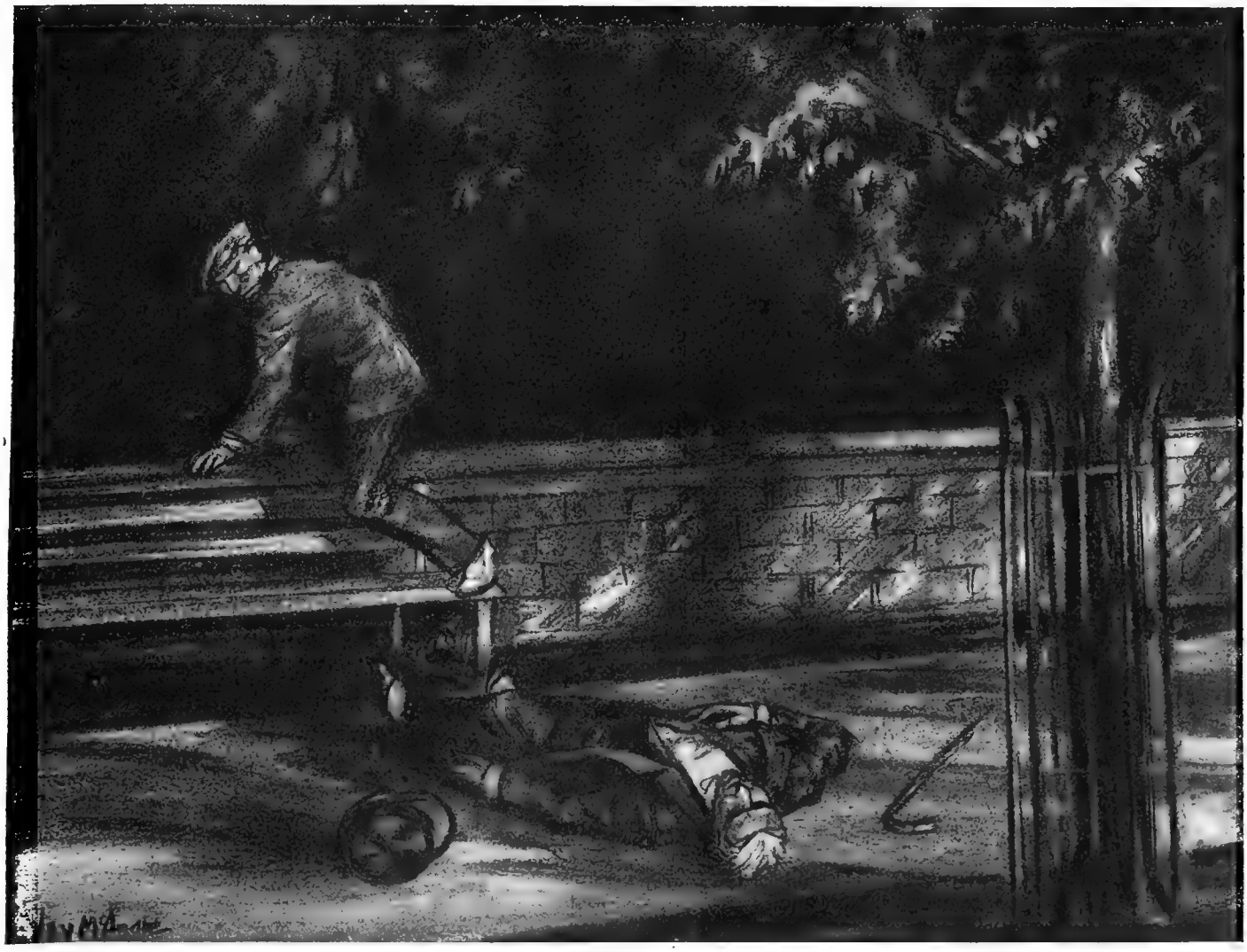
So, it was to Mr. John T. Kilgour that Mike turned in his sad plight.

"But how," asked Mr. Kilgour, "could you, Mr. Bonanza, be robbing the VanKempen mansion between nine and ten o'clock on the night of February 26, when you were with Mr. Pete, the Goof, and one Cock-Eyed Allen in the Café of Mr. Jimmy Cosgrove, at Mulberry street and the Bowery during those hours? Your alibi, Mr. Bonanza, is perfect. My appearance in court will cost you one thousand dollars; five hundred now, so that I can appear with convincingness before the magistrate and five hundred at my office on the morning the case comes up in General Sessions."

And so, with the little matter of bail arranged, Mike Bonanza went his way, after Kilgour had pleaded not guilty before a magistrate and had seen his slippery charge held for the higher court.

But, as the big day of trial approached, the financial

(*Continued on page* 72)



The shadow behind the tree moved swiftly just as the man in evening clothes reached that point. The shadow disappeared over the park wall, leaving a lifeless form on the ground.

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¶ *Is all that is happening so swiftly and so tremendously but a tiny fringe of the Infinite?*

Just Over the Radio Hill

The Immediate Capture of Criminals, the Reversal of Our Mode of Living, Control of the Weather, and the Extension of Life all May be Effected by Radio Apparatus

By Campbell MacCulloch, E. E.

TIME and time again it has been demonstrated that the essence of successful police practice is speed, and as has been noted in the pages of POLICE MAGAZINE on more than one occasion, the latest manifestations of science that serve to abridge time and distance are more and more vital to the public safety. Within the last twenty years progress has marked three tremendous milestones on the highway of civilization. The first was the motor-car, the second the aeroplane, and the third radio. It may yet prove that the last is the greatest of all the aids the policeman has been able to summon to his task.

The ability to disseminate information or warnings to innumerable people instantly is a tremendous power in combating the wrong-doer. The possibility of broadcasting to the entire countryside—yes, even from Atlantic to Pacific, and from the Lakes to the Gulf, of not only a worded description, but the actual fingerprints of an individual, lengthens the police arm to a degree that is yet largely inappreciable. But it happens. Photographs are now wired in a few minutes from Coast to Coast. Fingerprints have been transmitted across the Atlantic on the wings of electricity, and facsimiles of signatures or handwriting are easily sent by radio any distance for purposes of identification.

All this, be it remarked, is in no sense prophecy, for of late centuries prophecy has been an unappreciated, neglected and highly ill-paid occupation. It's nearest runner-up for general disbelief and unpopularity has been invention. The intense dis-esteem in which Messrs. Jeremiah, Isaiah, Habakkuk, et al, were held in their time, had little edge on the rude sneers and smirks which greeted Fulton, Morse, Hoe, Mergenthaler and Graham Bell. The more raucous cachinnations all down history were reserved for those temerarious personages who essayed to combine prophecy with invention. This may account in no small measure for the atmosphere of gloom that clings about the published photos of Guglielmo Marconi.

Senatore Marconi some twenty-four years ago cheerfully took on the roles of inventor and prophet. He foresaw transoceanic wireless communication, invented the apparatus to effectuate it, and then prophesied. In his native Italy, Marconi met with the enthusiastic endorsement previously accorded the views of Savonarola, therewith also achieving practical verification of a previous statement concerning the high esteem in which one's native land holds a prophet. Whereupon Signor Marconi went off and in the heat of the moment performed the seemingly impossible. He sold himself and his ideas to the daddy of all Circumlocution Offices—the British postal department—and there obtained not only encouragement,

Left index print (enlarged) and Bertillon portraits of John Meehan. The fingerprint was "telephoned" from the New York Criminal Identification Bureau, identified by the Chicago police, and identity received back at New York headquarters, in sixty-one minutes.

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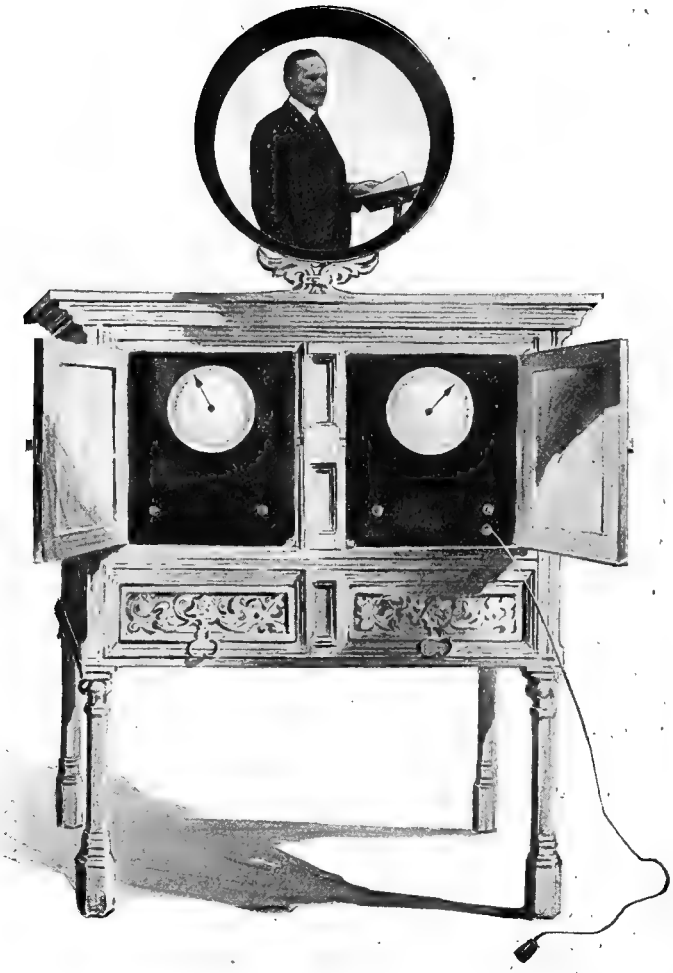

The radio receiver of five years hence, say good authorities, will comprise television, or in other words, will present the actual scene on a screen as well as the sounds that accompany it.

The combination of the radio and the motion picture opens up such endless possibilities in the realm of human progress that the imagination is forced to halt merely in its contemplation.

but belief, sympathy, cooperation and money. All this being due in some degree to the fact that Sir William H. Preece, then at the head of the British telegraph service, had himself trodden the primrosy wireless path as early as 1882.

December 12, 1901, saw Marconi and a few dubious assistants sitting on the rocky heights of Signal Hill, Newfoundland, listening with their crude apparatus for signals from the newly-erected wireless station at Poldhu, Cornwall. From eleven o'clock in the morning until two in the afternoon the pre-arranged signals came faintly in. Marconi packed up his apparatus and went back to England and made his announcement. Promptly the technical world hooted, scoffed and sneered. No matter. Transatlantic radio communication had been born. A prophet and a visionary had been vindicated—in a land afar from his own.

Some time later Italy made much of Signor Marconi. It accorded him honors and gave him a medal and some other trifles. An admirer observed to him on the greatest of these occasions:

"Ah, are you not proud of the land of your parentage?"

"Yes," replied Marconi. "Oh, yes indeed. My mother was an Englishwoman." Which, when you consider it, is not so crude an epigram from one whose mind was filled with scientific impedimenta.

However, even though prophecy is now and again so vindicated it shall not be attempted here. The existent facts are sufficient for our purpose in helping us descry what lies just over the radio hill. *Allons!*

First: We'll take them chronologically.

It will not be long before the American or English business man will be able to pick up his telephone and converse with his transoceanic confrére. American engineers have been talking to London on an average of once a month for the last two years—since January 14, 1923, to be exact. Two-way conversation should be a commercial fact within the span of 1926. The thing is mere detail.

Second:

Before the end of 1926 the Radio Corporation of America will be prepared to deliver either in London or New York facsimiles of any reasonably-sized letter, document, check, deed, will, picture or even newspaper page within a few minutes of its filing in either city. Again, the thing has been done, the rest is mere detail.

Third:

Within five years—and some authorities lop a year from this—motion pictures will be broadcast just as music and speech are now shot through the air from central points. In other words, the initial phase of television. The principles have been established, the apparatus partly constructed. The development is detail.

These things are not prophecies; no more so than the predicted rise of a skyscraper from the foundations already in place. True they lie in the future, but they are neither speculative nor problematical. They are certainties based on existent facts. Beyond the hill lies the valley. These things *are.*

We have travelled a distance in the three short years since the infant radio arose from its cradle and proceeded to take charge of the earth. In 1921 Warren G. Harding's inaugural speech was heard by 125,000 persons gathered about the Capitol steps, up to this time the greatest crowd that ever listened to the voice of one man in all the history of the world, and this solely

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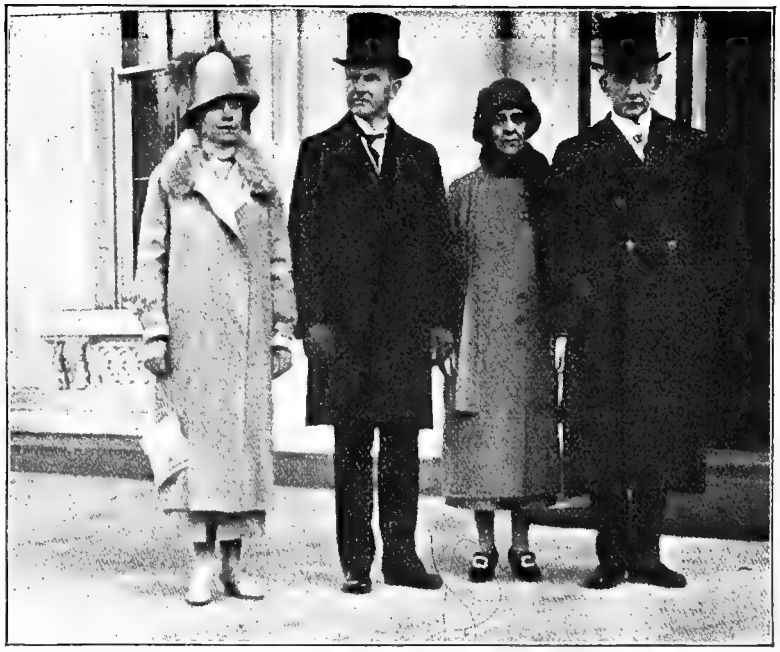

"Telephoned" group photograph of President and Mrs. Coolidge and Vice-President and Mrs. Dawes, from Washington to New York in twenty minutes.

because of the "public address" system that had been installed to amplify his voice within the area of an acre or so. Last election Calvin Coolidge was heard by some ten or twelve million of his fellow citizens simultaneously when he spoke from the White House and told them of the issues of the campaign. On the morning of March 4th last he addressed nearly twenty million Americans, including a few hundred thousand Canadians and Mexicans. His voice travelled from Maine to Oregon, from Winnipeg to far south of the Rio Grande.

A little over two years ago, January 14th, 1923, to be exact, officials of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company first talked to London. The British engineers were gathered at the Mansion House and Frank Gill, president of the British Institute of Electrical Engineers, put the voice of H. B. Thayer, speaking from New York, on a loud-speaker enabling a room full of people to hear plainly. On the morning of February 25th last the first two-way conversation between New York and London was reported in the daily newspapers as having occurred the previous evening. And still considerable further delay must occur to enable the British Government to design and build its enormous sending station near Rugby. There a vast radio plant is being constructed, the aerial system consisting of sixteen steel towers each 820 feet high, and power provided that will enable it to serve the Empire. It is but a few years since we thrilled to the knowledge that this continent had been bridged by the human voice, and now the Atlantic has been spanned. Those who participated in the first February tests say that the transmission was in every respect as good as everyday transcontinental talk. When regular service has been established probably not more than five minutes will be required to establish communication between the two capitals. The thing is detail only.

The business man will want to know what it will cost him to talk with London. The telephone company officials frankly say they don't know definitely, but that the charges will be as moderate as circumstances will permit. All this is plain scientific trail-blazing involving experiment and trial. The technical facts stand as accomplishments, the economic facts remain to be established. Today telephone directories publish rate schedules, and New York or Philadelphia are about $16.50 distant from San Francisco and Los Angeles. The 1926 directories may include trans-Atlantic toll charges. It is unlikely that they will be $16.50, however.

And now about the second item.

Two men working independently achieved pictorial transmission by radio in the same week, almost within the same day. One is C. Francis Jenkins of Washington, D. C., the other R. H. Ranger of New York. Jenkins from the outset has had the linking of radio and motion pictures in mind. Ranger's work has been largely confined to pictorial transmission, and in the week of December 1st, he sent from London to New York a series of pictures. At the same time Jenkins was shooting via wireless a group of pictures from Washington to Boston. Jenkin's process is somewhat different from Ranger's, but the basic essentials are similar. The Ranger method delivers the equivalent of a pen and ink sketch; Jenkins' apparatus produces what is virtually a halftone with lights and shadows.

To add to the record, on May 7th last the Radio Corporation transmitted a round dozen pictures, using the

Portrait of former Secretary of State, Charles E. Hughes, transmitted from London to New York by radio. Time of transmission twenty-eight minutes.

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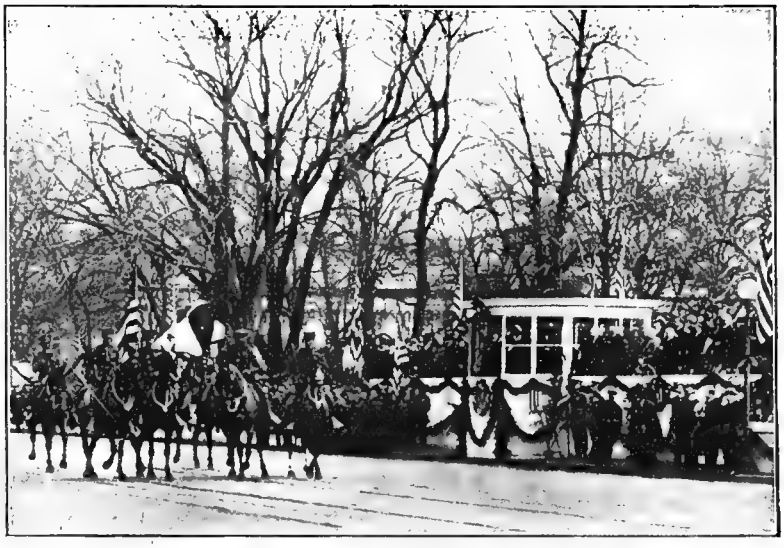
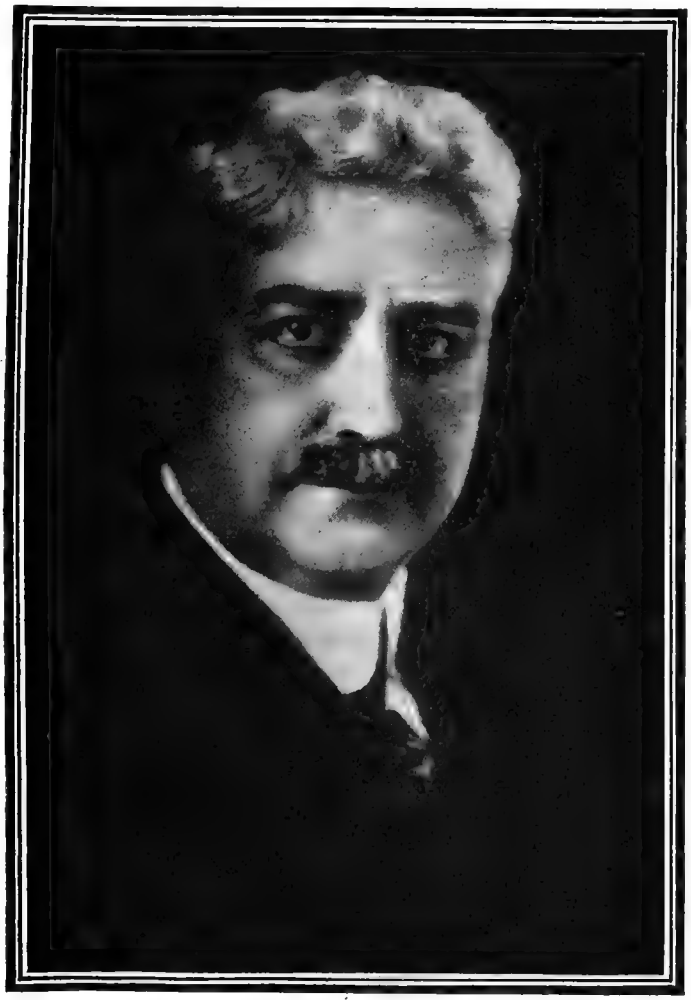
Ranger apparatus, from Honolulu to New York City. The distance covered is a little more than 5,000 miles. Some of the photographs were taken during the day of May 7th near Honolulu and appeared in the New York daily papers on the morning of May 8th, a feat that may well cause the most progressive mind to hesitate and ponder.

These accomplishments mean that the Radio Corporation of America is developing a pictorial transmission service that must prove epoch-making, and that will probably be a commercial fact before the end of 1926. But let David Sarnoff, vice president and general manager of the Radio Corporation, state the situation:

"Our pictorial transmission achievements lead to logical and inevitable facts," says Mr. Sarnoff. "They mean that commerce is in possession of a new engine. A picture of a person, a page of writing, a document, anything that is pictorially presentable can be transferred across space. Within the year I expect that we shall be transmitting commercial documents, bills of lading, letters. The next step will be the transmission of checks, bank drafts, and other commercial paper. Then naturally follows a newspaper page, or, if economically desirable, a complete newspaper, making possible the appearance on an American breakfast table of an English newspaper of coincident date, or the reverse. It will be merely a question of dollars.



Scene on Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, during inaugural ceremonies "telephoned" to New York in seventeen minutes.



This portrait of Police Commissioner R. E. Enright transmitted telephonically from San Francisco to New York during session of International Police Conference.

"Naturally this must mean changes in commercial law and practice, for we will be dealing in facsimiles. Today physical originals are considered necessary, or in case of necessity attested duplicates. But with proved accuracy and a proper guaranty of transmission by a responsible concern the radio facsimile should be as valid as an original document. A check drawn by a New York firm on a London bank in favor of a Manchester creditor will be negotiable. Why not, since every detail, printed or written, even to a pen splutter, will be faithfully reproduced? Letters can go forward at a speed that will make the airplane a cumbersome delayer, and there is no reason why the complete detail of an ordinary business letter, including the heading and color of paper, should not appear in the transmitted facsimile. That is equally true of a document or deed of any kind. And all this with the speed of light. Now cable and radio transmit merely the idea of the writer. Shortly we will be sending the thing itself.

"It is a clumsy process to break up ideas into alphabetical minutiæ, and then send each letter as an individual entity, to have them all laboriously reassembled at the other end. With pictorial transmission as we have been developing it, all this transposition is eliminated. And it wipes out automatically all language differences. A press story in Japanese, a deed in Russian or a check in Arabic will go forward with equal facility."

Very little imagination is required to visualize the effect of these things and their commercial possibilities. The law will have to take cognizance of them, and adjust itself to them.

Next we touch the transfer of motion pictures and their broadcasting. This is merely a speed development of the pictorial transmission process above referred to. Actually a motion picture is but a number of "still" pictures passed rapidly in succession before the eye. If Captain Ranger or Mr. Jenkins can transmit a picture of given dimensions over a given distance in a given time, the multiplication of that feat in abbreviated time is simply a question of the amplification of the fact. Ranger's first pictures took *sixteen hours* to transmit. His last ones required *fifteen minutes.* All the resources of the Radio

(*Continued on page* 83)

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Fingerprint enlargements showing the three types—Loop, Arch and Whorl, respectively. All fingerprints are variants of one of these three types. Ninety-five percent are either Loops or Whorls; the Arches are rare.

The Detectives of Denmark

Among the Most Advanced of Their Profession in Europe They Have Scientific Methods All Their Own

By Acting-Captain John A. Golden *in Collaboration with Deputy Chief Inspector* Samuel G. Belton, *Lieutenant* F. C. Kruse *and Former Inspector* William T. Davis *of the Foreign Police Commission, New York*

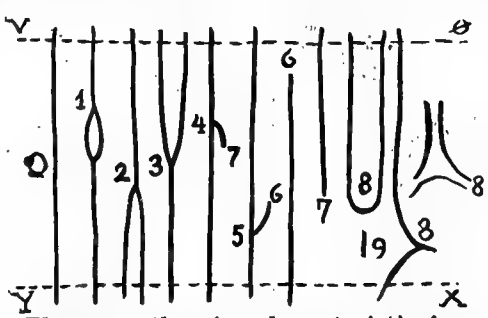
Illustrated with official photographs by the Copenhagen Police Department

"IN days of old," as the ancient song goes, "when knights were bold and barons held their sway," it was an axiomatic truth that no baron could long continue to hold his sway unless he was ready and willing to fight for it. This truth, in great measure, applied to the lords spiritual as it did to their temporal *confréres*.

Therefore it often happened that a bishop was obliged to replace the vestments of his office with clothing made by a blacksmith, and to relinquish his pastorial staff in favor of a mace, with which he would personally start the embattled enemies of his church on their way to the purgatory that he had so frequently to mention from the chancel. It was Bishop Absalom, a fighting prelate of this sort, who founded the city which is now the capital of Denmark.

Copenhagen, as we call it—or "Köbenhavn," as it is spelled by those who know it best—stands on one of the many islands which help to make up King Christian's realm. We, members of the committee sent by the New York Police Department to study the methods of our foreign brethren, learned that it can be reached by a three-hours voyage across the stormy Baltic, during which the most seasoned travellers will be moved to expose previously-eaten meals to public view while being pelted, as likely as not, with hailstones the size of plums. It also, however, can be reached by train, and we chose this wiser course.

From Berlin, where we started, the journey was twelve hours long. Our way across Denmark led over flat lands, streaked with canals and studded by windmills, so that it might almost have been mistaken for Holland but for one feature of the landscape; the farm houses. These were different indeed from anything we had seen elsewhere. Massively built, their turf roofs green with growing grass and gay with wildflowers, they looked as though they might have sprouted from the soil from seeds planted by old Bishop Absalom himself.



These are the nine characteristic formations of fingerprint ridges, ranging from the normal, unbroken ridge through the "island," "forks," "hooks," etc., to the tiny, isolated fragmentary ridge (fig. 9).

We detrained in Copenhagen at eight o'clock in the evening, but dusk, as yet, was hours away. Even before we reached the Hotel d'Angleterre, which once was a ducal mansion, and where the staff all speak English, we had received many impressions of the place. One was that those portions of the city through which we passed is, despite its age, to all appearances as modern as Times Square, New York. Another impression, for policemen, after all, are only human, was made

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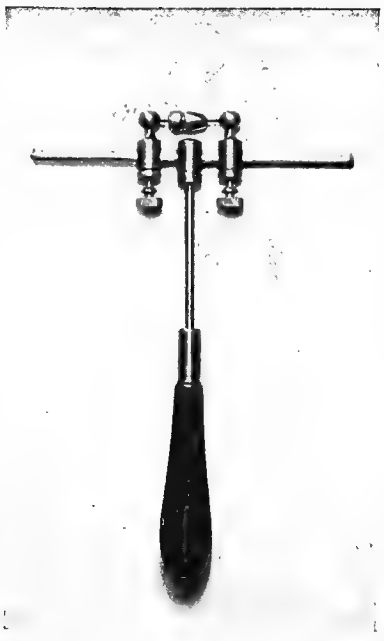
by the women we passed; big blonde goddesses, the most beautiful, so far as our experience went, to be seen in Europe.

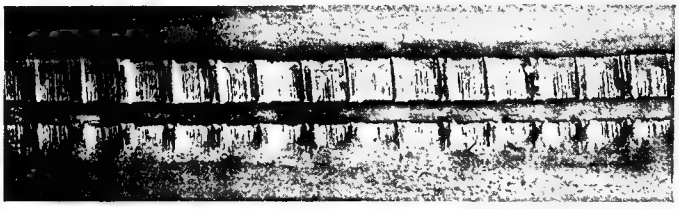
A subsequent impression concerned itself with the tourists whom we saw; there were so few of them. The reasons for this scarcity were not far to seek. Denmark lies to one side of the beaten trails of those who travel for pleasure, and its currency has not depreciated as have those of most other continental nations, so that the prices of all commodities are proportionately higher. We New York policemen, however, had come for the primary purpose of acquiring professional knowledge, and sorry indeed would we be to have missed the lessons to be learned from our brethern of this small but extraordinarily efficient force.

In order to make the Danish police organization properly understood, certain facts must be emphasized, even though they may have been mentioned in a former article. Some of them are peculiar to the Danish police.



The two ends of a discharged bullet are gripped by this holder, which allows it to be revolved so that its "fingerprints" can be accurately taken.

The uniformed police forces of the Danish cities are strictly municipal organizations. We detectives, on the other hand, are a State force; that is, are nation-wide in their scope. Their functions, like those of all other detectives include the identification and apprehension of guilty parties when crime has been committed, and the prevention of contemplated crime where this is possible; but they also go farther than this.



A discharged bullet's "fingerprints" taken by rolling it, when fixed in the holder (see above) along a strip of soft tinfoil. This registers its microscopic imperfections.

The national Danish detective force, the "Opdageles-Politiet" as it is officially termed is, in effect, the governmental Secret Service. As such it is responsible to the Crown—King Christian—as represented by Mr. Ritter, the Minister of Justice. Under him, in direct command of all the seventy detective areas into which Denmark is divided, which somewhat resemble the peacetime military departments of the United States, is Mr. Mensig, Chief of Detectives.

The detective area surrounding Copenhagen is the one which we chose to study as the best example of all; also it is the largest. We found that though the detectives and the uniformed police must necessarily work in unison here as elsewhere, the line of separation is so distinctly drawn that the two normally come into contact only at certain specific spots. Nevertheless every detective was once a uniformed man; the higher branch, that is to say, is recruited exclusively from the lower. Any description of the Danish detective must therefore take somewhat into account the service which constitutes what one might call his embryotic state.

When photographed microscopically a bullet is placed in this holder, which allows it to revolve, so that all marks of "lands" and grooves are taken.

At the head of the Copenhagen police in all its branches is Mr. Dybdal, the Director. He is assisted by four subdirectors, officially entitled Inspectors, one of whom has charge of each of the four departments into which the force is divided, namely:

First, the uniformed men, under Inspector Hakon Jorgensen; a world-prominent figure in police science.

Second, the Detective Division, under Inspector S. Tage-Jensen.

Third, a department having charge of sanitary and vice conditions, under Inspector Larsen.

Fourth, what is known as the Miscellaneous Division, which concerns itself with every ground of police activity not covered by one of the others. This is commanded by Inspector Beck who, incidentally, recently came to New York on a mission similar to that which took us to Copenhagen; that is, to study police conditions and methods.

Any Danish subject, native or naturalized, is legally eligible to become a member of the "Opdageles-Politiet", and as previously stated, the door which he must open in order to enter this force is the uniformed police, but not at all does this statement imply that it is the only doorway through which he must pass. It is only the final one of several; and extremely narrow doorways some of them are.

To begin with, the candidate must have gone through the public schools to receive, at graduation, the characterization of "very clever", or must show that he has acquired a similar education elsewhere. He must then proceed to grow until he has attained a minimum height of 175 centimeters (about 5 feet, 7½ inches) and must serve one term of enlistment in the army with unblemished record. Armed with these qualifications, if his age is between twenty-two and thirty years, he may apply for admission to the police. Thereupon he is required to prove that he can write from dictation practically without error, and is given an oral examination to ascertain the degree of his general intelligence.

Having successfully passed these tests, and if his testimonials and personal appearance are considered to be satisfactory, he will receive his probationary appointment to the uniformed force. Later, after more examinations and a term of service as a patrolman, when his appointment has been confirmed and made permanent, he may have the choice between two lines of a higher professional career; the choice, that is, of promotion in the uniformed, municipal forces or leaving them to enter the ranks of the

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State Detectives. But even then the latter course is open to the aspirant only if he has made manifest a strong natural aptitude for work of this kind.

The Copenhagen detective area, larger and more important than any of the other sixty-nine has a quota of 140 detectives. Of these about one-third are distributed among the nine city precincts. Each group of these precinct detectives are aided by five patrolmen of the uniformed force who are detailed to plain-clothes work for that purpose.

The object of detailing these patrolmen is to take over the petty or routine work, such as small thefts or disorders, enforcement of laws concerning morals, mendicants, restaurants and the like, and also certain minor investigations. These patrolmen are chosen carefully, with a view to their intelligence and general fitness. It is generally they who, having made good in this work, are promoted into the regular detective force, but this preference is due principally owing to the fact that it is they who are most easily to be observed by the detectives whom they assist. Any uniformed man can be selected.

Inspector S. Tage Jensen, Chief of Detectives, Copenhagen.

Once his appointment is gained, the newly-made detective has no examination to pass; his fitness, very sensibly, is considered to have been established by the close observation which has gained his recommendation for that appointment. Having gained it, the appointee is sent to a training school for a term of six weeks, where he is instructed in law, reports, identification and the methods of criminals. He is on probation for the space of one year, and then his rank is confirmed. He can be dismissed only after adequate charges have been preferred and proved at a fair trial. His future promotion is limited only by his industry and his brains.

The first assignment which a new detective receives is likely to be that of a precinct man. These detectives, when a crime within their bailiwicks is reported, can arrive before the scent has time to grow cold. If that crime presents no very unusual features, they will take permanent charge of the case and solve it. Should any features of an extraordinary nature present themselves, the case is turned over to specialists from Headquarters who devote their energies exclusively to problems of just this sort; and these specialists then have the inestimable advantage of beginning with records adequately made and clues properly preserved by trained men.

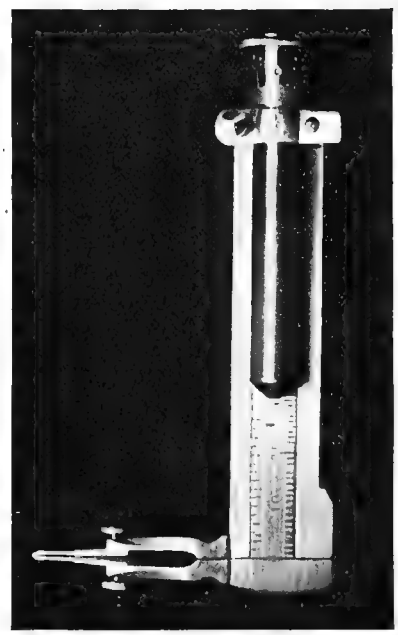
As was said before, only about one-third of Copenhagen's detective force is divided between the various precincts. Of the remaining two-thirds some few, in varying number, are assigned to work that is strictly national; work of a nature that might fall to the lot of any Secret Service operative. The rest are Headquarters men—the specialists just mentioned.

Inspector Tage-Jensen, head of the Second Division of the Copenhagen Police, is a brilliant executive, and as such is frequently selected as his country's foreign representative in international meetings of police officials as, for example, the International Convention of Police Departments in 1923, at Vienna, when the New York delegate was Deputy Chief Samuel G. Belton.

From Inspector Tage-Jensen (his command of English is both fluent and exact) we learned the details of the Copenhagen's headquarters organization. It is not entirely unlike ours, in New York. The detectives, it seems, are divided, according to their specialties, into ten "chamber groups"; "squads", we would call them. These groups are as follows:

1. Safe burglaries.
2. Burglaries other than those of safes.
3. Homicides.
4. International criminals.
5. Non-burglarious thefts.
6. Radical or other illegal political activities.
7. Frauds. Swindlers.
8. Forgery and counterfeiting.
9. Smuggling.
10. Miscellaneous crimes not otherwise provided for.

This division of expert detective work is efficient in its completeness. Efficient also are the men who are assigned to this work; and their efficiency, in great part, is due to an aid for which Inspector Tage-Jensen is responsible. That is the Scientific Police Laboratory.



A calliper with micrometer attachment which can be read to 1/2500 of an inch, used in measuring footprints, tooth-marks, burglar's tool marks, etc.

We New York policemen often had heard of these laboratories having been established in the larger European countries. We have expected much of them, for on many occasions we have felt the want of a similar institution. But Denmark never had been mentioned in our hearing as a land where police investigation embraced scientific methods of the most modern sort. We therefore were struck with all the force of a great surprise to discover that Danish police methods were abreast of any to be found in all the world.

The Danish detective, like all others who have been adequately instructed in their trade, is trained to search the scene of any crime for clues that may lead to the discovery of its perpetrator. He is, that is to say, taught what to look for, how to look for it and how to preserve it when found. But to teach him to extract the full value and significance of what he may find is wholly beyond the limits of possibility. This cannot be done by any one man. It is work for a group of scientists, each one of whom

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has the delicate tools and appliances of his trade ready at hand.

Here every article or substance that may be used as evidence—bottles, liquids, textiles, weapons, flesh, hair, blood is analyzed microscopically and chemically. The marks of burglar's tools and those of human teeth are photographed, classified and the results carefully filed.

To footprints and wheel-tracks especial attention is paid. If they occur in soft ground, plaster casts are made in order to preserve them; on pavements or other unyielding surfaces special emulsion papers achieve similar results; and properly to make these records is a part of every Danish detective's professional training. The resulting records are turned over to the experts who specialize in this line, who take identifying measurements and cross-measurements of far greater than mere hair-breadth fineness. They are so accurate that in order to take them a special instrument was designed; a micrometer calliper which can be read to one one-hundredth of a millimeter. And a millimeter, it will be recalled, is a trifle less than .04 of an inch.

Tinfoil impressions of two bullets, placed side by side in the special holder, for comparison in order to identify the weapon from which both were fired.

Another device of the greatest possible importance from a detective's standpoint is one which makes possible the identification of bullets. In many, indeed in most cases it enables a positive statement to be made that a certain individual bullet has or has not been fired from a certain individual weapon; a matter in which there has hitherto been far too much guesswork. How vital such testimony may be to the administration of justice will be apparent to everyone, for the bullet may be, and generally is, taken from a murdered body, while the pistol belongs to the suspected murderer.

The efficacy of this device is owing to the fact that to some degree every single thing in the world differs from every other thing; this despite the common saying, no two peas are alike, no two blades of grass, nor any two fingerprints, as all the world knows. This is just as true of man-made objects as it is of those produced by natural growth. Thus it necessarily follows that every pistol-bore has peculiarities of its own. These peculiarities will, of course, be imprinted upon any bullet which passes through that bore.

In order to identify these peculiarities two bullets are used. One, perhaps, has been cut from the murdered man's body; the other was fired by the police from the suspect's pistol. One after the other these bullets are fixed in a holder designed so that it revolves freely on its own axis, like the hand ink-roller used on a proof-press. Then the bullets are rolled carefully and with considerable pressure over a strip of soft tin or lead foil. Thus each groove and land, with the microscopic imperfections to be found on either, is imprinted upon these strips. The strips then are placed side by side in another holder designed for this purpose, which carries a sliding ruler held rigidly at right angles to both strips, in order to facilitate the accurate comparison of impressions that are found upon their surfaces.

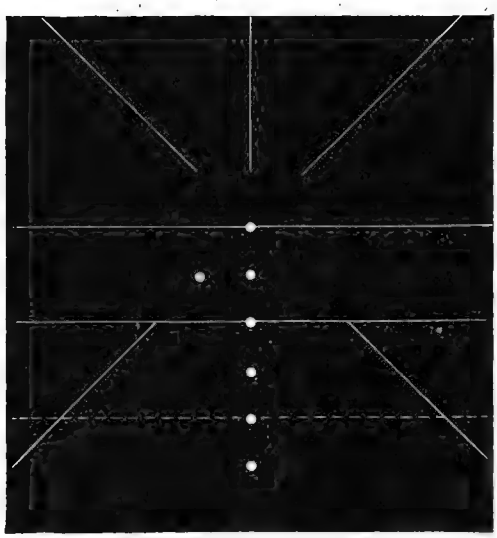

Diagram on glass dividing fingerprints into zones and sectors.

We are now informed that an American invention, shortly to be made public will identify any fired bullet, without exception or the possibility of dispute, besides possessing certain other advantages which must relegate the system just described to the limbo of obsolete things. But be that as it may, up to the time of writing, this Danish contrivance (which, by the way, has been adopted by the French *Police Judiciare*) is the only one of its kind the world has ever known.

It is in these matters of identification, of both inanimate objects and human beings, that the Danes show a species of efficiency shared with few if any of the detective forces with which we have come into contact. Their Index of Deformities is one instance of this. Entirely independent of any of the other systems of identifications, this is a register of physical abnormalities, natural or acquired, of all criminals; and a most valuable means of identification it frequently turns out to be, especially when the name of a suspect is not known.

Another instance of this form of Danish efficiency is infinitely the most important one of all, because it probably will, or it should, do much to aid in protecting the entire world from the depredations of international criminals, political and other, who now infest it. This is the Finger Print Identification Bureau, which is not directly, or at least not exclusively connected with the Danish detective police, but is maintained by the Department of Justice for the benefit of all who are entitled to the information it has to impart.

It is to Inspector Hakon Jorgensen, commanding the uniformed police of Copenhagen, linguist of uncommon attainments, lecturer of the University of Copenhagen, brilliant detective and general expert in police science, that this is owing. A fingerprint specialist of twenty years' standing, he is on a par with Sir Francis Galton, who originated the present system of fingerprint classification, nomenclature, and procedure, which was subsequently arranged in detail by Sir Edward Henry, of Scotland Yard.

Jorgensen can fairly be said to have gone farther into the analysis of fingerprints than any of his predecessors. A thinker and originator, he has devised ways and means of subdividing the large collections by classifying the minute characteristics of dactyloscopy. It is he who invented the system of fingerprint telidentification which brought the Danish bureau into being.

(*Continued on page* 90)

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¶ *"As sure as there's a heaven I'll drill the first man that starts anything, and it won't be in the arm!"*

Bad Money and a Good Horse

In All Police Annals There Never Was Another Adventure Like That Which Charley Thorne Experienced

FOURTH IN THE SERIES OF FACT-STORIES TOLD TO ROBERT SHIRLEY

By Inspector Daniel Gregory

Illustrated with a Drawing (Frontispiece) by EUGENE M. FRANDZEN

THE applause that thundered upon the ceiling and beat like a storm against the tapestry-hung walls of the Adelphi bore eloquent testimony to the art of Charles Thorndike, the eminent English actor who stood bowing in the centre of the stage as the final curtain fell. It was the occasion of his first appearance in New York in several years, since the war in fact, in the course of which he had been severely wounded. The play was of that indefinite, lightsome type that carried tense drama beneath the placid surface of its swift current. The audience had warmed to it and to the sure artistry of the man who had essayed the chief role.

Jim Preston had been assigned to the job of covering the opening for the magazine in which he had an interest, and had invited me to occupy the other seat. Now, in the lobby of the theatre as we passed out we brushed shoulders with Inspector Daniel Gregory, the quiet, unassuming, elderly man who maintained watch and ward over a very considerable portion of New York. Gregory wore the conventional dinner jacket and nodded smilingly at us.

"Like the show, boys?" he inquired as we moved onward to the street.

"The show's pretty good," replied Preston, "but the man is more than half the performance, I'd say. It's years since I've seen Thorndike, but I'll never forget the sincerity with which he plays even light roles. In this one, though, he's simply tremendous."

"I like him, too," said Daniel Gregory. "What do you say to a bit of supper? There's a little place around the corner here where they have an old darky woman who can do things with a chicken that make you believe in miracles."

When the orders were out of the way Preston resumed his opinions of Thorndike. It is not often my friend talks favorably about the actor folk, but for some reason Thorndike seemed to fill his thoughts tonight.

"That chaps' competent," he said. "He sort of conveys the impression that he is the thing he seems to be. Every time he met the other men of the cast he made them look as if they were counterfeiting the parts they played."

Gregory threw back his head and laughed quietly with keen enjoyment.

"That's really funny, Jimmy," he said at last. "Would it surprise you to learn that if it hadn't been for a counterfeit Thorndike probably wouldn't be playing in New York tonight?"

"No?" replied Preston. "And what would he be doing, inspector?"

"He might be running my job, or riding herd on the amateurs in Central Park, or bossing a police precinct. I don't know, but I'd like to bet a little that he wouldn't be the eminent Mr. Charles Thorndike, entertaining New York at $4.40 each," answered Gregory.

We both stared at him unbelievingly.

"You mean that Thorndike was a copper—here?" I asked, and the Inspector laughed again.

"I mean just that, boys," he replied. "But that's a little secret that Thorndike can tell if he likes, and I'll ask you to respect the confidence. Oh, yes, I don't mind telling you how it happened that a counterfeit gave him his chance. The start of it began quite a few years ago. It was like this:"

. . . . . .

Back in the days when a college president got mad at the way some of the old-timers were running the city and had himself elected Mayor, he looked about the neighborhood and figured to pick himself an up-and-coming citizen for police commissioner. There was a young fellow in Washington, holding down a second-calibre government job, and the new Mayor requisitioned him. You boys might remember him. He had a lot of personality, and pep, and teeth, and Americanism, and he later became President of this land of ours when he was still only forty-two. Yes. Theodore Roosevelt was the man. Well, young Roosevelt had been out West doing some ranching and hunting and things, and out there he had pall'ed with some cavalrymen and cowpunchers and what not. When he landed in the old headquarters down at 300 Mulberry Street he quietly let it be known that encouragement would be given to any of the boys who could really ride, cavalrymen preferred.

The Police Department got quite a few cavalrymen

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that way. Among them was a young Englishman who'd been out in the hinterland for a time. He had got his discharge from a cavalry regiment over on the other side, and had streaked it for the West. Later he showed up here and landed in the Mounted Division. His name was Thorn; Charley Thorn. He knew enough to keep his mouth shut and his equipment clean, had few friends, stayed pretty much by himself, and got along fairly well. I think the trait that first got my notice was his affection for and care of his horse.

He got an upstanding old bay horse with a white star on his forehead, and from the first, as soon as they had become acquainted, he began to teach old Plute tricks; circus stuff. They tell you that an old animal can't learn, but he can when he wants to. This horse was as much in love with Thorn as any woman could be. I suppose he represented about all the God a horse can ever know, and it was only a little while until Thorn had him doing all sorts of things. Among others, he taught him to fetch and carry like a retriever. The odd thing was that the old horse seemed to want to do what Thorn wished him to do. He'd stand there with his ears twitching back and forth, evidently trying to figure out just what was needed.

Thorn was a mighty good-looking boy in those days, and, like many other men, a uniform became him extremely well, while he was not so well suited in ordinary clothes, which seemed to fit him too much as if they were someone else's. There were a good many women looking with interest after Charley Thorn as he rode up and down through Central Park in those days. And don't make any mistake, they're still the aristocrats of the Department, the mounted boys. More than one of them has married into circles—but that's another story, maybe.

Anyway, over on Central Park West lived a certain Judge, and among his other possessions was a daughter. She used to use a horse from one of the riding academies, and it was not so long until anyone with half an eye could see that Thorn had more business near the Sixty-sixth Street entrance to the Park about eight in the morning than strict police duty required. All this was about two years after Charley had been assigned to his job. And then came trouble.

Every so often in the Department the horses are gone over for age and condition. Those who begin to show signs of failing are weeded out. Some of the animals last a long time, and others not so long. Thorn's mount, old Plute, had been in the Department quite a number of years, ten at least, and while he carried himself as jauntily as ever, the vets had more than once cast a suspicious look at him. It was about this time, too, that Charley Thorn made a tactical mistake. We're not all diplomats at twenty-eight, and the boy carried a fairly high temper with him that neither army nor police discipline had altogether served to break. When he got a little temperamental Thorn had a sort of you-be-damned air about him that now and again got the other man just a little peeved.

One of the vets was a chap named Ryan, and for some reason he and Thorn had taken a dislike to each other. That wouldn't have been harmful, perhaps, if it had not been that Ryan caught on to the little affair with the judge's daughter, and not being too wise or too kindly, saw fit to twit Thorn about it. That was a mistake, because the youngster waited until he was off duty and out of uniform and proceeded to demonstrate to the veterinary that a loose tongue frequently gives rise to a black eye. In one sense Ryan was a good sport, in that he made no charge against Thorn. In another he wasn't, for he took pains to let the judge know what was going on, and Judge Ramsay was sufficient of an old Virginian to get squiffy about it. What he said to his daughter, Alicia, isn't known, but she rode the Park with more color in her cheeks than usual, and made a particular point of riding with Thorn when the opportunity offered. The judge then took another step. He went downtown, and two days later Charley Thorn found himself attached to the Kingsbridge Station, with a lot of territory to ride around in and mighty little company, for that section was not nearly so well-populated as it is now. A month went by, and the next blow fell. Plute was cast as unfit for further police service and was ordered sold. Perhaps that would not have been so bad had it not been that the man who condemned the horse was Ryan.

"You're a yellow dog," remarked Thorn to Ryan when the horse was cast. "Why not use your hands if you have a grudge, and not take it out on the horse?"

"That horse is unfit, and you know it," retorted Ryan. "Anyway, if you don't like it you know what you can do."

"I do," replied Thorn, and proceeded to do it at the first opportunity, which incident confined Ryan to his home for a couple of days. But again he said nothing, and I think he was just a little ashamed of himself, as turned out later.

Thorn wasn't fit to live with for a week, and then came the notification from the Treasury Department down in Washington to look out for a new ten-dollar counterfeit of the Jefferson series that had made its appearance. Several of the Secret Service men worked on the case, making inquiries in different parts of the town. The belief was that the counterfeits were being printed in New York, and not brought in from outside, as so often happens. Apparently they had their trouble for their pains, for they turned up nothing and the bills kept on showing, usually in the hands of small shopkeepers who had taken them in, and a great many of these tradesmen were in the Kingsbridge section.

Thorn had not abandoned his old mount by any means. He found out when the sale of the cast horses was to be held on East Twenty-fourth Street, applied for leave, drew his savings out of the bank and went down there. That was before the days of the subway, and a block on the "L" put him in the auction-ring just in time to see Plute knocked down to a thick-set, florid man for seventy-five dollars. He went to the buyer at once.

"I'll give you twenty-five dollars for your bargain," he offered.

The other man looked Thorn up and down.

"If you were anything but a damned cop I'd go you. As it is, you couldn't have him for five hundred above the price," he told Charley. "So stick that in your pipe and smoke it."

The new buyer tied Plute on behind a light sulky to which was hitched a white horse driven by another man, and they drove off. Charley was about as cheerful as if he had attended the funeral of a relative, and there being nothing better to do, he started back for the station. He took the Sixh Avenue "L" and rode to the end of the line at One Hundred and Fifty-sixth Street. The rest of the way he decided to walk.

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Things didn't look so well to this young policeman. In fact there was distinctly something wrong with the world. It's bad enough to be transferred to a lonely district from Central Park; when it next became difficult to see the girl he had set his eyes on, that put a deeper blue in things, and the final wallop came when his horse had been taken from him. His failure to buy in the animal made matters worse, and so Thorn sat down on a stone wall up near Highbridge to think it out. It began to get a little dusk, finally, and he started on again. Then, just as he passed a street-end he chanced to glance up it and caught sight of a white horse drawing a sulky in which were two men, with a dark horse tied behind. They were about a quarter of a mile away, and turned down another street as Thorn caught sight of them.

I think it was natural that the boy should have started on the jump after them. Perhaps the Fates run these things. I don't know. At any rate, he sprinted. And when he reached the street where he had seen the outfit they had disappeared. Again, that section was thinly settled then. The Grand Concourse was not even thought of. Farms were to be found, and even fairly large private estates. Thorn followed down the street, looking to right and left. He passed an old house set back about a hundred feet from the roadway with some trees about it and a ramshackle barn behind it. A wooden fence with a broken gate ran along the front of the property. Thorn went on by this perhaps a thousand feet or so, then he heard a horse whinny, and the sound seemed to come from behind him. It seems hardly plausible to say that he recognized that whinny. Personally I don't think he did, but the point remains that he *thought* he did, and he turned back. Being late October, the darkness had pretty well fallen, and by the time he stood in front of the old house again he could just about see the stable, and that was all.

"It's worth taking a look, anyway," he muttered to himself. And proceeded to do it.

Now, there's this about police work. Once you take up with it your faculty of suspicion begins to develop. Sights and sounds and incidents take on different aspects. Things perfectly normal to the ordinary citizen begin to look abnormal when viewed from beneath the vizor of a blue cap.

Thorn went carefully up the roadway to the house in which not a light showed. He found it tightly shuttered, both on the side as well as the front, so he went around to the back. There was the sulky, just discernible in the darkness. The stable had a divided door, with the upper half open, and in it Thorn could hear horses stamping. I don't suppose he had any plan. He said he didn't know why he really went there. Obviously he couldn't steal the horse, and the man had refused to sell. He was standing there between house and stable when he heard a sound that attracted his attention, and he moved toward the house. He was a policeman all over at that minute.

"Sounds like machinery," he muttered, and then caught sight of a thin spear of light shining through a shutter. He stepped over to the house to see if he could look through the crack, and dropped neatly and silently into the cellar through an open bulkhead. When he knew anything again he was lying on a pile of excelsior at the bottom of the bulkhead excavation from which the steps had been removed. Evidently he had hit his head on the way down, for he found his fingers sticky when he felt a sore spot over his left ear. He clawed about and found his cap, put it on and then became conscious of voices somewhere above him. Moving in that direction he fell over some empty boxes, but finally, feeling along a wall, discovered a door in a board partition. Groping his way through this he found steps leading upward, and then saw a light toward the front of the cellar. A plank door with wide chinks in it let him look through into a room that was evidently a workshop, for it contained some bits of machinery. Thorn stared at these quite a time, and then he let his mouth drop open.

"Well, of all the queer jokes," he observed under his breath. Crawling softly up the steps he reached the floor above and turned back to where the voices sounded. Behind a door were several men in argumentative conversation, and Thorn, just outside, was listening, endeavoring to catch some few words, when a weight struck him on the shoulders, throwing him against the door, which promptly burst open, projecting him into the room where he and the man on his back collided with a table about which were three other men. The whole outfit went down on the floor in a general smash.

"A cop!" was the yell, and then came a wild scramble. If Thorn was not first on his feet he was second, and he came erect with his gun in his hand. Three others started to rush him, and he fired one shot low, as a warning. The fourth man lay on the floor.

"You men back up against that wall," said Thorn, "and move quick!" Toss those guns here on the floor, and do it one at a time."

The three revolvers were deposited reluctantly, and then Thorn saw that the floor was covered with new bills, some loose and some in packages. It was perfectly obvious that he had stumbled on the counterfeiting plant. He now had his back to the window of the room, one man still lay moaning on the floor, and three others were lined against the opposite wall. He had the counterfeiters all right, but what was he going to do with them? A police whistle might have been some help, only his had remained in the cellar, most likely. At any rate, he had none now. And another difficulty arose. He must have injured his foot in the drop to the cellar below, for the right ankle was causing him savage pain.

The stout man who had bought Plute looked at Thorn keenly, and then snarled.

"Followed us here, eh? Well, what do you think this'll get you? You can't get away with four of us."

"Keep your mouth shut," ordered Thorn. "You'll get taken care of all right."

The other turned his head to his companions.

"We'll rush him, boys. Wait till I give the word. One of you tackle him each side. He hasn't got the nerve to shoot."

Thorn laughed.

"Glad you think so," he said. "I can get at least one of you, and that'll make my job that much easier. Better not move, for I'm going to land the four of you behind the bars." Stooping, he picked up the three revolvers, dropping one of them into his coat pocket. Then backing to the window he felt behind him for the latch. Standing to one side he stretched up to undo it when the man on the floor reached suddenly for a chair and slung it at Thorn's legs. The chair hit his bad ankle and Charley sat down suddenly. The three standing men started for him, but he stopped one of

(*Continued on page* 73)

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¶ *Seven hundred energetic upholders of law and order and New York's world-wide prestige.*

How the Women's Police Reserves of the 67th., Precinct came to the rescue during the big milk strike in December 1921, when policemen were withdrawn from traffic service to ride on delivery-wagons for the protection of drivers from strikers.

Women's Police Reserves

What the Unpaid Lady Cops of Brooklyn and Queens Boroughs Are Doing to Aid the Uniformed Force

By Marion Vaughn

A THIN girl with colorless cheeks and frightened, dark eyes came shyly into the big room in winter, and later out upon the green lawn, to listen to the concerts given at Ellis Island, in New York's great harbor.

In her arms she held a pale, ailing infant that constantly cried. Pre-natal influence of the mother's grief and loneliness expressed itself in those infant tears, the Island doctor said. Tucked away in the child's clean, coarse skirts was the photograph of a young man in a soldier's uniform. The photograph was cracked from travel, faded and worn thin by much handling.

The girl-mother could speak no word of English. A group of women who came from Brooklyn every week to the concerts could speak no word of French. But the girl-mother and the group of women from Brooklyn soon became friends. The baby, that cried all the time, linked them by a common interest. There is no vital need of Volapuk, nor of any other common tongue, where the wail of a child is concerned; it is always understood. It is *the* universal language.

Besides, each of the women had studied the face in the photograph; the merry eyes, the careless smile, the khaki hat pushed back from a broad, boyish brow. The women understood the story of the girl-mother who had come from Europe seeking the youthful father of the crying babe. The girl-mother understood that the women with the kind eyes and encouraging smiles would try to find the young man, who, waving his hat and tossing kisses from the troop-ship, had sailed from "over there" for his home land. A tinge of pink rose to the girl's cheeks. A torch of hope was lit in her eyes.

The women came every week to the concerts given for immigrants detained at Ellis Island because the government was not sure it could offer them a permanent haven here. Every week each of the women shook hands with the girl-mother, stroked the baby's dark head and went away looking more determined than at the last visit.

Six months after the girl-mother had come shyly up to them and had shown them the photograph, she was, for the first time, missing from the concert. The group of women sent a delegate to the information bureau to inquire for La Petite Louise. The emissary came back smiling but shaking her head.

"I won't tell you," she said. "You'll find out soon enough."

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They went aboard the little boat that carries passengers from the Battery to the Island. A small handkerchief waved by an agitated hand welcomed them; a handkerchief waved by the left hand because the right arm held a baby. La Petite Louise's eyes laughed at them through happy tears. She stood at the boat-railing. Beside her was a tall young man. His eyes were merry. His smile was careless. He pushed his hat back from a boyish brow—the young man of the photograph.

A joyous nod toward them, a word from Louise, and he took off his hat and came forward. He shook hands with each of the six women of the group.

"I thank you with all my heart for your kindness to my wife," he said. "We have just been married and are starting West to my home this afternoon. The woman beside her is my sister."

Major Mary Ferrall founder and commanding officer of the Women's Police Reserves of Brooklyn and Queens Counties, New York.

The women with the shields upon their breasts, representatives of the Brooklyn and Queens unit of the Women Police Reserves of Greater New York, had sought until they found the young man who had forgot. With the machinery of the government as their agent they had at last located him in a small town in the West.

He has not been an unworthy husband of the patient Louise. Her letters in her new English tell of her happiness. They give her explanation that the young soldier's repeated letters had never reached the farm home, in France. Her messages always end with her gratitude to the "so kind femmes de Brooklyn."

By a neighborhood telepathy it soon becomes known when a girl is "going to the bad". Irregular hours, late home-coming, defiant manner, reckless speech, a deepening of the careworn shadows upon her mother's face, a lifting of the eyebrows as the girl passes, critical inspection of her wardrobe—all these were evident in the case of a girl whom we will call A. B.

The mother with the sorrowful face called upon an officer of the Brooklyn and Queens Women Police Reserves. She wept quietly while she told the story.

"I've done what I could for my girl," she said. "But the family is large. It has been hard to get along. It has taken a lot of managing. She had to go out to work. She has got into bad company. I don't seem to be able to do anything with her."

"Usually it is better for members of the family to act in such a matter," gently suggested the Women's Reserves officer. "Have you talked with your husband about it?"

"My husband is an invalid in body and nearly that in mind. All he wants is to be let alone. He would and could do nothing."

"You tell me your oldest son is married and steady and doing well?"

"George would have no patience with her. He would be too stern. He would only drive her from home."

It was simply arranged. The Reserves officer is a popular member of the community that stretches along part of the Shore Road. She knows everyone of its thousands by sight or name. It would come naturally about that as she drove early to the city one morning she would overtake the girl starting to her work and would offer her a lift to the shop.

A. B. was pleased at the attention. She talked of her problems with more freedom than the woman had expected. She received advice, beginning as accepted advice generally does, with "I understand. I am your friend. If I were you I would——"

Since that morning drive A. B. has spent most of her evenings at home. She has avoided bad company. She goes now and then to the officer's handsome home to sew and to talk earnestly with its mistress. She is engaged to be married and the officer is helping her plan her modest trousseau. Her official friend has bought a reading-lamp for her wedding gift. There is much of suggestion in a reading-lamp. It speaks of long, pleasant evenings at home. In one of the precincts in Queens County a collection is being quietly taken for a radio set. That will be another of A. B.'s wedding gifts. Through a tactful remark of the officer's the married brother has been made to believe that he thought of giving his sister and brother-in-law-elect a victrola. It would be sheerest perversity that would draw a young woman away from a home that holds a reading-lamp, a radio and a victrola.

Constructive police work saved A. B.

A girl of seventeen, who, pious folk believed, was possessed of a devil, was for a brief time the evil genius of her neighborhood. She was accounted a bad girl; bad beyond redemption. A sergeant of the Women's Police Reserves diagnosed her moral malady.

"She is not bad. She is feeble-minded."

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Through the sergeant's efforts the girl was sent to an institution for sub-normals where she is receiving the training which sometimes lifts such unfortunates to a normal, or nearly normal plane.

To introduce an era of sane dressing and behavior at a beach resort is the herculean labor that was undertaken and performed by one little woman, Mrs. Mary Morris, captain of the Rockaway Beach Unit, who said: "This is no place for people who will not behave themselves, especially young girls. Rockaway Beach is going to be a respectable place where only decent persons will be welcome. Any others had better take warning. We are going to do a general cleaning-up. I propose that our beach shall be, at least morally, the best beach in the country."

Captain Morris's small body houses a giant will. That will was a broom that swept Rockaway Beach clean.

A militant officer is Mrs. Mary Morris, yet when the commander of the Hewlett-Strauss-McGinn post of her town pinned a medal upon her black lace gown, and presented a bronze tablet in commemoration of "her untiring efforts for the men and their families during and since the World War," Truth's stylus records that tears of surprise and gratitude rolled down her cheeks and that her tongue refused its habitual pleas and gentle scoldings.

Militant, too, is Lieutenant Alida Raymond, of the Fort Hamilton Police Reserves. Mrs. Raymond seized the collar of a masher and yanked him to his feet. She dragged him out of a sideshow at Coney Island, released his collar and grabbed his arm. Determinedly she led the dazed and cowed creature, who only distantly resembled a man, to the Coney Island Police Station and there preferred a charge against him. She waited to see him locked in a cell.

Mrs. Raymond, with flushed cheeks, received the congratulations of full-panoplied policemen who said they had witnessed the arrest and had followed her and her captive to the station.

"We rooted for our sister all the way," they said.

But there was an occasion when a Woman's Police Reserve officer functioned in what was apparently a trivial case. A doctor's family complained that it had been rendered sleepless by more than usually poignant feline complaints. Dawn disclosed a cat that had climbed a tall tree and was afraid to descend. The block resounded with her objurgations against her fate.

"This is no joke," said the "Reserve". "The cat must be taken down."

She went to the doctor's home, recruited three freckled, on-their-toes boys and sent the "peppiest" one up the tree. The knight errant in knickerbockers rescued the shivering, feline damsel. He brought her down the tree in his arms and received the thanks of the commanding officer and the doctor's sleep-shorn wife.

Major Laura Smith solved the problem of a long-missing man. His body was identified two years after his disappearance. His surviving family was maintained during the search through her offices.

Captain Gertrude Sanger arranged for Sunday visits to Fox Hills Hospital where lingered soldiers rendered tubercular by war's exposures. She took the one-hundred-

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Captain Schofield, third from the left, seated, and members of the Women's Police Reserves of the 39th Precinct, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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¶ *"We must have a full confession from Donlin to be used as evidence—and we must have it in a hurry."*

"After delaying a moment I opened the door a little, looked out, as if to assure myself that it was Donlin, and let him in."

How I "Got" My Man

An Inside History of the Methods Used in Criminal Investigation by an Operative of a Big Detective Agency

MY FIRST CASE—THE MAN WHO "HUNG" A JURY

By David Cornell

Illustrated by JOSEPH ST. AMAND

UP to the day that the manager of the New York office of the Blank Detective Agency handed me an order for fifty dollars expense money and started me up the Hudson River on my first man-hunt, I had never done anything in my life that might have been suspected of even remotely resembling detective work. I probably knew as little about the business as anybody in the country, and I had never had any yearning or intention to become a detective. But I was thirty-six years old, out of work, almost broke—in New York!—had a family to support and, most important of all, I happened to have met the celebrated detective who is the head of the agency by which I came to be employed. That was why I became, and am, a private detective.

One morning I found myself at 42nd street and Broadway, looking at the newspaper bulletins and wondering how long my money would last and where in the world I should turn for a job. One of the bulletins read:

"Detective Blank Nabs More Bribers."

That bulletin did the trick.

"He may remember me," I thought, "and he may know of a job to fit me."

I went straight downtown to the office of the agency of which the big man is the head and asked if he was in.

"What do you want of him?" asked the office-manager.

I was desperate. I said: "I know him, and I want a job."

He looked me over, went into an inner office for a while, and reappeared, bearing an application blank. The office, and everything in it, was just as it would be in an up-to-date commercial place. The business of the office might as well have been selling insurance as hunting criminals. The application blank had all the conventional questions of such a paper, and in addition these:

"Were you ever acquainted with any police force, or any detective agency? Are you acquainted with any police officials, or any one employed by detective agencies?

"Were you ever employed by any railroad?

"Do you know anything about the newspaper business?

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"Have you a large number of acquaintances, and can you keep your occupation from your friends and acquaintances?"

"Fill that out," said the office-manager. He had not even asked me if I wanted to become a detective, and but for the last questions on the blank I would not have known that he was considering me as an applicant for such a position.

"I've never done any detective work in my life," I said.

"Good," he replied. "If you had, we wouldn't have you. Fill out the blank."

When it was filled out he took it and disappeared again. He was back in three minutes.

"All right," he said, sitting down at his desk and picking up some papers. "There's a man up in Weeksville (a small town on the Hudson River near New York), who hung the jury in a damage suit. We want you to go up and get him. Here's the dope."

He began to read from the papers in his hand. The gist of it was that one Kellner, a New York contractor, had done $100,000 worth of work on the water supply system of the town of Weeksville. When the time came for him to render his bill he had been approached by one of the town's political powers, Bruley by name, and commissioner of public works, who let it be known that if he would make out a bill for $130,000, it would be allowed in full without protest or question, and that $5,000 of the $30,000 overcharge would go to him as a reward for placing certain officials in the way of fingering $25,000 of the people's money.

Kellner had refused. When he rendered his rightful bill for $100,000 the powers in the city hall calmly cut it to $85,000, claiming that portions of the work were poorly done; that parts of the contract had been awarded illegally, but in reality merely getting even with Kellner for refusing to assist them to make easy graft.

Kellner promptly sued. He had a case so strong, and public opinion was so strongly aroused over the exposed scandal that recovery of his $15,000 seemed a foregone conclusion. But the would-be grafters had managed to place a nigger in the woodpile in the shape of one of their clan on the jury. Eleven of the jurymen on the first ballot had voted for a full judgment for Kellner. The twelfth man had voted "no" on that ballot, and on the second, and the third, and on every ballot for the next twenty-four hours. He had hung the jury, and the case was a mistrial. The man's name was Harry Donlin, a real estate agent.

"That's the man you've got to get," said the office-manager. "He did the trick, and he's been spending money ever since. We've got to have a full confession from him which we can use as evidence, and it's got to be in writing and sworn to, or told in the hearing of at least two people; who gave him the bribe, when, and what for. And we've got to get it in a hurry, too, because the new trial is coming on in less than a month. Have you any money?"

I didn't have enough to be worth mentioning. He drew a pink pad to him, wrote out an order on the cashier for fifty dollars and handed it to me.

"Go up there right away," he said. "You can get a train every hour on the even hour. Here are some report forms. Write a full report of your doings every day and mail it every evening. Don't forget to make your report cover all your time."

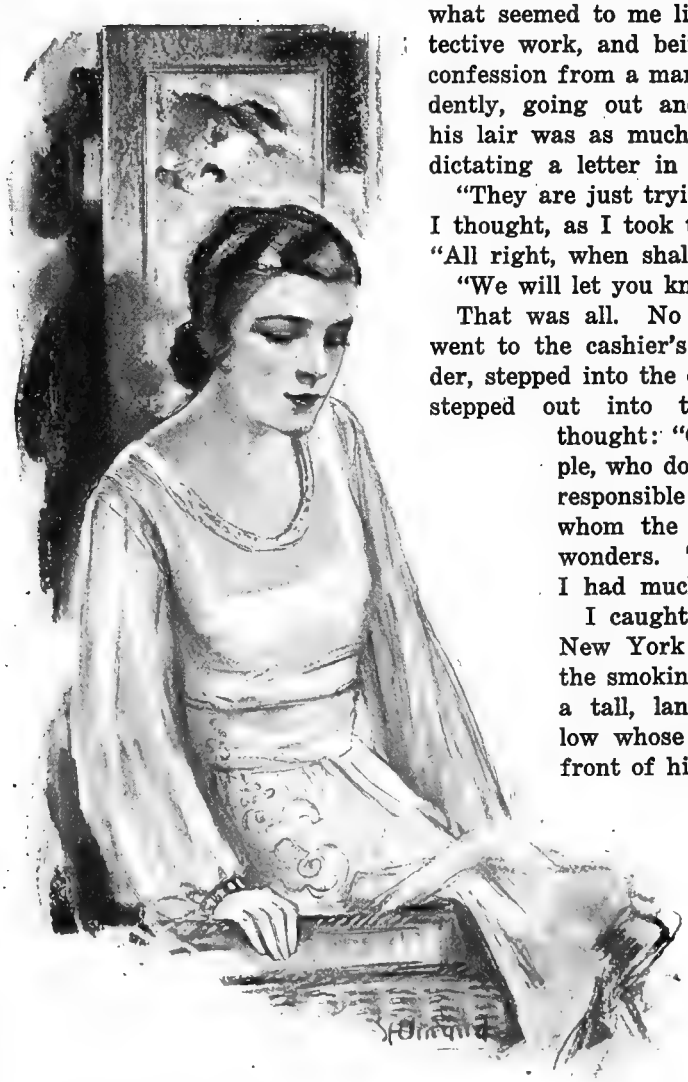
That was how I entered this business. I had been accustomed to seeing things move with business-like expediency in other offices, but this beat all records. Thirty minutes before I had entered the office inquiring for the chief. I had not seen the chief, had not been questioned; but here I was handed fifty dollars, sent out on what seemed to me like a complicated case of detective work, and being calmly told to get a full confession from a man I knew nothing about. Evidently, going out and tracking a wrong-doer to his lair was as much a matter of course here as dictating a letter in a business office.

"They are just trying me out to see how I act," I thought, as I took the money-order. So I said: "All right, when shall I report here again?"

"We will let you know," was the answer.

That was all. No instructions. No advice. I went to the cashier's window and cashed the order, stepped into the elevator, rode downstairs and stepped out into the street—a detective. I thought: "Great Scott! And these people, who do business in this slipshod, irresponsible fashion, are the detectives whom the whole country thinks of as wonders. They're a lot of jokes." But I had much to learn.

I caught a three o'clock train on the New York Central and took a seat in the smoking-car. Across the aisle lolled a tall, lanky, good-natured young fellow whose ticket, stuck in the seat in front of him, showed that he was going to Weeksville, my destination. On the chance that he lived in the town, or knew something about it, I took out my pipe, stuffed it, and began to search, ostentatiously, for the matches I pretended not to have. I drew his attention first, then said: "You don't happen to have an extra match, do you?"



"When I thought of Donlin's family I also thought of my own. I visualized my sweet and patient wife at home, praying for my success."

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"Sure," he said, and began to dig. I crossed over and sat down beside him. As I accepted the match and prepared to light my pipe I stuck my ticket in the seat before us, where he could not fail to see it.

"Going to Weeksville, too?" he said, genially.

"Yes," I said, puffing away. "You going there?"

"Yep," he said. "I live there. You don't live there, do you?"

"No," I answered.

"Thought not," said my friend. "I know everybody there. Weeksville is a mighty nice little place." He looked me over. I was prosperous-looking.

"Say," he said, "if you're thinking of buying a place up there you want to see Donlin by all means. He's the agent for the best real estate bargains in town. I'm a friend of his, and I know he's right."

Donlin was the man I was after. I pretended to misunderstand the name. "Who? 'Donaldson'?"

"Donlin," he corrected. "Harry Donlin. I'll introduce you to him if you wish when we get up there."

I didn't know whether it would be a good thing to meet my man in this fashion, having no idea of what a detective should do under the circumstances, but I was afraid to show any particular interest, one way or another, in the man Donlin, so I said, "All right," at the same time repeating that of course I didn't know whether I would care to buy a place in Weeksville.

I did my best to get on a friendly basis with my good-natured young friend, and by the time we neared our destination I knew that his name was Daley, he knew that mine was Cornell, and we were getting along so well that when we stepped from the train we walked straight across the street to have a friendly drink in a "speak-easy".

Then we played a couple of games of pool. I had made a hit with my companion and he introduced me to several bystanders as "My friend, Mr. Cornell." After I had let him win two games of pool it became "my good friend." Then he suggested that we go up the street and call on Donlin. We walked over to the single hotel in the place, where Daley introduced me to the proprietor as "an old friend of mine from Chicago. Take care of him right."

In the office we ran into a short, heavy-set man, with a nervous, twitching mouth, and restless eyes. He was one of the most worried-looking men I have ever seen.

"Ah, hello, Harry!" bawled Daley. "Say, Harry, I want to introduce you to an old friend of mine from Chicago. Mr. Cornell, like to have you meet Mr. Donlin. Mr. Donlin's an old pal of mine, too."

Mr. Donlin's expression relaxed a little when he heard that I was "an old friend of Daley's." It was obviously a relief to him to hear that I was known by one of his "pals," and he showed it by greeting me in a hearty manner. I told him that I might be interested in a house in Weeksville, and he began to treat me with considerable deference. When I left him for the evening we had made an appointment for ten o'clock next morning to make a tour of inspection of the desirable houses for sale in the town.

Donlin put in an appearance a little late next morning, driving a fine-looking runabout car. He was nervous and had obviously been drinking. He greeted me heartily, and I confess that my conscience smote me. He began to talk about his children as we drove along, how the hot weather was troubling the baby, and I was almost ready to throw the whole thing up and cease trying to be a detective. The business was revolting to me then, and only one thing kept me at it: the fact that I had a family looking to me for support. When I thought of Donlin's family I also thought of my own, I visualized my sweet and patient wife at home, praying for my success, and I grimly stifled my conscience and resolved to "get" the man at whose side I sat, if I could.

We drove through the town and looked at half a dozen little houses. I was not particularly impressed with any of them, or at least pretended not to be. There was one that I told Donlin might do—if I decided that the town was to my liking.

"But of course, you know I haven't said that I even wanted to buy," I reminded him.

"Certainly not," he replied. "But we'll make you want to buy before we're through with you. We want you to be one of us."

For the next two days he spent about half of his time and some of his money proving to me that he was a good fellow, and that the town was full of good fellows. On the second day he was calling me by my first name, and I was reciprocating. He was an easy-going, not over-brilliant fellow, who apparently was afraid ever to become entirely sober, and who never wanted to be without a congenial companion to talk to. He was plainly living under a great strain. I, having nothing to do but look over the town, was the man he turned to most frequently, and he came to look upon me as his steady companion. He liked and trusted me from the beginning.

On the third day a letter from the office directed me to come in to the New York office that evening.

"Go in and see the chief," said the office-manager when I reported. The chief was in his private office with my reports on his desk before him.

"Well," he said, without troubling about a greeting, "you're showing considerable speed for a big fellow. I guess you'd better begin to do the crook stall right away. You're from Chicago. You got into a little trouble out there and you had to leave. You are keeping out of sight of the Chicago authorities, and you picked out Weeksville as a likely place to hide in. You understand, don't you?"

"I'm to pose as a crook?"

"Certainly. This man Donlin is a natural babbler, who'll talk if you get close to him. You have got a good start by pretending to be looking for a house. Now, tomorrow you stall about being afraid of going out so much; keep under cover. Stay in your room a lot. Begin to fight shy of the house proposition. Let your man know that you're a little afraid of him. Keep away from him. Make him come to you. Then let him pump it out of you that you're hiding, and that you cleaned up big on a crooked deal in Chicago. We'll have a letter written to you from the Chicago office. Lose this letter where your man will find and read it, and your stall as a crook will make good. And if he begins to show any inclination to tell you his own secrets, at first tell him you don't want to hear them; that you've got troubles enough of your own. Understand? And the next time you come into the office cover your tracks by going through some building with two entrances before coming here."

I went back to Weeksville, and the next day I stayed in my room. I had my meals sent up and sent a boy out for some magazines to read. I went out for a walk at night, keeping entirely to the dark side-streets. The clerk eyed me rather strangely as I returned, and I knew that soon Donlin would hear about my strange conduct.

The next day I did the same thing. In the evening there was a knock at my door.

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"Old Smythe says, 'Donlin, you're drawn on the venire for the jury that is to try this case. We want one of our friends on that jury. We want you there, you understand?'"

"Who is it?" I demanded, sharply.

"Donlin," came the answer. "What's the matter, old man? Feeling sick?"

After delaying a moment I opened the door a little, looked out, as if to assure myself that it was Donlin, and let him in. He looked at me curiously.

"You aren't sick, are you?" he said.

"No," I said. "I just stayed in my room, that's all."

He kept looking at me steadily. "Anything gone wrong?" he asked.

"Oh, no," I said. "No, I just got tired of showing myself—of running around so much."

I had never had any experience in acting before, but let me say here that such success as I have had as a detective has been due more to the fact that I possess a certain natural talent for playing parts in a way to win the confidence of the man I am after, than anything else. Before Donlin left me that evening he had fully drawn the conclusion that I was in some sort of trouble, and that I was in Weeksville for the purpose of keeping out of sight. The last words he said were:

"Don't worry old man; we're your friends. The bunch here is right."

But I did my best to make it plain to him that I was worrying about something. I said: "Don't say anything to Daley, or any of the others, will you?"

The next day offered another opportunity to strengthen my false position as a fugitive with Donlin. The Cubs were playing the Giants at the Polo grounds and Donlin suggested that we run down and see them. I acquiesced eagerly, and then caught myself and refused.

"Why not? What's the matter?" he asked.

"Oh," I said, "whenever the Cubs play in New York about all the Chicago people in town go out to see them, and there are a lot of Chicago people I don't care about seeing or being seen by, that's all. Nothing wrong, you know, but I don't care to chance running into certain people."

"I understand," he said. By this time he was eager to make a chum and confidant out of me; for this is one of the things that makes the wrong-doer easy to catch; he is sure to seek out his own kind and talk about what is on his mind. He can keep silent for a while; then he must talk. I must have been a Godsend to Donlin, for, apparently, he had not found anybody in Weeksville to whom he considered it safe to speak confidentially, and there I was, in his judgment, a fugitive hiding out. He felt at ease with me because he looked upon me as being in about the same boat as himself, and he spared no pains, short of putting it in so many words, to let me know that I needn't worry about anything from him.

Two days later the fake letter came to me from the Chicago office. It was mailed in a plain envelope and professed to come from my brother. It read:

"Dear Dave:

"I have been talking with Mr. Grimmer, and you are mistaken in believing that he only wants to hurt you; all that he cares about is getting his money back. I told him he could take his choice, either go on and stir up a lot of noise and discredit you here forever, and get no money back, or else get his money and keep quiet. He said: 'Give me my money; that's all I care about.' I then told him that he was mistaken when he said the amount you had got was $38,000. I said that you had got less than $25,000, and that in moving around the country you had spent $3,000, so all you had was about $22,000. He didn't

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EDITORIALS

Police Nationalization

THIRTEEN months have elapsed since the Judiciary Committee of Congress held its initial hearings on the bill to create a national police bureau, and to some extent at least the clamor accompanying the charge that this was the first step of a concerted effort to create a national police system has died down. Why there should have been so much pother over the two bills, known as H. R. 8580 and 8409, does not appear, unless it was the fear that this was but another veiled effort to strangle State sovereignty. They were simple enough, they were short enough, and surely explicit enough to make plain that all that was in mind was a central record bureau to serve the country, but the objectors were many and furious.

No one seemed to realize that a national police system in the United States is an impossibility without an amendment to the Constitution, and the difficulties in the way of that are too obvious to require detailed exposition. As a general proposition the police function is a State matter and cannot be invaded by a Federal force, save in certain essentials that have been specifically handed over to Federal control. For example, coinage is now a Federal duty. The Postal service is a Federal function. The regulation of Interstate Commerce naturally falls into Federal hands, Judicial matters that are broadly constitutional in character are under Federal control, and immigration, since it affects all States impartially is likewise under Federal supervision.

Perhaps it should be whispered that each of these branches of Government exercises broad police powers. Each of the departments maintain a police personnel, shocking as it may seem. The Treasury has the Secret Service and a steadily growing Coast Guard service; the Post Office has its Inspectors, the Department of Justice maintains its detective force; the Department of Commerce, regulating immigration, has its Inspectors, and the Interstate Commerce Commission wields broad police powers through its investigators. As a plain fact, all combined we have here a very respectable and numerously officered nucleus of a national police, but there has been very little complaint about it.

The drift toward nationalization is inevitable, whether as individuals we regard it as dangerous or the reverse. Every wind that blows carries certain factors toward Federal centralization, and this largely because artificial and political divisions seem inconsistent with national unity. The limited train, the long-distance telephone, and now the radio, are wiping out these divisional boundaries, and in those functions that make for the safety or well-being of a people, consolidation can take little heed of them. There is a growing agitation for a uniform code of laws under which all States can operate.

The manifest difficulties that now confront those who would extend their affairs beyond the boundaries of the State in which they reside need not be outlined. A man is a law-abiding citizen in Massachusetts and a law breaker, subject to arrest in New York under certain conditions. A woman is a noble and virtuous character in Nevada, and a moral leper in California. It is an indictable offense to smoke a cigarette in Indiana, but the traffic is encouraged in Illinois. Anyone of us may be a criminal, subject to severe jail sentence if we cross a State line.

This is no argument for or against nationalization of police powers. The effort is being made merely to indicate that broad and important police powers are now exercised by the Government at Washington. Fundamentally, even in the ancient Greek and Roman States, their necessity was recognized, and they were expressed through legislative, judicial and administrative channels much as they are today. It has, since the dawn of civilization, been the prerogative of legislatures to establish norms of conduct to which individuals are required to adhere under penalty of punishment for disobedience. Those norms change as the minds of men change. One political subdivision of the earth may change its mind sooner than another, and so there is a difference in moral standards.

Air travel is upon us. Distances are getting shorter upon the globe. Communication as it improves is shrinking the spaces that separate the minds of men, and that surely must mean that our national gospel of efficiency will demand the removal of barriers, even when they are of the character of enactments. We are a business people; a practical people. We have come farther in the short span of our national existence than any nation before us, and in our advance the old order must give way. Perhaps we shall not need to consider the bugaboo of a national police for years to come, but should the time arrive there will probably be no more alarm over it than there was in establishing a national postal service, for in any event, our national trend is toward centralization.

Whether there will ever be a department of police at Washington with broad powers may well be a question, but the wisdom of establishing there a central bureau of information about criminals can be opposed by no one with the slightest pretensions to knowledge of the spread of criminal inclinations.

"From the Greek"

POLITEIA meaning State, and *polis* indicating City, are undoubtedly the origin of our word, police. As mentioned in a preceding paragraph the ancient Greek and Roman cities had well-defined police forces. Historically, of course, the policeman is a child of the military arm of government. Originally with the establishment of cities grew up the custom of maintaining military garrisons.

The Greeks turned the whole police duty over to groups of magistrates whose duty it was to see that the streets were kept clean, decent morality observed, and to govern the erection and maintenance of buildings. The Romans early put their capital city on an organized police basis, at one time having over seven thousand *vigiles*, organized into divisions and precincts with regular tours of duty.

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The early English police, or safety system, antedating Edward II., was based on the principle of mutual suretyship. Each citizen was made to join a group of ten, called a decennary, and these in turn were organized into hundreds, and these again into thousands, and so on. Each individual thus became responsible for his neighbor, and in the event of a crime, the perpetrator was easily traced down to the decennary to which he belonged, and by whom he was turned over to justice. Did they fail, the group of ten were held responsible and punished.

It was Philip of Valois, king of France, who in the fourteenth century developed a primitive police for Paris, but it was not until 1356 that the first organized police came into being. Known as *Marèchaussèe* they had supervision of all France and continued to maintain such order as the times demanded until 1720 when they were reorganized into the present *Gendarmerie*, a national force under the Minister of the Interior.

It is but natural that the American police systems should have been devoloped on the models of the English forces, and they have so continued in a general way. This is so largely because close supervision of the private lives of men of the Anglo-Saxon race has always been repugnant, this very fact making anything like the control exercised by European police systems impossible in either England or America. For this very reason it is probably impossible to control the individual in America as is done in France, Germany or Italy.

$100,000 for Synthetic Opium

BOTH police and chemical circles were thrown into an epidemic of discussion on one of the last days of the International Police Conference held in New York—May 14, to be exact—when Mr. Herman A. Metz, the president of a large chemical corporation and also a special deputy police commissioner of New York, offered a prize of $100,000 for a process making possible the synthetic production of opium. Mr. Metz was particular to make plain that he was not in search of something that would chemically counterfeit opium, but that his prize was for the synthetic production of the drug itself.

Mr. Metz's idea is that such production will first have the effect of cheapening the price of opium as a product; second, that such cheapening will eventually make the natural production unprofitable, resulting in the abandonment of poppy growing, and thirdly that having driven the natural product from the market, Governments then can take the necessary steps to regulate the manufacture and distribution of the drug. His belief being, according to his statement, that eventually in this way the dope evil can be reduced to the point of elimination.

Other commentators, however, are not so certain of this. It is pointed out that while the parallel offered by Mr. Metz in the case of indigo, in which the synthetic product caused the gradual abandonment of natural indigo, is apt, it need not be complete, for, should the chemists attempt at any time to curtail the production of artificial indigo below the demand, the natural growing would begin again.

Considered from the economic standpoint, it is further argued, it is seldom that the cheapening of a product has done other than extend its use, this being a part of the economic law illustrated by everything from sugar to motor cars. And when restrictive laws are considered as offering an effective remedy for curtailing a sinister habit, there are not wanting critics who frankly disavow all belief in such a possibility when set against the fact that with a known formula any chemist can produce the drug far more easily than alcohol is now privately distilled; pointing their contention with the history of the excise laws during fifty years past.

But the challenge offers a filip to the imagination, and the big money award for chemical success will, doubtless, spur some of the best scientific minds to action.

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¶ *There came a sudden, imperative knock at the outer door. Catherine stood in breathless silence. Then she crossed the room, slid back the bolt and let the stranger in.*

It was a world which showed no signs of life; a world of sepulchral white silence where not even a fox-bark broke the stillness.

The Payroll

Austin Johnson, Stick-Up Man and Outlaw, Played a New Role When a Raging Blizzard Drove Him Indoors

By William P. Flaherty

Patrolman, 65th Precinct (Shield No. 6053) New York Police Department

Illustrated with a photograph and a drawing by George Sanders

John Quinlan moved forward with a steady and confident stride, conscious of his strength and revelling in it. His body was warmly clad, his pulse-beat vigorous. The crystalline Northern air in his lungs exhilarated him like wine. There was no wind; the only sound in all the world was the crunch of the snow, crisp as charcoal, under his moose-hide moccasins. The world that lay about him was one of alabaster whiteness, the air about the horizon so crystal-sharp it promised to crack like glass at any sudden movement along the paved floor of its peace.

Quinlan liked the sheeted cleanness of the hollows and undulations he treaded, and he liked the rhythmic song of his footsteps amid the noiseless emptiness through which he moved. His body glowed pleasurably, his cheeks flamed into the deeper rose of health and happiness.

The sun, barely discernable through the clouds, sent forth a grateful light with its odd simulation of warmth; but Quinlan knew there was no actual warmth in that intense flood of light. Beneath its velvet were the icy claws of cruelty, ready to strike when they seemed most impassive. He seemed utterly alone in a world which showed no sign of life—in a world of sepulchral white silence where not even a fox-bark broke the stillness.

Quinlan was the new paymaster for The Dodd Timber Company, a position of exalted importance.

Leach, the last paymaster, had resigned as a result of the activities of the notorious law-breaker, Austin Johnson, the reputed leader of a gang of timber pirates, camp robbers and smugglers. Owing to bad weather, Leach's last trip had been made on foot. Johnson was waiting for him. When within fifty feet of him, the bandit commanded the paymaster to put up his hands and advance. Instead of obeying, Leach ran in the opposite direction into the forest. Johnson fired several shots, one of the bullets striking Leach's pack. The

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paymaster hid until sundown, then continued his journey, but was delayed so long that he staggered into the camp next morning, almost frozen stiff. The experience was too much for him. His resignation followed.

For seven years Quinlan had been a faithful employee of the company and had advanced from timber cruiser to office work. When, last week he had been asked by the General Manager if he would take Leach's place, he had smiled at the apparent absurdity of the query.

The position of paymaster was far above that of the timber cruiser or camp boss or scalers—on the same level with the cooks. Dodd Timber was merely a name for the army of lumberjacks, but the man who brought them their money was a tangible agency for good. His duties invested him with the responsibility of a national bank. Such a position of independence was longed for by every ambitious young man in the county.

The camps and the settlement were connected by a tote road; a blind man could have held the course. However, it was this road that Johnson patrolled. The manager suggested as a means of frustrating the outlaw, that Quinlan should carry the payroll home with him this evening, and on the following morning carry it from his home to the camps. This plan Quinlan was following. He had taken a road that led to his own home.

It was growing colder now and to Quinlan's dismay the sun went down suddenly. Looking upward, he was amazed to see a silver blur running over the forest crown. He knew well the meaning of that phase of nature in the North. With a groan of despair he shifted the position of the rawhide pack on his shoulders and increased his stride. He no longer had an eye for the wild beauty, his peace of mind had left him when he saw the coming storm.

The oily clouds, rushing wildly down from the north as though late at some rendezvous, began sprinkling drops of snow. Quiet and feathery the first flakes fell; they eddied and floated, subsiding gently, without haste and without sound.

Then the snow began in earnest. The low-hung skies seemed to open and deliver themselves of crowded and swirling flurries of white. A silence, absolute as death, crept over the earth. The light of afternoon darkened into an opaque twilight, the patient white downpour continued without haste and without passion, as though time were a thing to be no longer reckoned with. Still this illimitable army of white continued its advance imposing somnolence on rock and river, on slough and mountain slope, on forest and open plain; now it became something hurried, something touched with passion, impatience; now it had become a deluge, not of feathery crystal, but of flying particles of ice. It was no longer a mere snow-storm—it had deepened into a blizzard.

With the first realization of his plight Quinlan's thoughts began ranging along disquieting paths. He thought of Catherine, his wife, whom he had left that morning after breakfast, promising to return before six in the evening. She would realize that he was caught in the blizzard and would be worried until his return. Then he thought of Austin Johnson, and his imagination discovered the outlaw behind every tree and stump; his right hand ached from clutching the automatic in the side pocket of his coat.

This obsession was suddenly blotted out by a startling discovery. He was on the wrong path!

Though the path from the settlement to his home was, owing to many turns a somewhat confusing one, he had traveled it a hundred times with no trouble. Now, however, the fierce onslaught of the storm and the extinction of the sunlight brought confusion and rendered him helpless and bewildered.

He stopped to look at his compass and a thrill of horror swept through him. Through the driving storm he could make out only a blurred small object without meaning. Darkness had swept the earth. The discovery of his helplessness drove tears of exasperation to his eyes.

However, he would not surrender to the panic that assailed him. Instinctively he felt that if he kept moving in this direction he would eventually reach some means of shelter. He tightened his moose-hide belt and pushed forward again, doggedly, though no longer with the swift stride that had before characterized his advance. His was now a groping movement, and the trail he left behind was no longer a straight one. His gauntleted hands, as he moved forward step by step, were held out in front of him, like the hands of a child learning to walk.

Now he cried aloud. It was not a shout of panic, but a studied and systematic, "Hallo-o-o-o!" repeated every few minutes as he stopped and listened, then pushed on again.

The cry echoed strangely through the desolate fir-forest about him. Oddly magnified by the still density of the Northwestern air, it seemed to rise and bound and return like a boomerang, then to go across the plains of silence, dying away in the distance. But it brought no answer.

Then he stumbled and fell. He regained his footing with difficulty, and as he stood there, all sense of space and direction left him. A stifled sob of distress broke from his throat. But he started forward again, for he knew that above all things he must keep moving. The frost had deepened with the declining day, and there was treachery in that sub-zero peace with no breath of wind to lay bare the sharpness of its pangs. So he counted his steps and at every other hundred he stopped, called again and listened, then once more groped forward.

. . . . . .

Catherine Quinlan stopped a moment in her work of preparing the supper and looked through the kitchen window. It was beginning to snow. Drops of immaculate white were falling with wavering indecision. Against the western sky the white-capped peaks beyond the foot-hills were fading into the night. It was almost time for her husband to come into view at the bottom of the cliff. He should appear soon now.

In the two years that she had lived in the North with John Quinlan, Catherine had never ceased to wonder at the insistent, unrecking, unending fall of snow in this new, strange country. It seemed to her that during that time the mountain slopes must have emptied themselves of all the snow that they could ever hold. The rambling old house wallowed deep in it; the gulleys between the cliffs were drifted full, the boulder-strewn shoreline was obliterated so that land and water were one unbroken stretch. And at each added snowfall the house on the mountain slope seemed to recede farther and farther from the great, active world beyond.

When Catherine looked through the window again, the flakes were no longer floating about like white notes fluttering between earth and sky, but were thickening,

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coming straight. The cliff on the opposite shore was blotted out. The snow shut her in like a curtain.

She turned from the window and went on preparing the supper. John would be tired out and chilled to the bone after his walk and the food must be hot and nourishing. From a pile of wood behind the kitchen stove she added more sticks to the fire. She laid some little fish in a frying pan where they soon sent forth a delicious odor and a cheery, sizzling sound. She moved the blue-agate coffee-pot a little nearer to the stove front. And as she busied herself preparing the table, she hummed a song, contentedly.

The night grew dark. Catherine lit a kerosene lamp and placed it on the table. Then she glanced at the clock. "Half past five," she soliloquized. "John said he would be home before six." In spite of the storm she felt that John would be home any moment now, for the road from the office to his home was entirely familiar to him.

There came a sudden, imperative knock at the outer door. The unexpected clamor of the summons seemed to rebound against the quiet walls of the room and to knock at the heart of the woman within it. That the knocker was not her husband she knew, for John always, when approaching, whistled that she might not be alarmed. She stood in breathless silence, her heart beating rapidly. She felt that her feet would not carry her to the door. Here in her bolted-in room she was safe and she knew not what menace awaited her out there in the darkness. But the knock was violently repeated. It was like a challenge, loud, insistent.

Perhaps it was a storm refugee? She would never forgive herself for refusing anyone admittance on a night like this. Summoning all the courage she possessed, she crossed the room, slid back the bolt and opened the door.

On the doorstep she could just discern the huge, dark outline of a man. Without speaking or waiting for her to speak, he brushed past her, bending his head to clear the doorway, and went to the stove where he removed his gloves and rubbed his hands together vigorously. She closed the door behind him and shut out the rush of icy air.

A man of about forty years, Catherine adjudged him, of medium height, with massive shoulders; a short rough beard, partly covering features heavy and solid looking. Eyes not unpleasant, yet not cordial, his gaze seeming to express indifference rather than friendliness or dislike. He moved slowly, stolidly; the strength apparent in his well-knit frame was the heavy strength of a bull. His clothes were those of a trapper—the buckled rubber shoes and the heavy knee-stockings, the wool-lined coat and cap of cat's fur pulled low over his face and ears. Thick snow glistened on his dark cap, clung to the creases of his sleeves and stockings and fell in thick chunks to the floor from his great feet.

Catherine poured out a cup of coffee for him and he drank ravenously. It was fully five minutes before he spoke. Then it was in a rough, almost surly voice:

"I was out at my traps and I reckoned I'd have got back before the storm, but it came too quick for me. Lucky I found this house."

"I thought at first you were my husband; I expect him home any moment now." Her voice was calm, though it trembled with excitement. Nodding toward the table, she continued: "Have something to eat?"

"You can spare it?"

"Why, yes. I usually cook more than is eaten. Sit down."

Catherine's appetite had left her; it was no sacrifice to give the trapper her own share of the meal. He ate silently, slowly while she, to relieve the tension, picked up a snow-shoe that needed re-stringing and sitting at the other end of the room, began deftly twisting the gut and weaving the net.

Catherine Quinlan was a young, carefully-nurtured woman, still strange to the ways of the North, to the rough creatures who peopled it. She feared this unknown man as he sat there eating, his great grotesque, black shadow climbing the wall behind him and bending like an evil spirit across the ceiling over his head. Behind her against the wall was her husband's rifle. If this trapper should attack her that rifle would be her only means of defense, unless John arrived. But from the world outside there came to her straining ears no sound of his approach. It seemed to her that the man before her must hear her suffocating heartbeats, must see the trembling which had seized her.

When the trapper had satisfied his appetite he walked to the window and peered out into the night. "The storm is about over, I reckon," he said. "Now if I had some kind of a light I'd find my way home."

In the bedroom there was a flash-light. But to get it she must relinquish her place and the comforting knowledge of that smooth-barreled weapon at her back. Away from this spot she would be at the mercy of this man who was now regarding her with those strange, glittering eyes and whose immobility vaguely chilled her. If she went into that room she would be exposing herself unarmed to the possibility of his following her.

She would tell him she had no light to loan him. But the thought came: Suppose it were her John applying at a stranger's house. Would she want him turned out into the black, cold night? Her innate sense of fairness carried on the argument: Then why treat this stranger as she would not want John to be treated? And from some deep and unsuspected reserve of courage within her sprang the strength that moved her to act a different part. Her trembling ceased. Standing before him, a slight, defenseless, gallant figure, she spoke in a voice that surprised herself with its calmness.

"Wait a moment."

She went into the bedroom and returned with a large-sized electric torch. "Will this do?" she asked.

"Yes. Thanks. I'll return it sometime."

Another rush of cold air from the opening of the outer door, and he was gone.

No longer was there need for composure, and Catherine threw herself upon her bed, trembling in every limb, her heart beating to suffocation. She lay there until the clock struck seven.

Where could John be? It had been black night outside for two hours now. If this man—apparently an experienced trapper—could not navigate through the night without the aid of a light, then John couldn't. An acute, definite fear that in the ever-thickening snow he had lost his way, now seized upon her. Nothing else could account for his failure to come at the usual time. It seemed to her that he was gone forever while she, alone in all the world, still existed.

She flung a woolen wrap over her head and shoulders and went to the door. Closing it behind her so that the cold might not get in even for a moment, she walked down the trail a little way. She strained her eyes forth

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She opened the door and threw it wide. A shadow y bulk with a human burden emerged from the darkness and staggered through the doorway.

into the encompassing blackness. Yet it was less her eyes than her soul that she thus strained to look beyond the forest.

"John! John! John!" she called with soft intensity into the night. There seemed something conscious and deliberate in that emptiness, as if the forest knowingly withheld from her a secret. She dared go no farther. She turned and fled home.

No longer able to remain quiet, she paced back and forth across the floor. Silence and suspense were shattering her strong nerves. The clock on the shelf with its unfeeling staccato ticking and the voice of the stove became first an annoyance, then a weariness, then an intolerable burden emphasizing the silence and desolation, while her mind refused to remain away from that inner vision of John somewhere out in the darkness and cold battling with a pitiless enemy. The hope that he could survive the night died within her breast.

At seven-thirty Catherine was still pacing the room, caged and helpless. The supper which had been prepared so carefully sat on the back of the stove dried and unappetizing. It seemed years ago that she had busied herself cooking the fresh fish and measuring the coffee into the agate pot. It was incredible that she had sung about the work!

The cold was growing more intense. The ice was thickening on the window-panes. She heard with terror the first sounds of rising wind. The pile of wood had dwindled to a few sticks. She went into the wood-shed and returned with an armful of chopped woord. One of the solid shutters stirred and creaked uneasily. Here

(*Continued on page* 53)

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Mrs. Annie Sulzer, No. 5103, Bertillon photo from the Bureau of Police, Pittsburgh, Pa. This is the "type" of muscular woman given to crimes of violence, a victim of environment and anti-social in her mental reactions.

Della Dister, alias Mrs. Arthur, No. 19,-273, Bertillon photo from the Department of Police, Detroit, Mich. She is of the slender, cunning "type" with a warped sense of moral values and daring in her criminal ventures.

What Makes a Criminal?

There is No Distinctive Criminal Type but Statistical Evidence Shows that Law-Breakers are Inferior in Stature, Defective in Intelligence and of Anti-Social Proclivities

By Dexter Harding

Illustrated with Bertillon Portraits from Police Files of Various Cities

NARROW-EYED, cadaverous, of slinky gait, the man passed swiftly around the corner and entered an office building with an effect of furtivity that stimulated the imagination to thoughts of wrong-doing. Naturally the eye followed the man, and as naturally turned back to the good-humored detective-sergeant who stood on the curb.

"Sure looks like a yegg, eh?" volunteered the officer. "But don't let's play him for that, or we'll lose."

"Then who is he?"

"Thaddeus G. Blank," was the reply. "I don't know how many dollars you have in your pocket this minute, but he could match every one of them with a million."

That is only one incident of many that could be mentioned. A hundred men throughout the United States might excusably be picked up by the police on suspicion of a bad record if they were judged by their physiognomy alone. There is a former politician of national prominence who couldn't borrow a dime on a ten dollar collateral without identification. His features would condemn him irretrievably. There was a well-known business man of New York whose appearance was so entirely lacking to inspire confidence that new policemen invariably followed him down the street where he lived and made inquiries about him from his servants. Then there was that eminent divine of a Western city who generally passed for a bank thief at first sight, and the society leader in a city south of St. Louis who bore every facial attribute of the "ideal" female confidence crook. And the unfortunately interesting part of it all is that humanity at large persists in talking about the "criminal type", as if there were such a thing.

As a matter of plain fact there is no such classification possible, and never can be. Cesare Lombroso, the Italian scientist, foisted the criminal type bunkum on humanity, and his fallacies have been bolstered by a dozen of his disciples who have only repeated his errors. Whether or no Lombroso believed wholeheartedly in his published theories is difficult to say, for while he gravely enunciated one thing, he not infrequently hinted at another. He spoke largely of the "organicity of crime and anatomical nature", but also insisted that "the idea of type in complete universality cannot be accepted."

That he had grave doubts about the totality of his theoretical applications is seen in his statement regarding criminals "who, by reason or occasion of passion do not belong to the type, and should not, for in great part it is circumstances and often the laws which make them criminals, and not nature." On another occasion Lombroso insisted that his theory was best expressed by Isidourus G. Sainte Hilaire, who observed that "the type is a sort of fixed point and common center . . . about which nature seems to play."

It is quite a generation ago that Lombroso and Max Nordau hurled their criminal type theories into the public mind, and the subject has been more or less a

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storm-centre ever since, for if there is one thing in which human nature seems especially adept it is its tendency to cling tenaciously to a fallacy. Scientists, anthropologists, alienists and the like have battled to and fro over the Lombrosian fields until in scientific circles at least the theory is disproved. The men who come most in contact with the criminal added their testimony until a National Prison Congress in session at Baltimore went on record that there was no such type, no irretrievable criminal, but that all criminals could be improved in some degree by education—by mental, moral, physical and industrial cultivation of corresponding habits.

Edward Hiller, No. 19,-769, Bertillon photo from the Police Department, Minneapolis, Minn. His crime was grand larceny and he is obviously physically and mentally weak but strong in his belief that he could "beat the game."

Mike Baron, No. 4967, Bertillon photo from the Bureau of Police, Pittsburgh, Pa. He was convicted of altering U. S. Bank Notes, is physically powerful and might have remained the honest brakeman he was had his intelligence been higher.

Probably the greatest contribution to the whole subject of criminology from a scientific penological angle was that undertaken at the behest of the British Government by Dr. Charles Goring, Deputy Medical Officer at Parkhurst Prison. The survey was spread over a period of eight years, and over 3,000 prisoners were carefully examined. The net result was a most positive and complete refutation of the whole Lombrosian theory, and the equally positive declaration that the average criminal was the result of certain occurrences, and that his case was readily amenable to treatment.

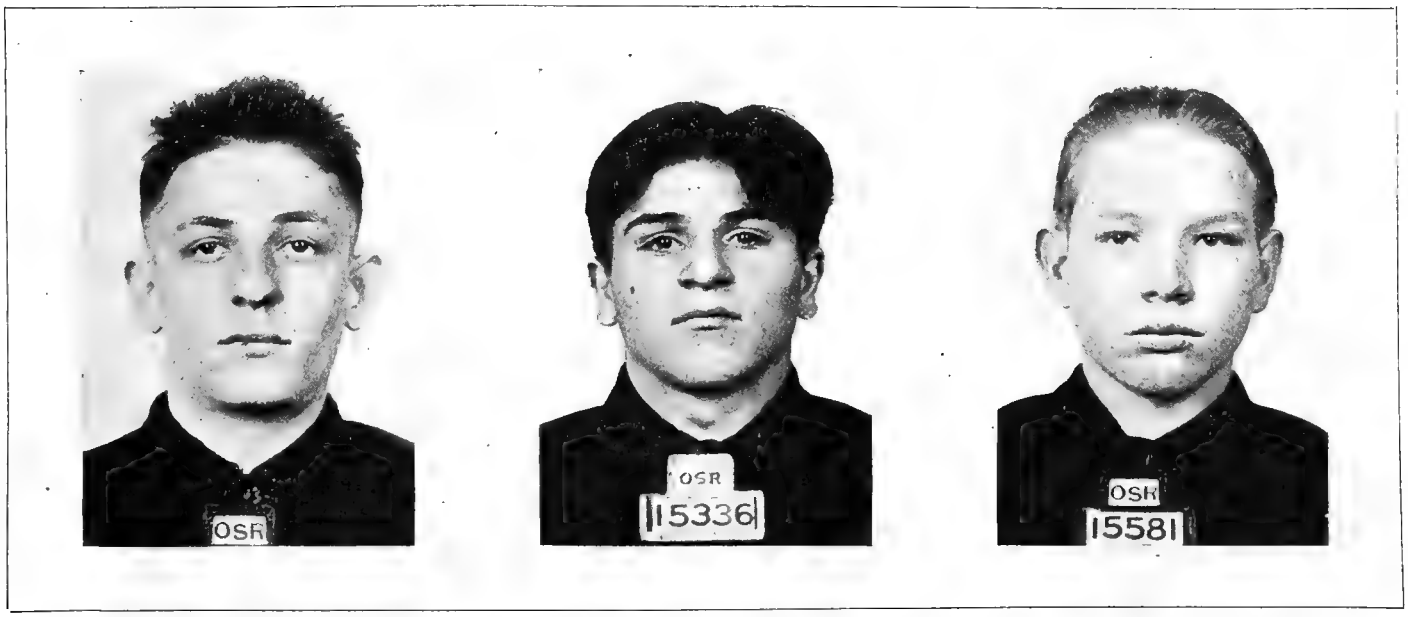
The crux of the report may be expressed in a sentence taken from it. "As individuals criminals possess no characteristics, mental or physical, not shared by all people. The only difference is one of degree."

The late William Pinkerton in a statement made some years ago put the matter with equal definition. He said:

"No one can study criminals at close range and believe in the existence of a criminal class. It should not require any lengthy argument to prove this assertion. If there were a criminal class, sharply defined as such and differentiated from the rest of the human race by ascertainable characteristics, then it must follow that there would be a non-criminal class comprising the rest of the human race, and as sharply distinguished as the supposed criminal class. Humanity is not thus divided into criminals and non-criminals. There is but one classification that can be made—the class of those who have committed crimes, and the class of those who have not yet committed crimes. Within certain limits, varying with the individual, every human being is a potential criminal. I have seen this illustrated so often that I am never surprised to learn that any man or woman, however highly placed and however greatly esteemed, has done something which the law forbids and for which society demands a penalty.

"On the other hand however—and this is the bright side of the shield—every criminal is potentially an honest man, and with the right kind of encouragement

(*Continued on page* 93)



These three young burglars, Thomas Williams, No. 15589, James Olah, No. 15336, and John Martin Miller, No. 15581, all registered in the Ohio State Bureau of Identification are examples of defective intelligence and lack of education. Under a different environment these youths might have become worthy citizens of their several communities.

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¶ *"You've got just one minute to give me the combination to the safe before I blow your damned head off," said the bandit and he held his revolver under the manager's chin.*

"I'll not give you the combination", said the manager, and he saw the approval in Miss Mason's eyes.

Rogers also saw that Miss Mason would rather have him die a thousand deaths than betray his trust.

The Dead Hand

A True Story of Burglary and a Hold-Up, the Scene a Bank in a Little Southwestern Town

By Victor Rousseau

Author of "The Big Muskeg," "Wood Spoil," etc.

As the manager, having let himself into the bank, turned and locked the door behind him, a sudden blaze of electric light enveloped him.

"Throw 'em up!"

Out of the heart of the light emerged the masked men with the revolvers, covering him.

During the ensuing three-fifths of a second he began to realize what had happened. It was the unbelievable thing that never could have happened to him. It had happened once in a great while in other small country banks, but Rogers had never regarded a hold-up as anything within the bounds of possibility, even though he had always been vaguely uneasy when there was money in the safe.

Outside, the morning sunlight streamed down upon the streets of the little Southwestern town, which was just beginning to yawn and stretch itself for the business of the day. Inside, the shades were drawn down, and Rogers had seen and suspected nothing until the blaze of light and the command.

"Keep 'em up!"

He held his hands up steadily. A second or more had passed. The hands of the clock over his head pointed to ten minutes past eight. He had only a single teller and a stenographer, and neither would be due to arrive till nine. The chances were all against him.

Ordinarily the cash that the bank handled in the course of a day was the merest triviality; but once each month the pay for the gang employed on the new cut was placed in the safe over night. Soon after nine Hodgman, the Superintendant, was due to arrive to receive eight thousand dollars. The manager always slept badly with the responsibility on his mind, and on those once-a-month mornings he came down early. It relieved him wonderfully on these occasions to open the safe and see the money untouched.

The bandits must have learned all the details of the situation. The manager looked at them, but the faces under the masks could not be recognized.

"Go and sit down in your chair!" commanded one of

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the men. The other, reaching back, snapped off the electric lights, except the one that hung in the globe from the ceiling.

Rogers opened the swinging-door in the low rail that divided the space left for the public from the little place in which his desk was set. It was a large desk with a flat top, and his stenographer, Miss Mason, sat at the opposite end when she was not typewriting. The first thing that the manager noticed was the safe, intact. Some tools lay on the floor in front of it, and a mess of chemicals had dripped about the boards under the handle. There was the faint odor of an explosive.

Rogers' heart leaped up. Bunglers! They had tried nitroglycerine, they had attempted to drill a hole to set it off in the chilled steel. An amateur gang! No thermite, no electric drill, none of the ordinary paraphernalia of the up-to-date safe-blower!

Then what about Watson, the watchman? They could never have escaped his observant eyes. Probably he had spotted them and had already gone for aid.

The watchman was an elderly man, faithful, and of long service. He had always paid periodical visits to the inside of the bank on those nights when the laborers' pay lay in the safe. Watson could not have been fooled.

"Yes, and now it's up to you, partner," said the man behind the manager, watching his face and seeming to interpret his thoughts. "Sit down! Keep 'em up!"

The manager stepped toward his desk, passing around the corner of the card-index cabinet. He collapsed into his seat, motionless from horror.

On the floor across the room sat the body of the watchman. A streak of dried blood splashed the white hair on one temple, but except for that and the pallor of the face one might have thought he was peacefully sleeping. The head was bent down upon the breast, and he sat leaning against the wall, the legs stretched out along the boards. The right hand was extended beside the right leg, and in it was a revolver, the middle finger still on the trigger.

Evidently the old man had been standing by the window when the bandits challenged him. Probably he had been a tenth of a second too late. The shot which pierced his brain had sent his bullet wild. It had clipped a piece of plaster from the wall beside Rogers' desk, a long scratch ending in a star-shaped crack and a hole.

The glow of the electric light shone on the white hand. It had assumed a peculiar waxy look, like that of a figure in an anatomical museum, and the muzzle of the revolver was about an inch from the floor, so that the weapon actually rested in Watson's hand. The muscles were already stiffening. The man must have been dead some hours.

Then the bandits, unable to force the safe, must have been waiting all night for Rogers to arrive. The audacity of the plan was stunning.

The second bandit approached him and began turning out his pockets. He took his watch and pocket-knife, also a few silver pieces.

"You can put 'em down now," he said. "What's the combination?"

The two men stood beside the safe, waiting. The clock, which the manager could just see by rolling his eyes, showed the time to be twelve minutes past eight. There was no hope of rescue.

The business section of the little town was still deserted. It was doubtful whether a scream would have been heard or even a revolver shot.

"Quick, now!" snarled the second bandit.

"I'll see you in hell before I give you the combination," shouted Rogers.

The first man stepped forward, and held his revolver under the manager's chin, the muzzle pointing upward.

"I can blow the top of your head square off," he said. "Come on, now. What is it?"

Rogers was shaking with fear. And yet the instinct of manhood, never put to the use, arose in him.

"You can go to——" he began.

A sound at the door interrupted them. Miss Mason had a key; she was engaged in confidential work and sometimes came in early, or stayed late. Rogers had not expected her that morning. He must shout a warning to her, incidentally apprizing her of what was happening.

But one of the men clapped his hand over Rogers' mouth, while the second crept noiselessly to the door. It opened, and for a moment Miss Mason stood in a gleam of sunlight.

She stepped inside. The door was closed behind her. She looked up into the bandit's face; she saw Rogers at his desk, struggling in the grasp of the bandit.

She stood still as a statue for an instant; the next, disregarding the revolver of the man who had admitted her, she flew to Rogers' side. She tore the hand from his mouth.

The man caught her and pushed her down into her chair, opposite Rogers. To his intense relief the manager saw that she had not perceived the watchman's body upon the floor behind her. It sat, propped up in its ridiculous attitude, one hand still clutching the revolver, which seemed to be pointing, diagonally, toward the safe. The clock indicated a quarter after eight.

The men were growing exasperated. The one who had admitted Miss Mason sprang at Rogers and struck him upon the jaw.

"Now then!" he cried. "Come across with the combination! Get me?"

Rogers set his teeth and shook his head obstinately.

"You've got just one minute to make up your mind before I blow your damned head off. Understand?" He turned to the girl. "Say, Miss," he said, "if you don't want him croaked you'd better advise him to give up the combination. Most anyone'd do it."

"He won't!" exclaimed Miss Mason. She sprang to her feet and screamed. Rogers had never thought a scream could be so piercing.

One of the men whipped the handkerchief from the manager's pocket and thrust it into her mouth. She screamed again, faintly; then she sank back in the chair, in which he held her.

"Now, then, what is it?" demanded the one who had threatened. "Will you give up the combination or have your bean blown off?"

"I'll not give you the combination," answered the manager, and he saw the approval in Miss Mason's eyes. The man who was holding her saw it, too.

"I guess you haven't looked behind you," he said brutally, swinging her round.

Her eyes fell upon the body of the watchman. Her face was violently distorted. The bandit pulled the handkerchief from her mouth.

"If you scream again he's a goner," he said, looking toward Rogers. "We'll give him a minute more. You'd better advise him."

"He won't give it up," said Miss Mason in a low

(*Continued on page* 54)

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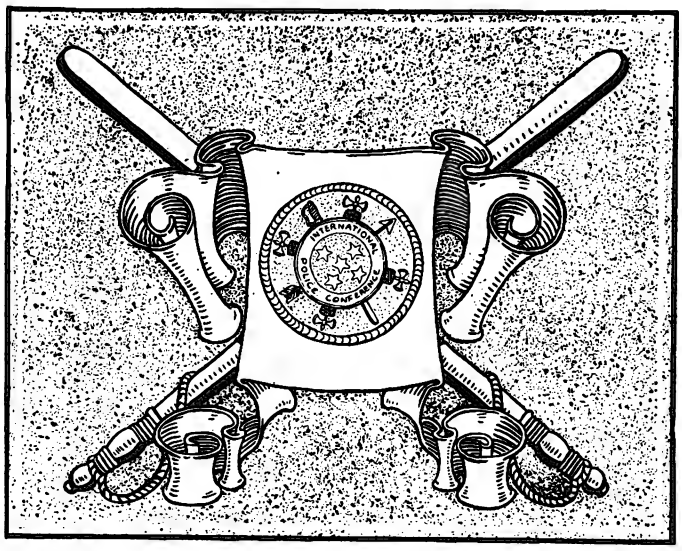

Pen Portraits of Some Chiefs

A Woman's Impressions of the Recent International Police Conference With Thumbnail Sketches of Outstanding Figures

By Ada Patterson

"He's a braw man," said Commissioner Enright as he led a massive, well-shaven delegate to a chair beside mine in the Conference Room at the Waldorf Hotel. It was a correct summary. High-Constable A. D. Smith of Glasgow is wide and altitudinous and well-proportioned. He has the ruddy cheeks and the clear brilliance of eyes of one whose health is a hundred percent. He has the fixity of gaze that marks the good policeman.

"There's one thing peculiar to a policeman," said he. "He never takes a person for what he seems. The first look isn't enough for him. Your great Inspector Byrnes of another generation has been quoted as saying, 'Look out for the too ambitious man. He'll turn sharp corners to get what he is after.' That's a fact. He needs watching and prayers that he may be delivered from evil.

"Yes, there are some suggestions of his character in the face of a criminal. Generally it is an unintelligent face; excepting forgers and swindlers. They are usually men of well-developed brains. But the face of the average criminal is vacuous. The brow is receding. The chin is small. The eyes are furtive.

"Glasgow is a peaceful city. Our problems are principally those of traffic. Our streets are not laid out in parallelograms as are yours in New York. They follow one plan, then change their minds and adopt another. I admire your system and expect to adopt it as far as I can."

Constable Smith is a seeker after information. He was the only man who asked me questions. "How many policewomen have you in Manhattan?" "One hundred." "What do they do?" "They are especially effective in patrolling the parks and protecting women and children."

The High-Constable nodded sagely and told me that Glasgow is a very busy city, but without policewomen.

The suavest visitor to the Conference, and I saw none who were not urbane, is James Mitchell, Inspector of Police of Sydney, New South Wales. Though there were several melting-eyed Latins who would have pressed him hard for a male beauty prize, Mr. Mitchell took the precaution and pleasure of bringing his wife with him.

"Our journey was one long—what is the Americanism?—joy ride?" he said with warmth. "The police of Australia and of San Francisco had been in frequent communication, so it seemed like seeing an old friend to meet Chief Dennis O'Brien of the City of the Golden Gate. He made our stay in San Francisco very pleasant. But from the time we reached Seattle every city at which we stopped gave us a hearty reception. You Americans are the most hospitable people in the world."

"We have heard that Australians and Americans are temperamentally much alike," I suggested.

"I think they are. The Australian is the liaison officer between the conservative Briton and the progressive American."

"The missing link?" I asked.

"I hope so," he bowed.

When someone reminded him of a waiting committee upstairs he left with a profession of reluctance. He is clothed in the velvet of diplomacy.

F. E. Louwage was the one man at the big meeting who looked like the fiction reader's conception of a

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detective. A small, quiet man, with dark eyes that followed you everywhere, that penetrated your consciousness, that pierced any barricades you might choose to erect. He was silently perceptive of all that happened and vocally appreciative of the idea and the personnel of the great Conference.

"Just a month before I knew that Commissioner Enright had begun a round-the-globe crusade against criminals, I published in the Belgian Police Review, of which I have the honor to be the manager, an article calling the attention of the police chiefs to the necessity of trying to obtain an exchange among the detective forces of all the earth. To my mind it was the only method to adopt in a war against the international bandit who was laughing at frontiers. Mr. Enright did better than write an article. He performed deeds. He assembled the most important police chiefs and proposed measures of co-operation. If, since 1921, criminality has begun to decrease, I believe it is due to this splendid organization, born in the Jovian brain of your great Commissioner," said Mr. Louwage in careful English.

"I am deeply impressed with some features of New York life.

"First, the kindness of your traffic men, who do their bit with an eternal smile on their lips; never getting nervous, never grumbling even when they make observations to drivers who do not conduct their vehicles in the proper way.

"Second, the cleverness of your detectives, who have to cope with the criminals in this mighty city that has a population exceeding that of some countries, and through persons who speak all the languages of the world.

"Third, the accepted discipline of pedestrians throughout the city; their respect for the regulations and law and order. I heard a lot about jay-walkers, but I affirm that in proportion to other cities New York has the least number of these. In no city has the traffic assumed such proportions as here.

"Fourth, the great esteem in which Commissioner Enright is held, by the citizens of New York, as well as by the entire police force. I heard much of him from several of his subordinates whom I had the opportunity to meet in Brussels. They speak of him as of an idol. At first I doubted their sincerity. I thought their praise might be prompted by the fact that they were talking with a man who is on good terms with their chief. But now that I have walked about the city, have visited the precinct stations, and have met patrolmen on duty, I am convinced that I was wrong. I know that they are sincere and that they regard Mr. Enright as their father and protector. And my opinion is that he vastly deserves his reputation."

Dare I? I will use a word that I dislike but that has gotten into the Standard Dictionary as good United States, descriptive of one of the oldest and most distinguished visitors that the Conference brought to New York. Signor Salvatore Ottolenghi, head of the Scientific Police School of Rome, and bearing other honorable titles, was the "cutest" of the delegates. "Cute," the corpulent dictionary informs us, means "being small and attractive; having bright, taking ways."

The little word describes the small man with the eager habitually upturned face; the dean in experience, whose smile was quick and friendly and like the sun, for all. He won the third prize, given by Col. Walter Scott, for the best papers read before the Conference. The paper advised the study, not only of the crime, but of the criminal, to prevent other of the deeds which he had perpetrated.

The great criminologist was in a state of continuous delight with the convention and with the "grande America." With him was his diminutive, birdlike daughter, who converted his fervent Latinisms into correct Anglo-Saxon. But he contrived, himself, an epigram in English while he stood beside Commissioner Enright and received his golden coins:

"Italians come to this country to make a fortune. I follow them and make an unexpected fortune."

He implored his daughter to convey to me his opinion of "Signor Enright." "He is a great man," they made me understand. "His physical and moral force are amazing."

He was astounded at the hospitality of this "so great people." He said: "You take us to the Nee-aga-ray Falls and Cheecago for nothing! It is past belief."

"Why so sad, though so young and so handsome?" I silently asked Col. Martin F. Barcenas, Mexico's Inspector General of Police.

He is telepathic, for he read the first part of my inquiry. "I have been a soldier," was his disconcerting answer to the unspoken question. "I was in the Federal Army for twelve years. Two of the three generals under whom I fought are dead. When you have looked for twelve years into the eyes of death you grow serious."

He seemed scarcely thirty, and I said something of heavy responsibilities for the heart and the shoulders of youth.

"In the tropical countries we look to youth to bear responsibilities," he answered. "From thirty to fifty is the period of greatest efficiency in a man in public life. After fifty he is tired. Even with the women, in the tropics, sun hastens old age. Here your girls do not marry until twenty-two or twenty-five. In the tropics they marry and may be mothers at twelve. Length of life and prolongation of efficiency are matters of geography."

"Your chief problem is the restlessness of some of your people?" I ventured.

"No. That is passing. We are enjoying an era of comparative calm. Our chief problem is one that is universal. It is the social evil."

Approached, at Mr. Enright's smiling request, a man who looked like a melancholy poet. A tall, grave-faced man with a wide brow surrounded by waving dark hair. A pale face tapering to a curiously pointed chin. A human "sensitive," if ever there was one.

He received the first prize for the best paper on matters relating to criminology read before the Conference. It was on means of identification of the criminal. Because he had not even a bowing acquaintance, in fact had never been introduced to our language, he spoke no word of English during the conference. When Commissioner Enright announced that he had won the first prize, this man came to the platform and bowed. His pale face relaxed into not even a spectral smile. But his bow was eloquent of courtesy and gratitude. He was the wan scholar in that aggregation of active men.

He was glad to be able to attend the Conference, he told me through an interpreter who wore a gorgeous uniform. He admired our great, gay city. He admired the mental and physical agility of New Yorkers. He

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was grateful for the courtesies the Convention had extended to him. His eyes, searching, and a little mournful, reminded me of the brown plea of a troubled dog. I should have liked to hear what his eyes were trying to say. Cæsar E. Etcheverry, Commissioner of Identification of Buenos Aires, made a distinct and respectful impression.

Abdallah Bahrami, First Deputy Chief of Police of Persia, is one of the pair of men with intensely black eyes, and hair of the darkness of a long pocket, who travelled a whole month for the five days of exchange of opinions at the International Police Conference.

Mr. Bahrami, wide-shouldered, broad of face, has a smile as sweet and deprecatory as a woman's. His manner is as gentle as a mother's handling of a new-born babe.

His excellent English he explained by saying that he had "gone to school in Europe." He said: "We are very glad we came to the Conference. It was enough only to watch your great Chief Enright in his handling of men and questions. He has no Oriental blood, but he is as deft as an Oriental.

"In Persia most of our crimes are thefts. We are a peaceful people, notwithstanding what you may have thought to the contrary when you read the news of the lamentable death of your Consul Mr. Imbree. I worked on the case of that murder, especially on its psychology. Will you have the kindness to listen to that explanation? Thank you.

"My intensive study of the case revealed that there was no element of fanaticism in the crime. We are not a fanatical people. We are Mohamedans, but we have no quarrel with the religion of others.

"We are divided, on political grounds, into Old Persia and Young Persia. Most of us are of the school of Young Persia. We welcome strangers and new ideas. Young Persia has but one wife. Old Persia has several. Old Persia, represented by a small minority, is obstructive and fearful. It was Old Persia that murdered your admirable Mr. Imbree.

"Twenty persons have been punished for the crime. Three were executed. Seven are in prison for life. Ten are serving shorter terms behind stone walls.

"Teheran is a large city, but we have only four or five murders in a year.

"We employ women detectives. They are excellent. Women are mistresses of the art of circumlocution. In conversation that gift is somewhat boring. In the detection of crime it is invaluable. I hope we will never have women on patrol work. They are too delicately organized. It would be a pity if they had to make arrests."

The smaller man with a narrower face, a tiny moustache, eyes that were alternately brooding and alert, was Lieut. Colonel A. Seif, the Chief of Police of Cazven, a suburb of Teheran, whence came his suave companion.

"We have few women criminals in Persia," he said. "But two have committed crimes in many years. Both were murderers. One of the ladies tired of her husband, and poisoned him that she might run away with her lover. We took her to a very high place, a rock twice as high as this room and as straight as these walls, and pushed her off. Her death was instantaneous."

W. C. Chen, Inspector of Police of Hangchow, China, was a tall man of bronze. His immobile face looked like that of one of the impassive gods of his country. Once, while he talked of women on the police force, he smiled. But his face, a moment later, became a brown mask.

Yes, he liked the American continent. Liked and was interested in it. Yes, he was learning, through his invaluable interpreter, much which he would recommend to his government. He looked relieved when I moved on to his younger confrere, Major Tsung yu Sze. Major Sze represented Police Commissioner Wu Tih Shing of Canton. Major Sze told me that he had been educated in America. His accent was perfectly un-Chinese. He told me a great deal, in a defensive tone, about Canton. It had only one hundred accidents due to automobiles in a year. The licensing of automobiles is a power vested in a special traffic bureau.

"Contrary to the prevailing, yet grossly misinformed belief, that Canton is the center of revolutionary activities and so flourishing with crimes, both major and minor, it has not an alarmingly high criminal record. We have four platoons of special patrol troops, organized on an army basis, to deal with differences that may arise between the people and the government troops."

He flung a gauntlet. "We compare very favorably per capita with your metropolis." His smooth, palely yellow face relaxed into a shadowy smile.

Shnzy Uno, a slender young man who drew his brown face into unbecoming knots and reflected long after every query, read from a little square of paper three paragraphs of politeness about America and New York. He preferred to keep the little square paper.

"Your authors write about the minaretted cities of the East. You have on the Western Continent a splendid city of towers. That is the way I shall vision New York when I return to Japan. Speaking of towers, I greatly admire your traffic system, especially the use of towers and the lights.

"Japan's chief volume of crimes is in connection with property. Second in volume are the crimes connected with women."

"A big Chief," said Commissioner Enright, slapping resoundingly the broad shoulders of a bowing bulk.

Chief Pierre Bélanger has a grave, searching gaze that is inescapable. I should hate to try to carry off a fib with him. Defeat would be my portion. His nose is that of a man of unusual force. His golden brown moustache is of considerable proportions at a time when women's eyebrows seem to have strayed to men's upper lips and there remained.

"Montreal's problems are the same as those of New York," he began. "The bird of prey in flight, the international crook, passes through, even perches for awhile in our city."

"There's a call for you in the Committee Room, Chief," said anxious Captain John O'Connell, assistant secretary of the Conference. The biggest man in the room bowed and hurried out. It was my last glimpse of him.

Twelve men were these, selected at random in the feverish last hours of the great convention of the powers of light against darkness. Men of eyes that see everything. That look past our defenses into depths of which we ourselves are little, or it may not be at all, aware.

As Captain O'Connell said, in one of his pendulum-like swings from platform to committee room, "In five years it will be hard to be a crook."

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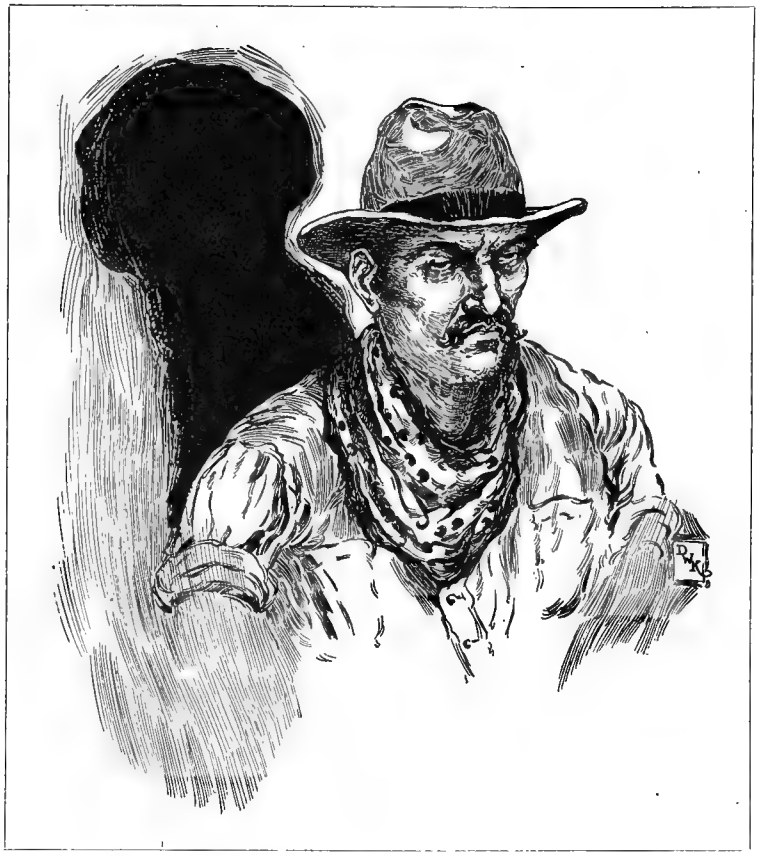
¶ *The man whirled instantly and in the same movement drew his automatic. "Drop it, Deon—you're covered!" cried Dan.*

Alvarez Deon, known along the border as "Killer". His black beady eyes glowed hatred as he looked up into Callaghan's face.



The man was not dressed for riding. He wore a black felt hat and a blue shirt. Tied loosely about his throat was a red bandanna.

"Bullets" Callaghan

Formerly of the Texas Rangers He Became a Mounted Cop and Cornered His Prey in the Open

By Guy Fowler

Author of "Matt Hogan's Hunch," "Down But Not Out," Etc.

Illustrated by Daniel Wallace Keefe

A WOMAN'S voice pleading brokenly for the police sobbed over the wire to Night Chief Langdon. He tried vainly to soothe her while he scrawled her hysterical story on a scratch pad. A glance at the clock told him the hour was 1:20 in the morning and he noted the time on the pad.

"Yes—I understand—we'll be right out." Langdon dropped the receiver while the voice on the wire still rasped in the thin, high tone of a phonograph when the needle is worn blunt. Some quick-witted listener had already summoned the patrol and the gong clashed in the courtyard outside.

"This woman says a burglar killed Matthew Sedgewick," snapped Langdon. "Take all the available men out there—and rustle."

He read aloud the number of the Sedgewick mansion on St. Charles Avenue, although it was unnecessary. In New Orleans the Sedgewick estate was known almost as well as the Cabildo, the St. Louis Cemetery, or the old French Market. It was an ancient structure of colonial design, half hidden from the avenue by drooping Spanish moss which trailed from the limbs of dignified oaks to the sweeping lawn.

As the patrol lurched down Canal Street and swung on two wheels at the intersection of Camp, then settled for the long, nearly straight run out St. Charles Ave-

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nue, I began to assemble my thoughts, for this story promised to be the biggest of many a day and my time was limited with the old *Picayune* going to press within the hour.

I visioned the Sedgewick home, a picturesque place even in quaint New Orleans, peculiarly characteristic of its master. Colonel Sedgewick was easily the most striking figure on the Cotton Exchange. A widower, with two grown sons and a daughter about to make her debut in society, the Colonel had recuperated the Sedgewick fortune, lost during the Civil War, and with the same purposeful courage, maintained the family honor. He still had deplored the modern customs which forbade coffee and pistols at dawn. And, although he was a devout Christian, it was his opinion that none of the twelve disciples was the equal of Robert E. Lee.

We careened in upon the winding drive that led back to the house and saw lights in the windows. Some of the men dropped off to cover the grounds. The rest of us went to the house. A police horse stood quietly in the glare of our headlights and his master awaited us on the veranda. I recognized Dan Callaghan of the Mounted Squad, known among his fellows as "Bullets" because of his enviable record with the Texas Rangers some years earlier.

He saluted and stepped aside.

"I just got here," he explained quickly. "When I reported a few minutes ago, the Captain ordered me to come here on the jump."

The girl—she was in her early twenties—was pale and her face was tear-stained, but she appeared to be calm.

"Come in," she said, huskily. "I telephoned. I am Marion Reed, the governess here."

She led us into the high-cellinged reception-hall. A winding stair led to a balcony in the rear.

"He fell right here." She indicated a spot at the base of the stairs. The dark, polished floor was stained. "I was up there." She pointed to the balcony above. "The man stood over yonder by the window." Her gaze went to a tall, French window.

"Can you start at the beginning and tell us just what happened, Miss Reed?" Big Charley Stuart spoke gently, indicating a divan. "Perhaps you'd better make yourself comfortable——"

She thanked him and sank in the cushions. "I heard Colonel Sedgewick moving in the hall upstairs," she began, slowly. "I sensed something wrong and opened my door. He was moving towards the balcony and he held his pistol before him. Suddenly he called out: 'Put up your hands, you rascal!'

"I don't know what I did then." She raised her slim hand to her head in a puzzled gesture.

"The next thing I heard the Colonel shouting and just as I came out on the balcony, there was a shot from below. Colonel Sedgewick fell forward . . . and pitched down the stairs. The burglar jerked at the window catch and ran."

"You saw the man clearly?" Stuart asked.

"The Colonel had switched on the balcony light. The hall down here was dim . . . but I saw that he wore a mask . . . a red bandanna."

"Did the fellow say anything at all?"

"Yes, he spoke as he fired . . . he had an accent I thought was Italian. He just said: 'Eh—Goat-face, you go to hell!' "

"Goat-face!" Dan Callaghan's voice repeated the phrase, oddly. I had been looking at him and caught a peculiar light in his eye, but it died and his face was stony in an instant.

Whoever the murderer was, he was quick to catch the well-known resemblance between human faces and those of animals, for Colonel Sedgewick, with his little white chin beard and his large gray eyes, beneath bushy white brows and a mane of snowy hair, did have something in his expression of a large, fiery goat prepared to ram his way through the wall, however thick it was.

Miss Reed could tell us no more. They had carried Colonel Sedgewick's body into the library. The sons, Lee and Charles, had been summoned by wire from Atlanta, where they had gone on business. The family physician had given Ruth, the daughter, an opiate to save her nerves. Although he had not died with his boots on, the Colonel went out for his great adventure with a gun in his hand and a smile on his brave old lips. A steel-jacketed ball had drilled straight into his heart.

"You'd better stay around here for the night, Dan." Stuart, in charge of the detail, addressed Callaghan as we stood on the veranda. "We've got everything covered elsewhere."

The slim youngster saluted and whistled softly. From the darkness of an oak his horse trotted out to the gravel path and went straight to his hand.

In another hour my story was written and in type and I was at liberty to go home. But reporters, like detectives, sometimes learn to follow the lights that flash in human eyes. And I kept remembering the gleam that burned and died in the blue eyes of Dan Callaghan at the burglar's odd epithet: "Goat-Face".

So I took a cab up to the Sedgewick place on the chance of finding Dan in the vicinity. He was sitting on the steps of the veranda and Peggy, his sleek, black horse, was adoring him at a distance of three feet. She could stretch her neck that far and every little while she did it, just to feel the weight of his hand on her soft nose. I put it up to Dan straight:

"What made you jump when you heard that 'goat-face' thing tonight, Dan?"

"Did I jump?" He smiled.

"You nearly lost your spurs."

"It sounded funny, that's all."

"Quit covering up, Dan. What do you know?"

"Why, I don't know anything. I just had a funny hunch that——"

He told me then what had startled him.

"You haven't tipped your hunch to the office?" I asked.

"Lord no. They'd laugh me to death."

"Have you told anybody at all, but me?"

"Why, sort of—I was talking to Miss Reed for a while after you all went away. I just told her it was a hunch, that's all."

He looked at me steadily and his expression hardened. "You're not aiming to print that, are you?"

"Not yet," I told him. "But it would be a great yarn if your hunch worked, Dan."

. . . . . .

In a clump of cottonwood beside the Nucces river north of Laredo, a man kneeled before a small fire thrusting a frying pan into the flames. The odor of bacon was on the air, with that of wood smoke, pugently sweet that May morning. A lean pony, saddled

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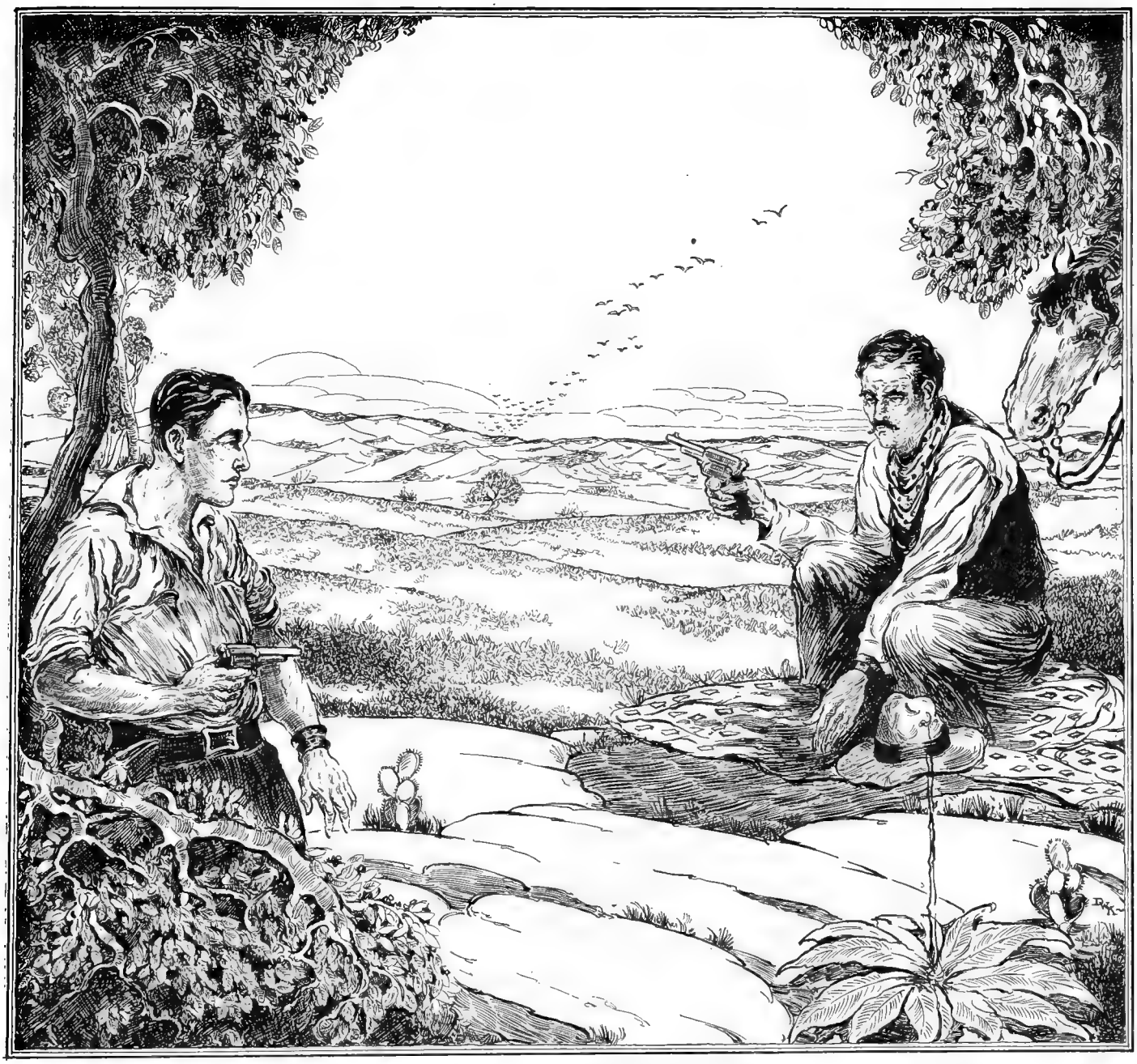

"Eh, you smart————!" the man squealed as he fired again. "I see you—Big Ear."

and bridled, was picketed close by. The man was not dressed for riding. He wore an ordinary black felt hat of city style, a blue shirt and dark trousers. His shoes were low heeled and without spurs. Tied loosely about his throat was a red bandanna. A heavy automatic revolver was strapped to his hip.

A mile downstream, riding slowly in his direction, but still not visible to the camper, Dan Callaghan sat easily in the saddle. He kept close to the river, leaning over occasionally to peer at the spongy ground. Corpus Christi, where the Nucces empties into the Gulf of Mexico, lay five days ride behind him.

Callaghan was coatless, having rolled his outer garment behind the saddle with his pack. He too, wore the garb of the cities except for leather puttes and spurs. A gun snuggled against his hip and his belt was studded with cartridges. His horse, a nondescript sorrel, shaggy of hair, drooped lazily.

Rising gently over the cottonwoods ahead, Callaghan saw a curling wisp of white smoke, like a thin, wandering cloud against the otherwise spotless blue sky. He drew up instantly, and dismounted. Looping the lines about a stunted cottonwood he went ahead on foot, advancing cautiously. Reaching a little rise where he could observe the camper, Callaghan watched for a minute while the other man prepared to eat.

The horse, staked beside the fire, raised his head and whinnied. The man, rising from his haunches, whirled instantly and in the same movement drew his automatic.

"Drop it, Deon—you're covered!"

Dan crouched behind the doubtful protection of a slim tree, his gun on the man beyond. The answer was a steel-jacketed ball as the camper scrambled behind his horse. The animal reared at the sound and Dan fired at the human legs that were revealed beneath the upraised body of the horse.

"Eh, you smart . . . . . !" the man squealed as he fired again. "I see you—Big Ear."

Callaghan brushed the splintered bark from his eyes, where it had been driven by the last bullet as it grazed the tree, and grinned.

(*Continued on page* 51)

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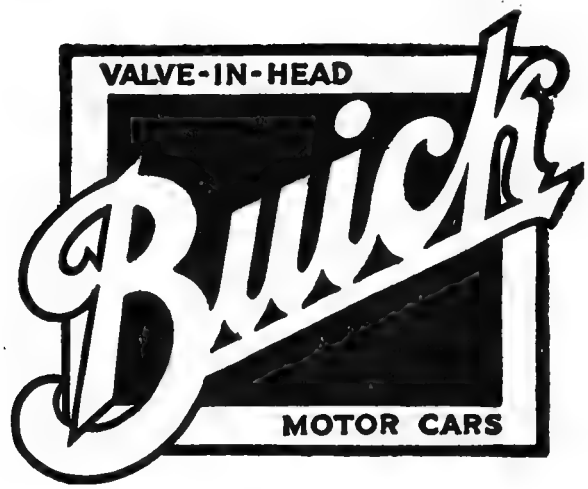
New Cars



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"Bullets" Callaghan

(*Continued from page* 49)

"He surely leaves a fine trail," he said to himself, certain now that his hunch had been true. He lay flat and with the regret that all horse-lovers feel at the sacrifice of a helpless animal, prepared to take his man. He knew exactly what to do. Once more he hesitated, waiting for the man to show himself around the rump of the horse. He raised his head and the movement drew another bullet that sang in his ears with a fine, thin song of a close one. Then Dan fired—at a point between the horse's eyes.

The little brute plunged and for a moment the man attempting to hide behind his flank was revealed. Dan fired again, this time at the man. When the horse ceased to move, Dan straightened slowly, watchfully, covering the still form of the man on the ground beside the animal. When he saw the other's gun lying fully six feet from the outflung hand, he shoved his own weapon into its holster and walked into the camp.

The man was breathing heavily. His black, beady eyes glowed hatred as he looked up into Callaghan's face.

"You made me do it, Al," said Dan. "I didn't want to shoot you."

"Eh—I know you—'Bullets' Callaghan. For why do the Rangers want me?"

Dan leaned over and examined the wound. He had shattered the man's shoulder, but it would heal. He reached out and confiscated the other's gun.

"The New Orleans police want you—Alvarez Deon—for murdering Matthew Sedgewick. Do you want to go up to Austin for extradition papers or, will you be a good boy and come along nicely?"

Alvarez Deon, known along the border as "Killer", tried to rise. He cursed viciously and called vile epithets.

"Some day—Callaghan—I get you, eh!" His thick lips opened in a leer.

"Maybe," said Dan, with a shrug. He went down to the water and returned with a full pan. With considerable skill and some gentleness he cleaned and dressed the wound.

"They'll have to dig the ball out in town, Al."

Dan sat down and rolled a cigarette.

"Shall I roll one for you?" he asked politely.

"Eh—go to hell!"

"That's what you said to old Colonel Sedgewick, isn't it?" asked Dan, curiously. "You ought to get over your Indian ways, Al. That's what gave you away, did you know that?"

No answer came from the greasy, unkempt figure on the ground.

"The night you killed the Colonel," continued Callaghan, "you managed to get aboard that cotton freighter out for Galveston. And when you asked a deckhand where she lay, you called him Funny-face. Before that, you called old Sedgewick Goat-face . . . just now, you called me Big-ear."

A grunt from the man made him pause.

"Then at Galveston, you caught a train for Corpus Christi. There was a ticket-agent at Galveston you called Long-jaw—remember?"

Still the halfbreed maintained his stolid silence.

"Back at Corpus Christi," Callaghan drawled on,

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"you figured that we'd be watching the trains and boats, so you tried to make the Rio Grande and Mexico by riding . . . and you bought your horse for forty-five dollars from a fellow you nicknamed 'Slant-eye'."

"You see, Al, I just couldn't help but trail you by the names you called people. I recollected that you used to do that along the border when the Rangers wanted you. And you always used to wear a red bandanna . . . I see you still do, Al."

Dan chuckled at the silence and threw his cigarette away.

"Well, old Funny-tongue, let's move along. I reckon you can ride all right. We'll mosey on down to Laredo. That's where you were heading for anyhow. But we won't cross the river, as you planned to do, Al."

They came back to New Orleans by rail, after a Laredo surgeon had removed the ball from Deon's shoulder and pronounced him fit to travel. Their return made a sequel story almost as good as the first one, and a third came when the border halfbreed confessed his guilt to the District Attorney.

"You tipped the Chief about that hunch of mine, didn't you?" accused Callaghan at Headquarters a few weeks later.

"Certainly I did. In a murder case, Dan, a hunch like that—or any hunch—is worth a try, isn't it?"

"Well, I sure thank you for getting me the chance," he replied, flushing beneath his tan. "They called me in today to tell me that I'm slated for promotion to the plainclothes division, on account of it. And I owe it to you—"

He looked at me earnestly for a moment and added in a confidential tone: "Right now, a promotion is just the thing I need most, too."

I recognized the signs, having dealt with other young patrolmen who were handsome and straight and bold.

"Is she holding out on you till you're a full fledged chief, or something, Dan?"

"No, not that, exactly. You see, I haven't even—talked to her about it yet, but I figure she'll be more likely to listen to a detective than a mounty . . . it sounds better . . . you know."

"Yes, and the salary makes a better noise, too," I replied, clinging to the traditional false cynicism of my trade. "Who's the girl, Dan? Do I know her?"

"You met her once, I believe," he answered, watching me with an odd little smile on his lips; "up at the Sedgewick home the night of the murder."

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The Payroll

(*Continued from page* 39)

and there about the old house there was the soft, premonitory slapping of loose doors, the violent rattling of window-blinds. They struggled with their fastenings as though they would wrest themselves free and vanish into the night.

The sighing of the pines rose to a roar which swept down upon the house and enveloped it in tumult. Beneath the sudden merciless onslaught the building trembled as though ague-stricken. For a breathing space the mighty rushing sound would travel off into the night to return and sweep down upon the house again and again with redoubled shrieks and whistlings as though the malign spirits of the universe were all at once let loose.

Suddenly, above the shriek and clatter of the storm, there came to her ears from out the ravening darkness, a cry—a human cry—"Open the door!"

She recognized the tone. Only a few hours ago she had heard the voice when it had filled her with alarm. But now, though she stood for a moment numb, bereft of feeling and of the power to move, all fear for her own safety had been swept away.

She opened the door and threw it wide, heedless of the swirling, snow-laden wind which rushed in upon her.

A shadowy bulk emerged from the darkness and staggered through the doorway.

The trapper, carrying her husband on his shoulder, stalked across to the bedroom, stooped and laid his unconscious burden, not ungently, upon the mattress.

"Heat the coffee, ma'am, or if you have any rum, that will be better," he panted, wiping the sweat from his face.

Catherine heated water and prepared a hot drink of rum. Together they raised the inert head and held the drink to the unresponsive lips. Then the trapper removed Quinlan's shoes and with quick, sure hands rubbed snow on his feet and hands. For fifteen minutes he labored with rough, powerful strokes. Then his labors were rewarded by a flutter of eyelids as Quinlan looked up wonderingly into the face of the big man bending over him; his eyes again closed and he fell into heavy slumber.

"He'll be all right in the morning," the rescuer said as he passed into the kitchen. He took a drink of rum and wiped his perspiring brow.

"How can I ever thank you for saving my husband's life?" she asked.

"You have paid me already, ma'am. I would have frozen to death myself, perhaps, if you had not taken me in tonight," he said in a husky voice.

The glow-light of the stove caught the expression of his dark, keen face, and it seemed less the face of a man than of some embodied passion of hate or revenge. It looked strange now, so little was it accustomed to the gentleness of expression it momentarily wore, as a breath softens the cold gleam of steel.

"Ma'am, I am not the trapper that you think I am. I trap bigger game than animals. I am Austin Johnson, the outlaw. I saw your husband leave the lumber company's office today with the payroll and I followed him. When the storm came up he took the wrong turn in the road and I lost track of him. I was not prepared

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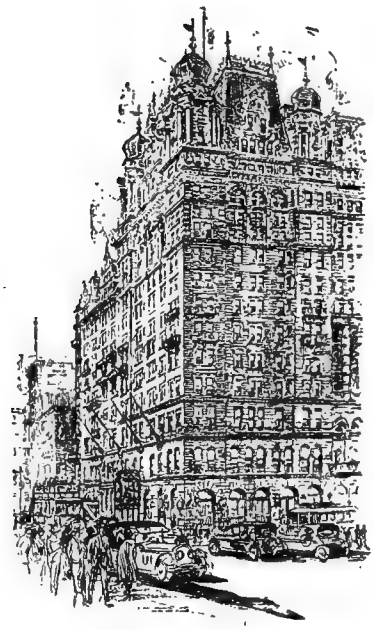

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for the blizzard myself and might have died in it if you had not taken me in. When I left here I kept an eye out for your husband. With the aid of the flashlight I found him half-frozen on the road." He paused for a moment, then going to the door, he resumed: "We both have something to be thankful for today, ma'am: You have your husband returned to you, and I have—the payroll."

The Dead Hand

(*Continued from page* 43)

voice. "Shoot him, you curs, you cowardly murderers!"

"Half minute's gone," said the other, holding out Rogers' watch. "Now then. Is it the combination?"

"No!" answered Rogers.

"You'll have one more chance, that's all. Think it over till I ask you again."

Rogers stared past him at Miss Mason, seated quietly in her chair. He saw the determination in her eyes, and he knew that she would rather have him die a thousand deaths than betray his trust. He looked past her toward the body of the watchman, and he started involuntarily. Was the man living? The hand that held the pistol seemed to have moved. It was raised and pointed directly at the safe, aiming the weapon.

For a moment fear, greater than any before, gripped Rogers. Then he understood what was happening. As the muscles stiffened they contracted; as they contracted the hand that held the weapon was raised.

"Now cough up!" snarled the bandit, pressing the revolver against the manager's throat.

"I'll give you the combination," he answered heavily. He looked at Miss Mason across the desk and saw the unutterable scorn in her eyes.

"I thought you would," answered the man. "Get busy, Joe!"

The second man bent down before the safe, while his companion, still covering Rogers in an aimless way, retreated beside him. The point of his revolver drooped. It pointed at the floor.

"It's CRAB 52," said Rogers.

A moment later the door clicked open. Both the men kneeled before it. Miss Mason, whispered across the desk.

"You coward! Oh, you coward!" she said.

Bang!

Without a sound one of the bandits toppled over upon the floor.

Before the other could recover from his surprise Rogers had sprung to his feet and seized the revolver from the dead man's hand. The second finger was already stiffening upon the trigger again.

"Throw 'em up!" said Rogers.

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The Man-Hunter

(*Continued from page* 10)

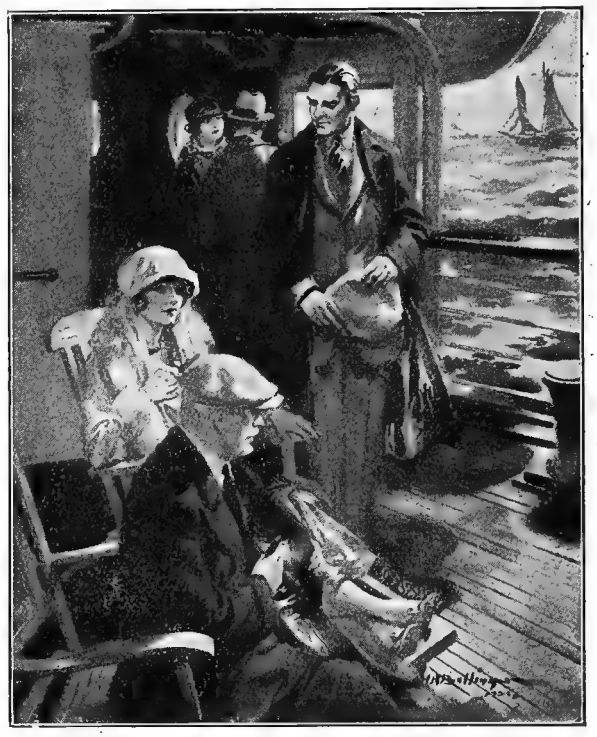
delight of consummating a difficult task and landing a crook, this chance was distinctly alluring. Only, he wished it wasn't a roping job! To hunt a criminal down, no matter how faint the clues, to walk up to his man, tap him on the shoulder and say softly: "Hold out your hands. I'm going to put the bracelets on you"—that was quite ethical. But the task of gaining even a crook's confidence for the purpose of destroying him—it hardly seemed a sporting proposition. However, Mike O'Shea had been raised in a hard school and he did not pause to analyze this faint feeling of repugnance at the task assigned him. It was sufficient that he disliked it none the less, but needed the money more.

For the remainder of that week O'Shea spent much of his time delving into the minute details of the case and the habits and personal peculiarities of the late John F. Mallory. Upon the day his vacation commenced he took a steamer for Victoria, armed with a large roll of bills and the other impedimenta requisite to the success of his mission. Before he left, however, he dropped in at the Central Station and called young Hen Maguire out of the reporters' room.

"Henny," he said, "here's that French book you loaned me. I haven't had time to finish it and I found it as dull as a reform administration. I got as far as where this crook, Jean Valjean, pinched the bishop's silver candlesticks that he thought so much of; and then, when the cops caught him with the goods red-handed, and the bishop lied and said he'd given the crook the candlesticks—well, that was too much for Michael P. O'Shea. It ain't logic, Henny, my son. You know just as well as I do that a bishop won't lie—more particularly when you swipe his silver candlesticks. A bishop is human the same as you and me, Henny, and a good sterling silver candlestick on his little private altar means more to him than it does to anybody else. Now, here was this cheap dip, Jean Valjean, just out of stir, hungry and broke. The good bishop gets wise to his needs, takes him into his house like a gentleman and stakes him to the pork-chops. And at that, remember, the bishop ain't any too well prepared for a guest. He has a poor diocese and he's living awful cheap and simple. But he's got a good heart for the poor, and he feeds this Jean Valjean and gives him a night's lodging. And what does the crook do? What does he do? Why, what every crook always does. He bites the hand that feeds him. In the middle of the night he gets up and lifts the bishop's candlesticks. That's gratitude for you—crooks' gratitude!"

"But Mike, you big bonehead, listen——"

Michael P. O'Shea raised a large protesting hand. "Nix on the gabble, Henny. You're all twisted. You're giving me this book to convince me I'm wrong for the way I treat a crook, and here's a case true to life, right down in black and white, and you ain't convinced yourself!" And he chuckled pleasureably. "I tell you, Henny, when you've had as much to do with crooks as I've had, you'll know they're all bad, every one of 'em. I tell you, son, a crook's a crook. If he wasn't I wouldn't be a detective-sergeant. Here's your book. I'm obliged to you, Henny, but there's better reading, and more interesting and true to life, in the files of the upper office."



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"I see," observed young Hen Maguire, thoroughly chastened. "Your tastes in literature lean toward the school of realism."

"Everytime."

"But you've missed the part I wanted you to read, Mike. About Javert, when he took off his shield and jumped into the Seine. Take the book with you and read it on the boat."

"I've had enough, Henny. Now, you forget these dynamite theories of yours, boy, and listen to your old Uncle Mike. I'm digging out of town today on a quiet little job of my own, and if luck comes my way I'm going to hand you the swellest little scoop ever. I've got a peach of a story for you, Henny—all canned for you. Remember that. It's a peach of a story."

Young Hen's eyes glistened. He was every inch a reporter.

"Thanks, Mike, awfully. You know me. When I write the story M. P. O'Shea gets all the publicity that's coming to him. Remember that—you—and don't forget to tip me off."

They shook hands and parted. They understood each other well, these two. The reporter gazed after the bulky form of the detective as the latter hurried down the corridor, suit-case in hand.

"Oh, Javert, Javert!" he murmured. "What a pity a big-hearted guy like you has to be a detective!"

. . . . . .

The two natural gifts which made of Michael P. O'Shea a great detective were a marvelous memory and a photographic eye. All of the written information on crimes and criminals contained in the upper office filing cabinets was on perennial tap in O'Shea's brain. Crooks he had never seen before in the flesh he recognized at a glance, provided he had once seen their photographs. Courage he had to spare, and bulk and brawn, and Irish grit, combined with an attractive and winning personality when he desired to forget the argot of his calling and play a part. His were no ham-like hands, no cold, forbidding eyes. His neck was not thick, nor his brow low and receding, nor his lower jaw prognathous and blue, after the popular conception of the great detectives of the regular force. Far from it. For five succ ssive years Michael P. O'Shea had been voted the Adonis of the department and elected to lead the grand march at the policeman's ball for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the department. Indeed, in a rented dress suit and Mrs. O'Shea on his arm, he was always worth two sticks of publicity and a picture layout in the newspaper accounts of the ball.

Arrayed now in a handsome suit of tweeds, which he had ventured to order on the strength of his prospective share in the $5,000 reward and a liberal expense account from the insurance company, and carrying a gold-headed cane which had belonged to his father, Detective-Sergeant O'Shea landed at Victoria, B. C., and registered at the best hotel as M. P. O'Shea, of Decatur, Illinois. He lunched with the utmost enjoyment, filled his pockets with twenty-five-cent cigars, and strolled up town to the real estate office of McDougall & Rand.

In front of the office he paused and displayed great interest in an array of cards advertising bargains in small farms, timber lands and bungalows. He puffed thoughtfully at his cigar for several minutes while he

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studied the signs, then he glanced casually into the office of McDougall & Rand and saw a man at a desk. This man was watching Michael P. O'Shea, for the window display was a bait to catch the transient investor, and O'Shea was immediately conscious of a feeling which must be greatly akin to those of a deerhound when he picks up a warm trail; for the man at the desk was either John F. Mallory or his double!

O'Shea's glance wandered again to the window display. Once more he read the advertised bargains, scratched his ear in evident indecision, pulled out his watch, started to walk away, paused undecided, looked at his watch again—and stepped into the office of McDougall & Rand. He approached the man at the desk.

"Is Mr. McDougall or Mr. Rand in?"

"I am Mr. Rand, at your service, sir. What can I do for you?"

"Well," replied O'Shea, "I haven't got much time to discuss the matter with you now, Mr. Rand, but I happened to notice that timber land advertisement in your window. I'm in the market for some timber, but that acreage is too small for my purpose. If you have larger tracts I would be interested in looking over your maps and other information with a view to doing business if the land suited me."

"We have larger tracts, Mr.——"

"O'Shea. M. P. O'Shea. I'm from Decatur, Illinois, looking around in your big western country for a timber investment."

"How long do you purpose remaining in Victoria, Mr. O'Shea?"

O'Shea smiled—and a particularly likeable smile had Detective-Sergeant O'Shea when he chose to use it. It had its instant effect on Rand. Mentally he labeled M. P. O'Shea as a bluff, brisk, keen Irish-American gentleman with money to burn.

"I'm flitting around, Mr. Rand, hoping to light somewhere and grow up with the country. I don't know exactly what I want, but I thought a few hundred thousand put into timber wouldn't be a bad investment."

" 'Buy trees and grow rich' is the motto of this country, Mr. O'Shea. However, if you are pressed for time just now, you might care to have me look over our timber lists and wait upon you later at your hotel, at some hour convenient to you."

"That would be bully, if you'll do it, Mr. Rand. I'm staying at the Empress. Suppose you do that. Look over your lists of large tracts and meet me at the hotel at six-thirty this evening. We can dine together and discuss the timber situation. I am a stranger in your country and anxious to glean a little information."

"Delighted," replied Rand. "Thank you, sir. I shall be there at six-thirty. I think we can fix you up. Thinking of erecting a sawmill and engaging in the lumber business?"

"Not I," laughed Detective O'Shea. "I'm going to take it easy. But I have a boy growing up and he can tackle it fifteen years from now if he feels like it. I understand timber values are increasing very rapidly." He glanced again at his watch. "I must be running along, Mr. Rand. See you at six-thirty. So long," and with a friendly wave of his hand he was gone in a great hurry, swinging his father's gold-headed cane.

"Ain't I the great come-on kiddo?" he told himself admiringly, as he turned the corner and slowed down to a leisurely walk. His plans were working out well, for he had had the precaution to investigate the Cana-

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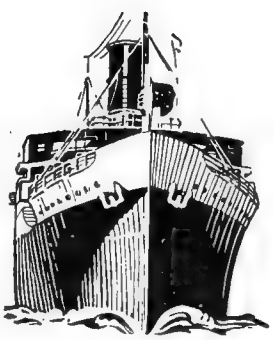

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dian timber laws. He had learned that one cannot buy timber outright and let it lie idle as an investment. On the contrary, the contracts of purchase from the Dominion Government specify that milling operations must commence within a certain period and that a royalty on the manufactured product must be paid to the Government. It was this knowledge that had led O'Shea to feign an interest in timber lands, for by talking carelessly of an investment of a couple of hundred thousand dollars he knew he would arouse Rand's interest. Then, with that interest aroused, O'Shea planned to discover, regretfully, that an investment in Canadian timber was impossible. He must have his lands in fee simple, and the only place where such timber lands were for sale was the United States.

"If the prospect of a big commission doesn't lure that bird across the water where I want him," mused Detective O'Shea, "I'm a boob and I'll resign from the department the minute I get back to San Francisco."

Rand arrived at the hotel at six o'clock and talked timber lands until six-thirty, when they went in to dinner. By ten o'clock O'Shea, by adroit questioning, had fathomed every angle of the Canadian laws relating to purchases of timber, and with well-simulated regret, he played his trump card.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Rand," he said, "but after talking this matter over with you, it seems best that I should abandon the idea of purchasing on this side of the water. I want a tract of timber, but I want to buy it now and forget all about it for ten years, at least. For an operator, your propositions are well worthy of consideration, but as an investment—no."

Rand's face plainly showed his disappointment.

"However," continued O'Shea, "you have been to some little trouble to go into this matter with me, and if you can find me a suitable tract in Washington or Oregon I shall be very glad to permit your firm to consummate the business for me. I leave for Seattle tomorrow morning, and will be in Portland, Oregon, Wednesday night. Now, if you can line up a tract within the next week or ten days, a wire from you will reach me at the Hotel Portland. Unless I have found what I want by that time, I shall leave for California and look into the sugar and white pine country there."

Relief was apparent in Rand's face now. "Thank you, Mr. O'Shea," he said. "I appreciate your courtesy greatly, I assure you. I'll look around and see what I can find for you. Perhaps my partner may know of something."

They shook hands cordially and departed. O'Shea went into the writing room and sent a brief note to Horton, his chief.

"Frederick Rand is John F. Mallory, and John F. Mallory is Henry Price, late Convict No. 23187 at Joliet. He has the mole behind his left ear in the edge of the hair, scar on little finger of the left hand, slight nervous affliction of the right eyelid. As nearly as I can judge, the measurements are the same—height, weight, complexion, everything. I expect him in Portland to see me some day next week. When I wire you he is on his way, send the warrant."

. . . . . .

For three days following his arrival in Portland, Detective O'Shea gave himself up to seeing the sights of that interesting city while he waited for a telegram from Rand. It came, on the evening of the third day. Rand wired that he had a splendid prop-

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erty down on Coos Bay, Oregon, and was sending his partner, McDougall, to Portland the following day to consult with him. O'Shea wired back immediately:

"Would prefer that you come yourself, if possible. Haven't met McDougall and would much prefer to do business with you."

"That will make him uneasy," O'Shea mused, "and he'll be afraid to take chances. So will his partner, and he'll urge Rand to come in person. Rand can't refuse, for his partner will batter down all of his excuses. Guess I'd better wire Horton."

He did. Whereupon Horton swore to a complaint, on information and belief, and a felony warrant was issued for John F. Mallory, alias Frederick Rand, alias Henry Price, and dropped it in the mail with a special delivery stamp on the envelope. That envelope had no sooner been deposited in the San Francisco post-office than Detective O'Shea received a wire from Rand, stating that in deference to the former's wishes, he was coming to Portland himself.

Rand arrived at O'Shea's hotel in Portland some eight hours before the warrant for his arrest. He had a map of ten thousand acres of Douglas fir down on Coos Bay, and suggested that they go down there, starting the following morning, for an examination of the property.

O'Shea was on the point of dissenting and playing for delay until the warrant should arrive, whereupon he would place Rand under arrest, until it occurred to him that he was on his vacation! Why not, then, combine business with pleasure? Rand would, without doubt, secure guides, cruisers and horses and take him on a tour of inspection of the property, and the trip would doubtless be most enjoyable. It would take them a week at least to make even a cursory survey of the property.

The prospect of a week's camping trip in the great northern woods decided Detective O'Shea. He would not serve the warrant in Portland, but would hold it in case of emergency. He would look at the land, declare himself willing to purchase it, and *induce Rand to accompany him to San Francisco voluntarily for the alleged purpose of closing the deal.* And he would so arrange it with Horton that immediately upon their arrival in San Francisco some other officer would make the actual arrest, and Rand would be none the wiser, for once arrested and charged with a felony he would, of course, naturally abandon any further efforts to close for the timber lands with O'Shea. He would consider that his arrest and impending conviction would frighten his pseudo customer away.

"I'll just do that," soliloquized O'Shea. "Somehow or other I like this fellow, and I hate this roping business. I'll just play this thing so Rand will never find me out. He's a crook and I'm on my vacation. Damn the odds. I'll give him the old bunk about my bankers and my wife's consent, and once he thinks he has me hooked, he'll be afraid to let me out of his sight. After all, why should he be suspicious? To all intents and purposes he's been dead a year and a half. He'll take a chance and follow me to close this deal."

"We'll start in the morning, Mr. Rand," he informed his victim. "And as I suppose we'll be out in the woods at least a week, I'm going to buy a fishing rod and a rifle and some outing clothes."

"By all means," replied Rand, and he went with Detective O'Shea and helped him select his pur ıases.

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O'Shea had ever had. The manager of the North Bend Lumber Company, which owned the land that O'Shea pretended to be inspecting, furnished them with horses, a guide, an excellent cook and grub for ten days, and they plunged into the wilderness. When they returned they were bearded, ragged and tanned, and excessively cheerful. O'Shea professed himself as delighted with the property, and but one obstacle stood in the way of his immediate purchase of it. As a matter of principle he always consulted his wife and advised with her, but this, he assured Rand, was a mere formality. Would Rand accompany him to San Francisco and consummate the deal? It would be necessary for O'Shea to arrange with the bank there for the transfer of funds from his bank in Decatur, Illinois. Moreover, the main office of the North Bend Lumber Company was in San Francisco and it would be necessary to proceed there in order to look over the abstract of title and have the deed drawn up by a reliable attorney. In fact O'Shea cited a number of reasons why Rand should accompany him to San Francisco, any one of which dwindled into insignificance when compared with the all-important reason—the desire for a tremendous commission to McDougall & Rand.

As O'Shea had figured he would, Rand readily consented to accompany him. As a steamer was sailing from North Bend for San Francisco the following morning, he suggested that they book their passage on her, and O'Shea declared he would go and purchase tickets. When he returned he was secretly amused to discover that as a precautionary measure, Rand had shaved his mustache!

"Hello!" O'Shea said bluntly. "Why did you do that? You're an ugly customer without a mustache."

"I know it, Mr. O'Shea. But while shaving I accidently chopped a piece off it. It was lopsided then, so I had to sacrifice it entirely."

. . . . . .

The coasting steamer *Omega*, carrying miscellaneous freight and passengers (also miscellaneous, for the list included Detective-Sergeant O'Shea and Henry Price, alias John F. Mallory, alias Frederick Rand), proceeded slowly down the winding channel of Coos Bay and breasted the choppy seas that rolled in from the Pacific to lash themselves into a wild smother of foam on Coos Bay bar. To the south and west the sky was dark and lowering, and a southerly breeze, carrying a hint of rain, sang through the rigging of the *Omega*. Detective O'Shea, finding that his head and his stomach were inclined to behave only in the open, left his stateroom a few minutes after the first premonitory wallow of the steamer informed him she was passing out, and climbed to the hurricane-deck.

In the lee of the chart-house and just aft the bridge he paused to light a cigar. The captain, enveloped in a heavy watchcoat, was striding nervously backward and forward across the bridge, pausing occasionally to stick his head through a little opening from the bridge into the pilot-house and address a brief order to the man at the wheel. While O'Shea was standing there Rand came up on deck and joined him.

"I don't like the looks of this bar, O'Shea," he said. "It's breaking very heavily."

"I do wish we'd crossed out earlier in the day. It's getting rougher every minute, and dinner is out of the question until we strike smooth water—*good land of love, Rand, look at that wave!*"

"Hang on!" yelled the captain, and the two passengers

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sprang for the iron bridge railing and grasped it, just as a huge green sea came in over the port counter, swept the entire length of the hurricane-deck and poured off in huge cascades on the starboard side, carrying everything movable with it. O'Shea and Rand were drenched to the skin and a little frightened as the water receded and left them, half blinded and gasping, still clinging to the iron bridge railing. They could feel the *Omega* shiver with the impact of the terrific slap from that sea.

"The helmsman let her fall off that time," sputtered Rand. "She took that sea over her counter. Listen to the skipper roast him."

The skipper was, indeed, reproving the helmsman in no uncertain language. "Hold her head up, you blighter," he roared. "Hold her up. D'ye want to blanket her and sink us like pig lead?"

"She won't hold up, sir," the helmsman shouted back. "I gave her half a dozen spokes that time, sir, and she wouldn't answer me."

O'Shea saw the captain spring to the speaking-tube that led to the engine-room. "Kick her wide open and give her all you have," he called to the chief. He looked up as he turned from the tube and saw his two passengers still clinging to the rail. O'Shea expected the captain would grin at their bedraggled appearance, but instead, the sight of him and Rand appeared to deepen the anxious look in the master's eyes, and instinctively O'Shea scented trouble.

"Go below and lock yourselves in your cabin, gentlemen," the captain commanded. "We're in for a bad buffeting on the bar and if you hang around on deck we're extremely liable to lose you—*hard-a-port!*"

The last words were a ringing shout, and through the little aperture leading from the bridge into the pilothouse O'Shea could see the spokes flying as the helmsman spun the wheel. But the *Omega* was sluggish and another sea came in over her counter, completely blanketing her. As it receded the captain again took up the speaking-tube and O'Shea pressed nearer to hear what he might say.

"What's the matter down there?" he heard. "Haven't you got any steam? She keeps falling off, Chief. She won't buck into them and ride them out—*leaky tubes!* Oh, damn the owners! Why will they send us to sea in a coffin? . . . Yes, Chief, I know. But pour the fuel into her. I *can't* turn back now!"

Slowly the *Omega* crept out over the bar, shipping a sea every few minutes, wallowing frightfully and groaning in all her aged timbers. They were almost over when a succession of monstrous combers came rushing in from sea to meet her. She rose to the first and rode it out, swung a little, despite the helmsman's desperate efforts to hold her head up, and took the second wave over her lower decks. While she was still awash, yawning frightfully, the third sea blanketed her completely.

"What the devil's the matter with her?" shouted O'Shea.

"Leaky, rotten boilers, that's all," replied Rand coolly. "She's a big boat in a frightful sea and she hasn't power enough to buck her way through." He reached for a cork ring that hung on the bridge railing at the starboard end, and slipped it over his shoulders.

"Better help yourself, O'Shea," he advised. "We'll be lucky if we aren't kicked back on the bar, smothered and banged to pieces."

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At that instant the fourth wave hit her. She keeled far over on the port side and swung broadside on in the trough of that awful sea. An instant later another sea had snatched her rudder out as clean as a dentist extracts a tooth, and O'Shea saw the wreckage whirled by, riding high on the crest of the departing wave. Thirty seconds later another monster wave raked her, and before their very eyes the charthouse tore loose from its anchor bolts and went over the side. The captain, grasping the other cork ring at the port end of the bridge, went with it.

"This is no place for the head of the O'Shea family," gasped Mike O'Shea. "To the top of the mast for me. This is a wet spot," and as the water receded for a brief period, he rushed for the mainmast shrouds. Rand followed him and ere the next wave swept the doomed *Omega,* driving her a hundred yards shoreward, hunter and hunted were high in the ratlines above the boiling wash of the decks.

Screams echoed through the dying ship, and beyond, in the smother of foam, O'Shea could make out half a dozen human forms struggling hopelessly. With her rudder gone the *Omega* was helpless, and under a merciless and trip-hammer buffeting from the ravenous seas, she drove rapidly toward shore. A dozen of her crew and passengers had sought safety in the mizzen rigging, but the main rigging remained occupied exclusively by O'Shea and Rand.

Presently, as the battered hull drifted over the darkening water, her house went by the board and tons of water poured into her engine room, exploding her boilers and drowning her engine crew like rats in a hole. With the engines dead, the boat drifted more rapidly. She presently entered the long fringe of white spume that marked a sunken reef. Over the first ledge she drove; rose high on the crest of a wave and fell with a horrible crash, impaling herself on a spindle of rock that thrust its cruel nose six feet into her vitals. Her back was broken and her stern tore loose, carrying the poor devils in the mizzen rigging into eternity. Detective O'Shea turned his face away and climbed higher in the rigging, nor paused until he had reached the masthead. Rand followed him.

They were alone on the wreck of the *Omega,* and of the *Omega* all that showed above the water was sixty feet of mainmast, at the top of which the two men clung. Rand still had his cork ring around his body, but O'Shea had nothing but his two sturdy arms and legs to defend his life when the mast would eventually go.

In fifteen years on the San Francisco police force, Mike O'Shea had risked his life too often to be afraid now in the face of death. Moreover, he was of the breed that dares to face it smiling, and he smiled now as he glanced down at the man he had been sent to rope. Fate had played Horton and him a colossal joke, and Michael P. O'Shea was human enough to laugh any time the joke was on him. Rand glanced up and met the detective's half-sad, half-whimsical smile. He did not smile back, for there was no humor in this deadful predicament for him. Nevertheless he essayed a jest.

"It's pretty tough, losing a nice fat commission, after I've worked so hard to put this land deal over," he complained.

Again O'Shea smiled. He liked Rand for that

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speech. "I wish you joy of your life preserver," he retorted. "If a fellow could win past these breakers there's fairly smooth water inside the reef. I believe I could make it, but drat the luck, I never learned to swim."

"It will be rather hard on Mrs. O'Shea and the kiddies," said Rand sympathetically. "Still, it isn't half so hard when a man knows he's leaving his family well provided for."

O'Shea winced at that. He thought of his wife and the little girls and his boy Jim, awaiting his return in the little mortgaged cottage in the Mission, and the whimsical look died out in his Irish face while his fine eyes filled with tears.

"It's tough," he murmured. "It's awful tough."

Rand unswung the cork ring from his body and handed it up to Detective Sergeant Michael P. O'Shea. "A wise business man always protects his deals," he said, with another faint attempt at humor. "I can swim a little, and we might get through and put this deal over yet. If I don't—well, what matter? You've a family—you've got responsibilities—the world needs you. Take the life preserver, my friend, and try for the shore before you get chilled clinging here in your wet clothing."

O'Shea choked up. He could not speak, so filled was he with admiration and gratitude to this hunted man for his simple sacrifice. He wanted that cork ring—not for himself, but for his loved ones at home—for his girls, that he might guard and protect them, for his boy, that he might train him in the same rugged honesty that had brought his father to his death. But under the circumstances, Michael P. O'Shea knew he could not accept. He was a roper, and this man who made the offer was a crook. O'Shea shook his head.

"You're a brave man," said Rand simply. He reached out his hand and clasped O'Shea's. "But I'm not afraid to go, either. In fact, I'm a little glad it's coming, friend. It may save me the disgrace of some day blowing out my own light!"

Even in that supreme moment Mike O'Shea was detective enough to be a good listener.

"I have something on my mind, O'Shea," Rand continued quickly. "It's sat on my soul so long I've got to tell it to somebody, and of all the men I've ever met you seem to be the only one that would understand."

He drew a check-book and a fountain pen from his pocket. "Hold me, O'Shea," he continued. "I want to write something."

O'Shea held him and Rand wrote. The detective couldn't help seeing what it was his victim was writing. It was a promissory note for twenty thousand dollars, in favor of the Pacific Life Insurance Company, and Rand signed it "John F. Mallory." Then he blotted it and endorsed the note "Frederick Rand." He handed it to O'Shea.

"We're going to take our chances together on this cork ring, O'Shea," he said. "I want you to take this promissory note. It constitutes a valid claim against my estate, which is able to pay it. If I am drowned and you survive, turn this note over to the Pacific Life Insurance Company at San Francisco. I owe them twenty thousand dollars. Now listen to what I'm going to tell you, O'Shea. It's important, and your testimony is all that will help right a wrong—

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JAMES P. McMANUS
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that is, if you survive. If we both go out—why, the thing ends there. But if one or other of us gets through, I want to square myself. I've always intended to, but I've procrastinated, and besides, nobody knew me and I needed the money to give myself another chance in life—"

Detective Sergeant Michael P. O'Shea tucked the note, written on the back of a blank check, in his inside vest pocket.

"Very well, Henry Price," he said calmly. "I'll do that for you, if I live. And never mind your story. I know all about it—everything except the motives back of it. The fact of the matter is, my friend, I'm not a timber-buyer at all. I'm Michael P. O'Shea, a detective sergeant from the San Francisco police bureau, and I came to Victoria to get you. I'm what we call a roper. I've induced you to put your foot on American soil, and if we had reached San Francisco you would have been arrested and charged with a felony on this insurance deal the moment you came down the gang-plank," and O'Shea unbuttoned his vest and showed his shield pinned to his suspender. From an inside coat pocket he brought forth the warrant for Rand's arrest and showed it to his prisoner.

"There's the warrant for you," he said blithely. "Watch me serve it," and he tore it up and tossed the fragments into the surf.

Rand's face was very white and pitiful. "But I—I—" he stammered—

—"are no crook," supplemented O'Shea. "You're an honest man and the only honest man I ever knew that did time. You forged a check and did three years in Joliet. Why?"

"It was a woman's honor against mine," replied Rand brokenly. "I thought more of hers."

"I believe you," O'Shea answered. "And this insurance deal—that was an accident. I always said so. You paid the premium a year in advance, which was throwing away money, because you pulled the trick in six months. Again, why?"

"I married, you know—and I changed my name and moved to California before that. I didn't tell my wife. I thought perhaps she would never know. I—"

"One of your old friends from Joliet bumped into you and blackmailed you, eh? They usually do—the damned crooks!"

Rand nodded. "My poor wife had social aspirations, O'Shea, and the good Lord hadn't given her a very broad vision. The news hurt her. She was ashamed of me, although she stuck by me. But I knew she didn't love me any more, and life was a hell. She was always afraid the neighbors would find it out and she'd be disgraced. You see, O'Shea, I had to leave her, because she wasn't happy with me. I didn't think it was fair to myself to commit suicide. One day I went fishing up the Sacramento and in the bushes at the edge of the railroad embankment where the Shasta road skirts the river, I found a dead tramp. He'd been pitched from a car roof on the curve, I guess; I think his neck was broken. He looked a good deal like me—about my weight and height—"

"I see," interrupted O'Shea. "It was a good idea. You changed clothing and salted the stiff with your watch and pocket-book and shoved him off into the river. Then you disappeared. And you'd done all this before you remembered about the life insurance."

"I never thought about life insurance at all. I just

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wanted to get away clean and start life all over again. I came to Victoria, got a job as a salesman with the McDougall Realty Company, made a few deals and got some money together and bought into a partnership. The insurance policy had been collected before I heard about it, and while I was wondering how I was going to square the company, my wife married again. That complicated matters worse and now—what are you going to do with me, O'Shea?" Poor Rand's face was very pitiful as he raised it to the detective.

"Ask you to forgive me, you poor devil," murmured O'Shea, and extended one cold hand. "I've played a dirty game, old man, and it wasn't even in the line of duty. It was doing it for money—blood-money. There was $2,500 in it for me and I'm a poor man and needed the money. Most crooks do, I guess," he added humbly.

"I understand that pressure—thoroughly," Rand smiled wanly as he took the detective's hand. "Of course I forgive you. I think I like you better in your true role. It's worth losing that commission to know you. But if you reach shore alive you'll have to make a report on me."

"When we reach shore," retorted Mike O'Shea—"and we'll try for it before we get any colder or stiffer—you head north and I'll head south. I won't see you again, and as far as the law is concerned, I'll square this case. Are you ready to swim for the shore, sailor?"

"Ready," responded Rand, and they descended the ratlines until the seas swept them to their knees; then, each with one arm looped into the cork ring between them, they went out into the breakers, paddling desperately with their free arms.

It was an hour before they won to the firm white sand of the beach, and they were too weak to walk. O'Shea found some matches in his pocket in a waterproof safe, and crawled around on his hands and knees collecting driftwood for a fire. When he had the fire blazing well, he dragged his benumbed companion to the flames, undressed him and slapped the life back into him.

At daybreak they parted. "Good-by, Fred," said Detective O'Shea, addressing his prisoner by the first part of his latest alias. "Go your way and sin no more, and God bless you. You're the finest crook I've ever met."

Young Henny Maguire strolled into the office of Captain of Detectives Horton and draped his person over the chief's desk.

"When will Mike be back?" he demanded. "He's overstaying his leave."

"He was in the wreck of the steamer *Omega,*" said Horton sourly. "He writes me he is the only survivor and he's resting up at a farm-house near the beach where he came ashore. He was all in for a week afterward, but he's on his way home now. I expect him in sometime tomorrow afternoon. Now get out, Henny. I'm a busy man."

Young Henny got out. In the doorway he met a man coming in. The man looked excited about something, so Henny Maguire hung around in the corridor, planning to go back later and question Munson, the chief clerk. While he was standing there a heavy hand fell on his shoulder and whirled him about.

"Hello, Henny," said Detective Michael P. O'Shea, "how are you?"

The reporter greeted his friend warmly, and felici-

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tated him upon his miraculous escape from drowning. For a minute they exchanged the usual commonplaces, and then Henny Maguire remembered that he was a police reporter.

"About that scoop you promised me, Mike," he reminded O'Shea.

O'Shea's face clouded. "Not yet," he replied evasively. "I must report to the chief," and he opened the door to Horton's office and entered, just as a stranger departed. Horton looked up as O'Shea crossed the room and held out his hand.

"Well, Chief," he began cheerfully, "I'm back, and mighty glad of it." He arched one eyebrow toward Munson. It was a silent request to the chief to dismiss his clerk while O'Shea made his confidential report.

"I won't need you for a few minutes, Munson," growled the captain of detectives, and Munson, taking the hint, went out in the hall and commenced to chat with Henny Maguire.

"Well, I roped him in all right," began O'Shea confidentially, "and I had him on the steamer with me. You know the story. It was every man for himself, and I'm a family man, Chief."

"He was drowned, then," ventured Horton. "How do you know?"

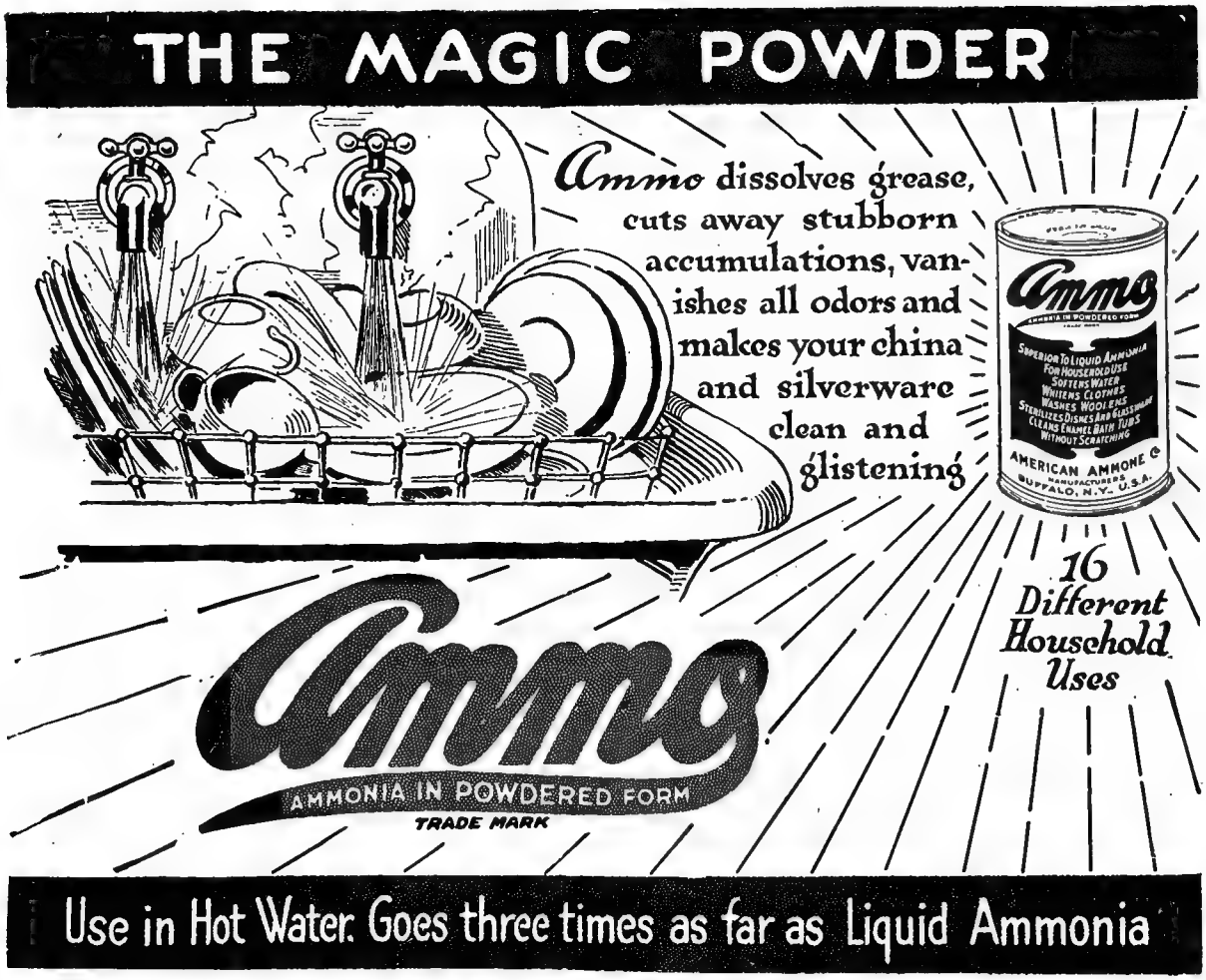
"I saw him perish," replied O'Shea glibly, and went on to unfold a vivid story of Rand's death and his own miraculous escape. But the chief was gazing at him with an ugly leer on his face and suddenly O'Shea paused, confused. Horton continued to glare at him, and presently he spoke.

"You saw him drowned, eh? And you have the nerve to come back here with that story and think it will wash with me? Mike, you're immense. Upon my word you are. Now, let me tell you exactly what happened. You and this crook, Rand, or Mallory, got ashore all right and you made the pinch. Then you shook him down for all the traffic would bear and turned him loose, while you come back here and give me this cock-and-bull story about seeing him drowned." Horton laughed. "And you're the honest dick I sent out to bring home the bacon, eh? Mike, as I said before, you're immense. Did you see that man that went out of my office just as you came in? Well, that's the local manager of the Pacific Life Insurance Company and he just dropped in to tell me to forget about that John F. Mallory case. His people are no longer interested. He says Mallory's widow has returned his company the twenty thousand dollars and he wants the matter dropped. Well, I'll drop it. I'll have to, because the insurance company will refuse to swear to a complaint. And there are other reasons. But I'm not through with you, you—you dirty crook! Just pass over two thousand five hundred bucks, Mike. You got more than that for squaring this case. Rand had money and you made him come through to the company, of course. Naturally you charged him a piece of money for the privilege. You wouldn't be a cop if you hadn't. So I want my bit. We were partners in this. Shell out, and be quick about it."

"Chief," protested O'Shea, "I didn't get a red cent. The man wasn't a crook after all. I tell you, I couldn't rope him, Chief. He was the finest gentleman——"

"Tell all that to Sweeny. I want twenty-five hundred dollars."

"But I can't give you any money."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Horton smiled. "Tomorrow, Mike," he said sweetly, "you go back to pounding a beat. And you'll pound it in Ingleside where the fog is thick enough to give you a good mouthful every time you open that lying trap of yours. I'll try you on that for a month, and if you don't come across then, I'll break you. You left the state without the permission of the Board of Police Commissioners, and I can get you for that. Now, be reasonable, Mike. You're a man of family, and a patrolman's salary ——"

"Chief," said Detective Sergeant O'Shea, "you're too crooked to believe there are some men in this world above a price. And if I stick around this department any longer I'll have that point of view myself." He opened his coat, unpinned his shield and laid it on Horton's desk.

"I've resigned from the department," he said. "No cheap dip like you, Horton, can get the goat of an O'Shea." He turned, and as he did, his haggard glance rested on the picture of the manacled boy. For a second he surveyed the terrible thing, then reached for Horton's inkwell and dashed it against the picture. There was a sound of shivering glass and the picture was ruined.

"Pinch me for that, you dog," said Michael O'Shea. "Just go ahead and pinch me."

"No, Mike," replied Horton calmly, "I won't. You'd spill the whole story to that Henny Maguire and he'd make a hero of you. Good morning, Mike. I'll recommend the acceptance of your resignation."

So that is how Detective Sergeant Michael P. O'Shea happened to leave the department. In the hall outside he met Henny Maguire, who was waiting for him.

"About that scoop, Mike," began Henny anxiously. Mike laid a friendly hand on the reporter's shoulder.

"Henny, you'll have to let me off on that promise. I can't deliver the goods. And I'm sorry, too, Henry, because it was a big story."

"But why can't you tell me, Mike?" protested Henny, disappointed.

"It concerns the honor of a poor devil that's done time, Henny," replied O'Shea. "It's just one of these stories that can't ever be written. But I'll tip you off to one piece of news that the other boys haven't got. Remember that awful damned picture over the chief's desk. Well, I just threw the chief's inkwell through it and resigned from the department."

"Javert," said Henny Maguire, "I'll buy you a good two-bit cigar for that."

"See that you do," said Mr. Michael O'Shea, and arm and arm he and Henny walked out the Hall of Justice.

"What line will you tackle now, Mike?" Henny inquired.

"Real estate," O'Shea retorted blithely. "I have a good friend up in Victoria, B. C., who told me if I ever quit the force to wire him. He has a good job waiting for me right now, and if I make good I can work into partnership."

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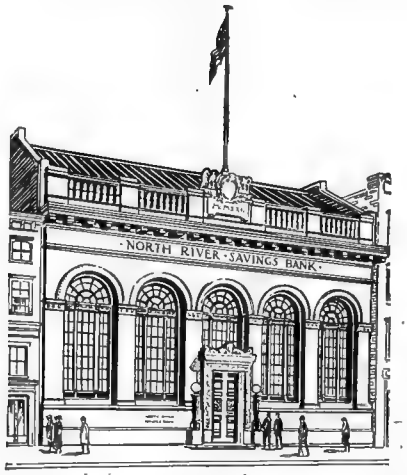

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"Mike Broke"

An Author's First Experience in Broadcasting Told in the Vernacular of the Underworld

By George C. Henderson

Author of "Keys to Crookdom," Etc.

"I WANT you to come on the air with me next Monday."

Thus Joseph Henry Jackson, literary critic for Broadcasting Station KGO buzzed me on the hello-girl line.

"Pleased to meetcha," says I. "Drift into my dump and slip me an earful."

And he does.

The big idea is for me to become a radio artist and sling the tall English concerning bandits, burglars and bunko steerers to the gasping cash customers who have bought free ozone entertainment at $3.50 per vacuum tube and up.

"Are you mike-broke?" asks J. H. J. in that dry way of his'n, when we are hid in a hash-house.

"You got me quick," I says. "Broke is right."

J. H. J. registers annoyance.

"You don't understand. *Mike* is Americanese for microphone. Some people have stage fright until they get mike-broke."

"I'll stick and slug if it tries to bite me," says I. "No guy with a rep is going to do a flop to a little gimcrack like that."

I spotted the twinkle in his right glim but I didn't savvy that he had me nipped, clocked and sloughed—not then I didn't.

"You better write out your speech," he advises. "You'll have twelve minutes. Figure on talking at the rate of 100 words a minute; that means 1200 words."

After peddling the guff for a hour Mr. Jackson hints that he's gonna make a sneak.

"Before you ditch out, slip me one last word of consolation," I requests. "At least do that much to prepare me for the fateful hour."

J. H. J. looks serious and fingers his watch-chain.

"Speak slowly and distinctly," he advises. "Many people get excited and talk so rapidly that their words are a mere jumble. Avoid using contractions such as don't and won't. Say *do not* and *will not* instead. You'll do very nicely, I am sure. Adios."

When I breaks the glad news to the missus about all the free advertisement I'm gonna cop off, she gives a little glad cry and kisses me and hopes I won't choke up too much when I talk.

"Say," exclaims I. "You all gimme a pain. Jar me to the booby hatch if I let any little metal thingumajig rank this job. It's a pipe! Ain't I been on the stage? I have. And did I get stage fright? I did not."

That night when the missus and me is listening in, the drawling voice of Joseph Henry Jackson, himself, comes on. He starts hittin' the pipe about a travel book and it gets across so smooth that I winks at the wife and whispers—"Listen to that. Nuthin' to it."

But the next moment she grabs me by the arm, breathin' heavy, and I'm jarred, cuffed and sloughed for a year if cold shivers don't start runnin' up and down my chiropractic area.

"And Mr. Henderson himself, who knows criminal secrets and crook argot as no other person, will go on the air with me in the review of his book," J. H. J. is saying.

When a fall guy hears his moniker over the radio his first hunch is to bolt for the telegraph office and wire the broadcasting station how good it came through. The missus had to hold me to keep me away from the telephone.

"If you get as excited as this when you broadcast, you'll disgrace me," says she. "Brace up."

And I brace.

The telephone starts ringing, although it's about 11 p. m. It's for me. "Oh Gaw-urge," cries a female voice. "I just heard it. I just heard it. We're all so glad.

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Now you won't get stage fright will you. We'll be listening in. Don't dissapoint us."

No sooner was she accidentally cut off than the 'phone rings again. This time a male voice. "I'll have the gang up at my house," it says. "Don't let 'em get your goat, old kid. We'll all be cheering for you. But for the love of mike don't splutter and choke like the last author we heard."

I turns away from the telephone and sinks into a chair.

"Why are you perspiring dear?" says my wife. "And you look quite pale. There goes the telephone again. I'll attend to it."

Now I've been up against some tough busters in jungles and hangouts. Once a gang of bookmakers was wised to me in their dive and near croaked me before I could blow. Again a Chinese tong killer rapped to my mitt in a smuggling expose and tailed me till the bulls sloughed him for rod totin'. But all that was gooseberry pickin's compared with being hounded by radio fans.

With the missus running interference, I gets under cover and starts making up the spiel—1200 words. Then I backs up to the fireplace and opens up the big gash for a hot air jamboree that leaves the audience, consisting of the missus, breathless with mingled enthusiasm and ecstasy.

"That is really very fine, dear," she says.

"Mike broke," snorts I. "Huh. No dick that's been up against a croak artist is gonna fan out in front of a microphone."

Comes the fateful night. Two hours before I goes on the air finds me walking up and down in front of the broadcasting station, breathin' deep and tryin' to forget all the guys and janes that are doing jiggers under the guise of *friends of the air*—friends of the air, thinks I, waitin' to gimme the raspberry if they hear one small gasp.

Presently just casual-like I saunters into the cute little brick building and am welcomed by Joseph Henry Jackson, himself, in person. A drag or two at a coffin-nail while we're amblin' upstairs over the soft carpet and the pleasure of meeting Wilda Wilson Church and Howard Milholland among others, restores my equilibrium.

"Where is the THING?" I asks Jackson, in a hushed voice.

Jackson points at a closed door.

"They're setting up to take some pictures in there," he says.

I smokes several cigarettes in quick succession and remembers the days when men used to step around the corner to Dan's place when they felt bored.

Then the door flings open, Milholland slings some quick lingo and we marches into the execution—ah—er broadcasting chamber.

Jackson hands me a carbon copy of his spiel.

"Follow this closely," he says. "Your cue line is MR. HENDERSON. When I say that, you slip into the seat without making any noise and start talking."

Jackson sits down in front of a little round black metal thing that has a base like a desk-telephone but which is covered over in spots with a metal screen. Behind this screen is the diaphram which vibrates in answer to the quiver of the human voice.

"Mike broke," muses I, regarding the squat instrument. "So you're the little thing that makes these birds

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These are *whens* when joined with this *when*
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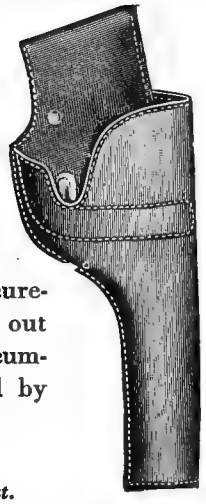

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forget their lines. Well you don't fuss me up a bit—not a bit."

Now I have wised Jackson to all the good things about me, but I soft-pedalled the inside info, so I figures they ain't no chance for a dead give-away.

J. H. J. done himself, and me, proud. While he talks I looks at the ceiling, rubs my chin, scratches my head, swallows, breathes deep and tells myself over and over that every minute I'm getting better and better. But I ain't and I know it. And there's no use denying that this here eyeless, mouthless, speechless thing with a million ears is just naturally runnin' icewater fingers up and down my spine.

Then out of a clear sky I hears the fateful word—my cue. And I slips forward and starts to brush Jackson away, upon which he gives me the dogeye and Milholland steps up, making motions with both hands, which wises me that I've bungled the trick and must come again.

Milholland looks real stern and gives me the office to keep my glims on the dope sheet, which I do.

"Now Mr. Henderson, the author of Keys to Crookdom, is here with me tonight and I want to present him to you and let him tell you in his own words what he thinks of criminals. MR. HENDERSON."

Them capital letters on the sheet was my cue.

"H—n—n," says I, real cheerful, getting a good large frog out of my throat, as I eases into the chair and places my papers on the table without a rustle. Then I says:

"Ladees and Gents. H-nn-h.Whatistheoutstandingcause ofcrime?Myanswerissuckers."

Through the fog on my glasses I see Milholland chargin' up with both hands claspin' his dome.

"Not so fast," he whispers. "Go slower."

I grits my teeth, snarls at the toadlike microphone and hisses.

"Suckers cause most of the crime. Yes suckers—inotherwordssapsdupesgullsfallguyseasymarksvictims, if you will."

As I slow down for them last three words I suddenly understand the twinkle that was in Joseph Henry Jackson's eye when he speaks to me about stage fright. I comprehend what my friends are doing to my rep out at the listening posts and I straightens up and starts in over again.

I guess I rumbled the job good and plenty and yet I must have spouted the straight dope during lucid moments because before I wrings the water out of my collar and gets out of that dive, somebody buzzes me on the 'phone.

"Hello," says a female voice. "I'm a lady criminologist in San Francisco. I want to meet you. Some of that criminal slang you gave tonight was quite incomprehensible. I didn't get it all."

"I reckon you got company, lady," I suggests funny-like.

"You know Mr. Henderson," she continues, "it was really quite odd how I came to hear you. My little daughter, who knows I am interested in criminology, was listening in. When she heard you come on the air she jumped up and cried, 'Oh mama, there's a crook on the radio'."

Which I tout as a blowsy ending to a frosty night.

I've got only one consolation. Before I cinched that spiel, I looks the million-eared microphone in the face, smiles cynical-like and drawls out a whole paragraph without chokin' once.

Which goes to show that I'm sure mike-broke now.

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Women's Police Reserves

(*Continued from page* 29)

and-twenty-five veterans by motor to Huntington, Long Island, where they enjoyed chicken dinners, every week.

Captain Schofield disbursed a thousand dollars worth of coal each winter in the homes of poverty in and around the Erie Basin.

Mrs. Mary Ferrall was the founder and is the commanding major of the Women's Police Reserves of Brooklyn and Queens County, and other Long Island Boroughs. A blurred snapshot, unfortunately past reproduction, of the serene-faced commander and her three sons, all in the uniform of the service, was, Commissioner Rodman Wanamaker said, "one of the most significant human documents of the war." Major Ferrall's staff comprises thirty-five district captains, seventy lieutenants and seven district majors.

The activities of this thousand supplementary police women have been the organization of excursions of invalided soldiers from Staten Island each week; excursions for six hundred women and their children twice a week during June, July and August; the sale of Liberty bonds; the sale of army supplies at public schools and armories; the policing by one-hundred-and-fifty women at all reviewing stands during patriotic parades; going out in police boats to meet returning troop-ships; assistance during the milk strike, when policemen were withdrawn from traffic service to ride on delivery wagons for the protection of the drivers from attacks by strikers; the replacing by women of the men of the regular force in school neighborhoods to safeguard the lives of children; service during Greater New York's jubilee celebration and co-operation with the Mayor's Committee of Women in the distribution of coal and milk.

A monument to Major Ferrall's service is a milk booth, financed, erected and operated through her efforts. It is open at Fourth Avenue and Nineteenth Street, Brooklyn, from April to October. Two-hundred and fifty bottles of milk are given every day during those six months, to needy children of the Borough.

At Commissioner Enright's request the Reserves are energizing upon the plan for a Monroe Memorial. As grateful citizens pay tribute to the memory of Theodore Roosevelt by buying a house that shall be a memorial to him, so other patriotic citizens are asked to perpetuate the memory of President James Monroe. It is proposed to build on the site of the house in which the man who had been the chief executive of this nation died penniless, a museum of American history.

Though War's black shadow has lifted, the Women Police Reserves of Brooklyn and Queens, called into being by it for emergency service, have lost less than three hundred of their original number. Nearly seven hundred remain in the organization, functioning for the welfare of their neighborhood and city. Powerful and energetic integers in the sum of New York's world wide influence.

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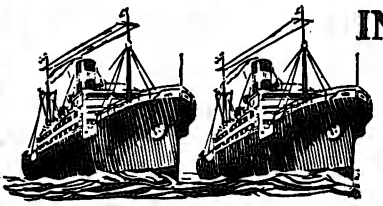

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That Thing Called "Fate"

(*Continued from page* 15)

situation in East Fourteenth street became strained. In fact, so far as Mike's cohorts were concerned, it was worse than that; the panic of 1907 was a gold-boom in comparison.

"I don't care how you get it," Kilgour told him at a subsequent interview, "but have the money here by 9 o'clock tomorrow morning or I don't go into court."

Summoning all the resourcefulness that was the gift of a gentleman of his standing, Mike was beside himself for a solution. There wasn't six bits in the crowd at Hogan's. Twilight turned to dusk and dusk to darkness. And, it seemed that as night fell Bonanza's faculties became sharper, his reasoning more acute. In this respect "The Eel" was the antithesis of his namesake. Instead of being fished for, he did his fishing in the darkness. And that was just what Mike Bonanza proposed to do.

Three hours later a dark form lurked in the shadows of a huge maple tree that hung over the Central Park wall into Fifth Avenue at Sixty-second street. Across the thoroughfare was the fashionable Cosmopolitan Club, one of the city's richest and most exclusive gathering places for men-about-town.

A sharp ray of light illuminated the sidewalk as the front door of the clubhouse opened and a man in evening clothes walked out. He crossed the street to the park side of the avenue and started uptown. The shadow behind the tree moved swiftly just as the man in evening clothes reached that point. There was a thud, a muffled cry, a feeble scuffle and the shadow disappeared over the park wall, leaving a lifeless form on the ground.

In the office of John T. Kilgour the following morning, Mike Bonanza sat anxiously and watched the clock. It was 9:15 and Mike had been assured at least six times by an over-polite stenographer that "Mr. Kilgour will be in any minute. He's never as late as this." But Mike was skeptical. In his breast-pocket there lay a large roll of bills, which he clutched nervously.

Nine-thirty arrived, and then 9:45.

"Mr. Kilgour might be in court", suggested the stenographer, "He often goes directly there when he's late."

Like a shot Mike had his cap on and was going out the door. He entered the courtroom breathless and after a fruitless search into the faces of lawyers, criminal suspects, policemen and a motly crowd of curiosity-seekers failed to reveal Kilgour, Mike sank into a chair. Suddenly, though, his face lit up. Seated inconspicuously off in one corner were Peter the Goof and Cock-eyed Allen. Kilgour had not forsaken him; he had prepared his case, his alibi. But, where was *he*?

"The People vs. Mike Bonanza", boomed the voice of the Bailiff.

Mike started to get up and then, confused, sat down sheepishly. Curious ones craned their necks.

"The People vs. Mike Bonanza", repeated the court officer.

Where was Kilgour, thought Mike, looking at Pete and Allen, whose blank faces registered nothing.

There was a commotion at the door and a man elbowed his way through the crowd. It was Kilgour. Mike stared as if he could not trust his eye-sight. His head swathed in bandages, the lawyer's lone serviceable optic, discolored, peered out between them.

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Kilgour glanced rapidly around the room until his only good eye lit on Mike. The Eel's jaw dropped. His mouth and eyes opened wide. His attorney, his champion, his man of the people! My God, what had happened?

Kilgour hesitated only a moment. Then, he walked directly to the judge's bench.

"Your honor," said the lawyer, in a voice charged with not a little vitriol, "we have decided to change the plea. We plead *guilty* to burglary in the first degree!"

Mike started toward Kilgour, but the judge's voice stopped him in his tracks.

"Three to ten years in State's Prison!"

Kilgour turned to Mike.

"Now, you little rat", he said, feeling his head, tenderly, "the next time you want to stick up some one to get a fee for me, be a little more careful *who* you stick up!"

. . . . . .

"Don't tell *me* that's fate", said Mike, as he withdrew into the confines of his cell. "It's just damned carelessness!"

"Aw, forget it!" soothed Tim. Have a cigarette?"

Bad Money and a Good Horse

(*Continued from page* 26)

them with a bullet through the arm, and the others brought up, all standing. The man on the floor evidently had no weapon, and Thorn motioned him to join the others against the wall.

"The next move will be unpleasant," he said. "As sure as there's a heaven I'll drill the first man that starts anything, and it won't be through the arm this time. So behave. You'll land where I promised you."

The stout man laughed.

"You'll have one hell of a time, won't you?" he sneered.

"Perhaps, but yours will be warmer," answered Thorn. "Now start something if you feel like taking a chance on my shooting."

Cautiously he managed to raise himself to his sound foot, and this time he found the hand-hold of the lower sash and pushed it up. This had to be done by degrees, for the four crooks were not going to let him get away with an arrest if they had to take some pretty desperate chances. Finally he got the wooden shutters open, and flung them wide.

"Going to crawl out, cop?" asked the head crook sarcastically.

"No. I'm going to call my pal," Thorn grinned at him.

One of the tricks he had taught the old horse was to come to a whistle. Now he put his fingers in his mouth and blew a shrill blast; one short and two long sounds cut through the night. The effect was instantaneous. A clatter of hoofs came from the stable. Thorn waited, and then blew again. This time the horse gave voice as well as hoof crashes. You might visualize that scene for yourselves. Here was a room with a flaring gas jet in the centre of it; some overturned furniture; the floor scattered with new money, or what looked like it; four roughnecks lined up against the wall, just waiting for a chance; one somewhat bedraggled and lamed policeman on the other side holding a gun in his hand, and outside in the blackness the smashing and crashing of a horse trying to get himself free from confinement.

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There was always the chance that the horse might not be able to get loose. They might have haltered him strongly; he might have been shut in a box-stall, and he might not be able to get through the half-door. Thorn blew again, and still again, until the frenzy of smashing woodwork became continuous, and then it ceased. There were hoofbeats and a whinny of delight, and old Plute shoved his head through the window. The old eyes gleamed wickedly, and there was a broken strap about the arched neck. He nuzzled the uniform coat he knew so well and nickered again. Thorn laughed a little unsteadily at the reaction, for he realized it had been a long chance that the horse could come to his rescue. Now he took his cap from the floor at his feet, and held it over his shoulder to the horse.

"Catch it!" he ordered, and Plute took the cap gingerly in his mouth.

"Go home!" he then ordered. "Go home!"

For a few moments the horse hesitated, tossing his head with the uniform cap in his mouth up and down. Three times was the order repeated, and the animal withdrew his head from the window and disappeared. He could be heard making his way down to the street. Thorn breathed a little more freely, but the chances against him were still long enough. The horse might drop the cap, might fall to cropping grass, might wander anywhere. Now the odds looked not better than one in a hundred. And so it seemed to the crooks.

"Think that old plug can do anything?" sneered one. "You ain't got a chance, cop."

It must have been about eight o'clock in the evening when the horse disappeared from the window. By this time Thorn's foot was causing him agony; he was forced to ease it as much as he could by leaning against the wall. The chair had broken when it had been thrown. He was afraid to sit down on the floor because of the disadvantage he would be at should the four decide to take a chance and rush him.

The time dragged on like centuries. Thorn had not been to bed since he had come off duty at eight that morning, and fatigue, together with the strain of his situation and the pain of his foot gave him torture. Constant vigilance was necessary to hold the crooks at bay. Twice they started concerted movements, and twice Thorn promised them death. And then, hours after the horse had gone, it seemed, there came the welcome sound of a patrol wagon gong. It was seemingly passing several blocks away, and Thorn listened intently. The sound finally faded, and with it his hope, and then again it rang clearly. It seemed to pass away again, and then once more the sound came, growing in its intermittent intensity. The wagon was apparently about to pass the house when Thorn shoved his gun out of the window, firing two shots and swinging it back on the four men who on the instant had started for him. There was but one more cartridge in his revolver, and no time to get another weapon from his coat pocket.

He fired point blank at the foremost assailant, and then went down in a heap as the four struck him. He felt his head smash twice against the boards and then peacefully lost consciousness. When he came to again he was on his own cot in the station-house with a police surgeon bending over him. It took some time to orient himself, and then memory came back with a rush.

"That gang——" he began, when old Sergeant Flynn, whom he had not observed at the head of the bed, came into view.

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"Th' fower av thim is down sthairs in th' cills," he said. "Some av th' byes is up wid th' wagon bringin' down th' plant, an' th' Captain has th' bills in his disk in his office. Resht aisy, lad."

"And Plute?" asked Thorn.

"Manglin' a gob av oats in his old stall," was the reply.

Thorn went to sleep finally, and in the morning was allowed to get up and hobble down to the Captain's room. The Secret Service men were there, checking up the find. The crooks had been taken down to Headquarters.

"Good work, Thorn," said Captain Morgan, holding out his hand.

"Good luck, you mean, Captain," grinned Thorn. "That was sheer accident. I just happened there."

"You didn't just *happen* to have guts and common sense enough to tackle four of the most dangerous criminals in the country did you?" asked the chief of the Secret Service men turning about to shake hands too. "And you didn't just *happen* to like a horse enough to make him love you the way that old plug did, did you? Well, accident or happen-so, or what you like, Thorn, you win a reward of five thousand dollars for it. So laugh that off."

Thorn was still staring when the door behind him opened. Ryan, the veterinary, stood there, and now he came forward with hand outstretched.

"I've looked old Plute over again, Charley," he announced, "And I think he's good enough to put in another year or two. Will you shake with a damn fool?"

"No, but I will with a good sport," replied Thorn, and hobbled out with him.

. . . . . .

"So that's really all there is to the story," finished Inspector Gregory. "Of course there are a few unimportant details like Thorn's marriage to Alicia Ramsay, and then a little later his resignation from the Department. He went right off to London and took up the thing he had always wanted to do, the stage. The result is what you saw tonight; Charles Thorndike, a first-class actor, and graduate of the mounted division of the New York Police Department."

Inspector Gregory contemplated the end of his cigar.

"It's a great school, the old Department," he continued. "A grand school, even for actors. Well, boys, I have to leave you. I've got to get a little rest, for I'm taking a day off tomorrow. Eh? Oh, I'm spending it with Mr. and Mrs. Thorndike. We're going to drive around the old Kingsbridge section. Good-night, boys. Good-night."

¶ Don't fail to read Inspector Gregory's great narrative in next month's POLICE MAGAZINE—the fifth in this series of fact-stories about which all the cops and most of the public are saying complimentary things.

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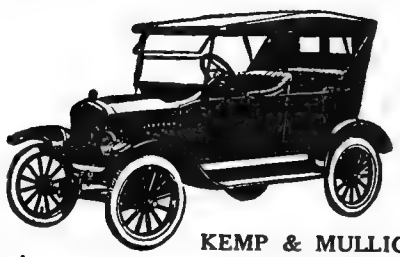

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Some Immigration Facts

Controlling the Distribution of Aliens Has a Vital Bearing on All Plans for Preserving Law and Order

By Gilmore Roberts

FEW articles published by this Magazine have awakened on the part of State authorities such interest as the plan for immigration control appearing in the previous issue. No less than thirty letters from State Governors and State immigration Commissioners—these last written at the instance of the Governors—have been received. Not all have been wholly in accord with the plan proposed, but all have expressed the conviction that immigration laws as they now exist need revision.

Lack of space prevents the publication in full of all the comments received, but a number are of such character that they are given at least in part. Governor Ralph O. Brewster of Maine, says:

"I am interested in the plan you propose. I should not be prepared to express any final opinion regarding it at this time, but I am inclined to feel that the redistribution of our population among the less congested areas will take place rather normally within the next twenty-five years as a result of the very much better means of communication that now exist. The interchange of population between the States is now going forward at a tremendous rate, and this seems to me to be likely to continue as the years go by. I am not inclined to favor any step that will mean an increase of foreign immigration at this time."

New Hampshire finds a real need for agricultural population, and Governor John G. Winant voices this very definitely. He says:

"So far as I am aware there is no dissatisfaction in this State with the present arrangement, but I agree with you that a wider disposition of our immigrants through the country would be desirable, and I wish there were some way in which a suitable agricultural population could be diverted to meet our needs for farm labor in New Hampshire."

Governor J. G. Scrugham of Nevada is inclined to wait the result of observation and experience with the present laws.

"I believe Congress has gone as far as it can in these directions (control)", he says. "The courts have ruled on the attempt of immigration officers to direct the final destination of the immigrants on the pretext of insuring, for instance, that they are agricultural workers when they enter on that classification. * * * Of the 30,000,000 immigrants since 1790 one-third came since 1890. Before that last named year most came from northern and western Europe. Since 1890 most came from Southern and Eastern Europe. * * * The bulk of labor immigration today is from Mexico, and it comes through southern and western districts. The subject is one of great interest, but I think we should observe the effect of the new laws for some time before we suggest further legislation."

Vermont is in need of farm population, as is its

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neighboring state. Governor Franklin S. Billings speaks most definitely of the needs of his State. He says:

"From the standpoint of Vermont I feel that if the immigration problem could be so arranged that we could get immigrants from Sweden, Norway, Denmark and some of the other strong countries, I think it would be a very advantageous move for Vermont. We have many deserted farms and need such immigrants."

That an era of specialized prosperity in one section of the country may result in detrimental effect upon another is quite evident from the reply from Wisconsin. Governor John J. Blaine of the great dairy State has caused to be forwarded a statement and opinion of the Wisconsin Department of Immigration, which stresses this point, as follows:

"During the last fourteen years our contact has been chiefly with immigrants who have resided in this country for a number of years, and who have desired to leave congested centres to take up farming. These are largely Scandanavian, German and Polish people. In view of the present depressed condition of agriculture it is doubtful whether we should stimulate production (in that industry). Milk prices in this State were lower in 1924 than in 1923, and our big problem right now is one of more economical production rather than increase of this product. Agriculture here is wrapped up in the dairy industry. Wisconsin is not a wheat-growing State to any great extent, so that the recent advance in wheat prices has resulted in greater costs for bran and other concentrates used by dairymen. Farm help is high, in many cases as much as $65 or $70 a month. Immigrants coming into this country at this time do not wish to farm; at least but a small percentage of them do, and nothing is to be gained by adding to the present unemployment in cities of this and adjoining States."

At the instruction of Governor George S. Dern of Utah, the Industrial Commission of that State reports adversely to the proposal on the following grounds:

"First that it is based on the conclusion that the West, Northwest and Southwest want new population. This is only half true. The sections referred to need capital rather than labor, and when this has been supplied labor will follow in that direction. We believe that the country has just about reached the point of saturation, and that there is not a real labor shortage, but a mal-distribution of labor. The situation in our local coal mines is an instance verifying this. We have approximately 5,000 coal miners in and around our mines. These men work on an average of 160 days per year, or a little over three days per week. It is apparent then that we have a surplus of from twenty to twenty-five hundred men who could be utilized in other industries in the State. * * * Second, we see no reason for closing Atlantic ports to immigration and opening Gulf and Pacific ports. Immigrants coming into the country move about at will, and while it is true that 65% of the immigrants now arriving locate in the northeast portion we see nothing strange about that as more than sixty-five percent of our industries are located there."

Minnesota on the other hand finds a need for just such a remedy as that proposed. Governor Christianson reports, through the State Board of Immigration, that the proposed plan is both good and feasible, but inclines to the belief that it will not be necessary to close Atlantic ports.

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"I think that the plan suggested is good, and in the main feasible. I do not think it would be necessary to close the Atlantic ports if 'a distribution plan that is sufficiently flexible to take care of the country's needs' is adopted. Any plan involving a proposal to close recognized ports of immigrant entry would arouse strong and well-grounded opposition. These ports are equipped to handle immigrant arrivals. This equipment and attendant facilities would be rendered worthless if the ports were closed to immigrant arrivals, and similar equipment and facilities would have to be provided at such other ports of entry as might be designated, to an equal extent or greater if it is intended that these ports are to handle the same or a larger volume of immigration.

"Additional ports of immigrant entry should be provided as suggested, and to all intents the choice of his port of entry should be left to the immigrant. Actually, the requirements of the country under a flexible plan of immigrant distribution would largely determine at any given time the port or ports that would be most favored.

"In point of fact, the port of entry is of slight importance compared to the locus of settlement. We should not so much concern ourselves with the question of where the immigrant shall enter our country, as with the problem of so locating him that his advent shall prove an advantage to all and a disadvantage to none.

"I am in hearty accord with your proposal to provide for an augmented quota immigration properly distributed to those portions of the United States best situated economically to absorb additional population of foreign origin. I agree with you that an unregulated and unrestrained immigration is not entirely a blessing. That the United States could profit to an immeasurable extent from an augmented immigration, properly located, is apparent to all who have given any thought to the subject.

"Minnesota is a case well in point. The development of this State was, and is being, accomplished to a large extent by a foreign born citizenry and their descendants, chiefly North European stocks, most largely of Scandinavian origin. Within sixty years Minnesota has been developed from wild prairie and forest to a position as one of the very foremost agricultural, manufacturing and mining States. In 1924 the State produced cereals, potatoes, hay, seeds, fruit and syrup to the value of $364,161,000 and over $1,000,000 worth of beet sugar. Within sixty years the fugitive buffalo herds have been replaced by live stock on farms valued at $229,637,000. Minnesota has become the greatest butter-producing State in the Union, with a total creamery output in 1924 amounting to $94,851,681.94. The 1920 census reported the value of manufactured products for the State in 1919 at $1,218,129,735, the processes of manufacture having added $335,039,958 to the value of the raw material. Minnesota is the world's chief iron ore producing section; one of its three iron ranges alone has shipped since development in excess of 700,000,000 tons of ore. There remain on the tax-rolls of the State 1,301,562,080 tons of merchantable iron ore still to be mined together with an incalculable tonnage of low-grade iron bearing ores, recently proved commercially available by a metalizing process. The State of Minnesota is one of the richest of the Nation with permanent trust funds aggregating

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on June 30, 1924, $52,067,657.23, over $42,000,000 of which is available for educational purposes.

"Minnesota has achieved to date less than 40 per cent of its possible development. It is comparatively a new State—new country. Only two-fifths of its land area is cultivated farm land; only 60 per cent is in farms, cultivated and uncultivated. At least 10,000,000 acres —some authorities say 12,000,000 acres—of high-class agricultural land still lies undeveloped under a climate as beneficent for agriculture as in any section of the continent, land largely once timbered, now cutover and growing up in brush. The average size of farm units in the State is 169.3 acres, 21.1 acres more than the United States average and containing 32.4 acres more improved land than the average for the nation. It is evident when we find that States like Ohio, Indiana, and Pennsylvania, certainly not possessing any agricultural advantages over Minnesota, get along nicely with less than 100 acres per farm, that Minnesota's farms already established, could be developed and care for a greatly augmented population even though none of the 10,000,000 acres of wild land were brought under cultivation. Minnesota has the farm land but lacks the density of population that provides the incentive to its fullest use. In Minnesota we are prodigal with our use of the soil. We are inclined to let two acres do the work of one. Since we have the land it is the easiest way, but it is not the most economical nor the best either for ourselves or for the Nation. We are not alone in this position. The same is true of almost all the West.

"The West needs population. Specifically, Minnesota needs population. At the last census there were but 29.5 persons per square mile in Minnesota, In Iowa 43.2, in Wisconsin 47.6, Wyoming had a population averaging but 2 per square mile, Montana 3.8, South Dakota 8.3, North Dakota 9.2. Illinois had 115.7 persons per square mile, Ohio 141.4, New York 217.9, and New Jersey 420. It is obvious then, from these figures, how much greater is the population of the Eastern States over the West.

"Of course, conditions are such that these figures are not altogether comparable. But they do show an unconscionable preponderance of population in the East, natural resources considered. Certainly the East is dependent upon the West and its resources for much of its prosperity. The East cannot thrive upon manufacture and distribution unless it has a market to manufacture for and to distribute to, and in the final analysis this market is made up of a people, somewhere, who create wealth from natural resources to pay for such manufacturers and such distribution. There are not sufficient numbers of such in the East to maintain its present activities. The East is therefore vitally concerned in the development of the West and its population.

"Yet the East absorbs the major part of the immigration to our shores, creating congested conditions for its own territory and industries and restricting the development of its markets. I am sure that this condition is more "a happenstance" than the result of the operation of a determined plan. The condition has resulted as the consequence of a lack of foresight during past decades. It needs only study and intelligent consideration to correct. The plan suggested for augmenting and distributing immigration will go a long way toward accomplishing the desired result."

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How I "Got" My Man

(*Continued from page* 33)

believe it, but he is so greedy for money that he agreed to drop everything, and sign a paper clearing you if he gets back $22,000.

"Now, I think that was a pretty fine piece of business on my part, and that it is the best thing you can do. Even if you go into court and fight him and show him up for what he is, he is going to show you up, and you'll be ruined if he does. If you return $22,000 you clean up $16,000; which will help some. My advice is that you do this. At all events let me know at once what you are going to do.

"Don't forget to burn this.

"Your brother,

"FRED."

Donlin took me riding to look at another house that afternoon. We were chums by this time. When I left him I managed unobserved to slip the letter, without the envelope, into the seat where I had been sitting.

I never saw or heard of that letter again, but Donlin found it and read it and it did its work, as I discovered later. One day just three weeks after I came to Weeksville, he came up to my room slightly more under the influence of liquor than usual, and told me he had quarrelled with his wife. And through that I "got" my man. I had won his confidence; he trusted me even before his wife.

"That's been my whole trouble all the time," he said. "My wife won't let me alone. First it's one thing she's nagging about, then another. I'd never been in any trouble if it hadn't been for her. She's always hollering about me not giving her enough money. Well, here a short time ago I had a chance to put one over, and I did—$2,500 worth. And now she starts asking me where I got the money I'm giving her and begins to bawl me out. I quit. I just walked out, and she'll whistle another tune before I go back."

The truth was that his wife was disgusted over his drinking.

"Skip out for a couple of days and let her cool down," I suggested. "I tell you what let's do; let's take a night boat up to Albany and hang around there for a couple of days. I'm getting kind of tired of this place myself. What do you say?"

"I'll go you," he replied. "I don't care where I go. Damn it, a fellow can get into more trouble when things aren't right at home than he knows how to handle. If she was the kind of woman you could tell things to——"

"Don't talk to me about that, Harry," I interrupted. "I'm the one who knows what that means. To be frank, that's why I left Chicago, because things weren't right at home."

"Yes, but take my case here," he protested. "I——"

"I don't want to hear your troubles," I said. "I've got all I can do to hold down my own. Let's go down to New York on the next train and hang around there today and go up the river on the night boat."

"Come on," he said.

Had I given him a chance to talk he might have spouted out his whole story on the train going down to the city. That was all that was troubling him; he needed somebody to whom he could tell the story of his crime. But I kept interrupting and leading the conversation away to other subjects. As soon as we reached New York I made a pretext of calling up to find at what time the boats left, and rang up the office and told the whole situation.

"Well," said the manager in a casual sort of way, "we ought to get him tonight on the boat. I'll reserve a stateroom for you on the *C. W. Morse*, of the Hudson River Line. You just hold your man off until you get him in there, and then get him to talk. That's all you need to bother about. We'll do the rest. You get your boat at 6:30 at One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street, and as you enter your stateroom take off your hat and wipe your forehead so our men will have a spot on you and know that everything is all right."

I came out and told Donlin I had reserved a stateroom for us by 'phone. I had no idea of how all this was going to work out, but I followed directions implicitly.

The New York American Leaguers were playing Detroit that day, and Donlin being a fan we went to the game. It was my purpose to keep him in a crowd so he would have no temptation to begin his tale of woe until we got on the boat. It seems strange to think of a detective working himself into a sweat to keep his quarry from making a confession, but that is what I did this afternoon. After the game we hurried from the ball grounds to the boat, where, as we entered our room, I removed my hat and wiped my forehead, as per directions. Two young fellows, apparently clerks, were lounging in the doorways of the staterooms on either side of ours, but it was not until later that I knew what part they were playing in our programme.

I waited until the boat had cast off before I began the

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line of talk I had decided upon. I began to curse my luck, my supposed former employer, my alleged brother, my assumed wife, and everybody that I could think of. I played the part of a whimperer to a finish.

"If they'd only stuck by me in the first place," I wailed, "I would never have been in any trouble, and now that I'm in they're throwing me down. Well, there's one satisfaction: I'll take some of 'em with me when I go down."

"How much did you get out of it?" demanded Donlin suddenly.

I looked at him and knew he had read the letter.

"I'll clean up about $16,000," I said. "But I wouldn't go through this worry again for ten times that much."

"Hell," he growled. "And you're kicking! What would you say to taking a measly little twenty-five hundred from a dirty bunch of rich crooks and going around with everybody suspecting you of having done it?"

"Aw, pooh," I said, turning away. "I——"

"Well, that's what I've been up against," he said. "Twenty-five hundred. I——"

"You're a sucker," I sneered.

"I know I am," he admitted; "but I'll get even if it takes me a lifetime, damn 'em! They got me in trouble at home, too, because the wife wants to know where I got the money."

"Let's have some supper sent in," I suggested.

"Oh, damn the supper!" he cried. "Let it wait. We can eat later."

And then the flood-gates opened and poor Donlin relieved his soul.

"Say, Cornell," he said, striking the side of his chair, "you think you've been steered up against it and thrown down, but let me tell you that you don't know what a raw deal is. Here now, listen to me. I want to tell you this; you've got to listen. Why, damn it, man, you've got to listen. I'll go crazy if I don't tell somebody."

He loosened his collar and went on:

"Here a little over a month ago old man Smythe, our mayor, and Bruley, the commissioner of public works, and the rest of that bunch of high-binders that runs things in Weeksville, got into a mess. They'd tried to get a contractor named Kellner to help them string the city for $30,000. He turned on 'em and wouldn't give 'em a chance, and to get even with him they cut down his charge for work on the waterworks contract $15,000. Well, he comes out and sues them. He's got a cinch case, see, and the best they can hope for is to pack the jury and get a disagreement. Well, I have the devil's own luck to be drawn on that darn venire. When they get to know this, Old Man Symthe sends for me to come and see him at his home late at night, and they're all there, Bruley and the rest of them.

"Old Smythe says, 'Donlin, you're drawn on the venire for the jury that is going to try this case. We want you on there, you understand; we want to have one of our friends on that jury. We're glad of the chance to have you on because we know you're one of us and we all want to stick together. We will see that you get on that jury—don't worry about that—and there'll be a little envelope slipped into your pocket as you leave here, and—the worst we want is a disagreement. Understand?' "

Donlin was silent a moment, and I said:

"How long ago was this?"

"Only a little more than a month ago," he replied, "just three days before the trial—the night of May 23rd. Well, as I was saying, I went out, and when I got home I felt in my pocket and there was the envelope—with $2,500 in it."

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"Didn't you see them slip the envelope to you?" I asked.

"Sure," he said. "Bruley dropped it into my pocket and winked and slapped me on the shoulder when he did it. Well, they got me accepted for the jury all right. Then Bruley comes to me and says: 'Say, Donlin, don't forget you're one of us now. You've got to deliver the goods.'

"Well, I delivered the goods, all right. The other eleven men wanted to kill me, but I hung out. 'No judgment,' I said, 'or I'll stay out until Christmas.' I earned that $2,500 all right; we disagreed. And the other day Mrs. Smythe gives a lawn party and never a word about inviting Mrs. Donlin. Oh, yes, I was one of them all right—when they needed me."

"Too bad!" I said. "You hung a jury for 'em for twenty-five hundred and now they're turning cold to you?"

"Yes. That's the kind of swine they are."

"Forget it!" I said. "Now let's go and get something to eat. I'm desperately hungry."

I haven't given Donlin's complete conversation here—but only the gist of his confession. But Donlin was presented with a complete typewritten report of his talk in the stateroom, handed to him in the hotel in Albany two days later. The Chief and the office-manager called on him unexpectedly in his room and, handing him a carbon copy of his conversation, asked him if there were any inaccuracies to be corrected in it.

"I guess that's about right," said Chief Blank casually. "We knew all the time that the reason you hung that jury was to save those fellows, and we knew you weren't doing it for your health; but we wanted to get you to tell us about it yourself, so we got it when you were talking to your friend on the boat the other night. Now, Donlin, we've got the goods on you," said Blank. "You've got two chances. One is to make us put you in prison for accepting a bribe; the other is to go with us and help us force those crooks, who hired you, pay our client his $15,000 without any more law-suits. What are you going to do; go to jail, or come on our side?"

Donlin was staring at the report in dazed fashion. There it was, every word he had said, every question I had asked, down in carbon; and we had been in a locked stateroom while we were talking, and he had been with me ever since. He was dumbfounded. Then he expressed the universal curiosity over detective work. He looked up in amazement at the Chief and said:

"Well! How the devil did you ever do it?"

But it was not the Chief's disposition to give away the tricks of the trade. It was not until several days later, when Donlin's confession had frightened the politicians at Weeksville into acknowledging contractor Kellner's bill in full, that I knew that in each of the staterooms adjoining ours there had been a stenographer with his ear to a dictagraph during the trip up the river, and that Donlin literally had made his confession in the hearing of three people.

"That was just a piece of bull-headed luck, wasn't it?" I asked Chief Blank.

"Oh, no," he said. "We had tried five other men on him before you; we were sure to get somebody he would take to and blab his head off. It was only a question of patience and time. Most detective work is."

¶ Another true story by Private Detective David Cornell will appear in the July number of POLICE MAGAZINE. Don't miss reading these chapters from the thrilling career of a man-hunter.

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Just Over the Radio Hill

(Continued from page 19)

This portrait of a New York policeman was transmitted from London to New York by radio in thirty-one minutes.

Corporation are at his disposal. The objective is instantaneous transmission. It is on the way. Both men are working for sixteen pictures a second, which means the transmission of motion pictures—the first step in television. And how swiftly the work is progressing.

Recently Dr. Reginald Fessenden said that "a prolonged demand and adequate assurance of financial reward will inevitably produce the desired invention." Mr. Sarnoff says that "concentration of the public mind on the desirability of a given development produces it within a short time."

"Five years will see television by radio," says Mr. Sarnoff. "That means so many things that the next ten years ought to be well worth living. The first, or pioneering, steps in scientific achievement are tremendously difficult. There is the inertia of the human consciousness to overcome. If it is possible to convince the composite public mind of the possibility of a given thing and get attention focussed on it, the thing becomes inevitable. Then the development proceeds with increasing rapidity. It seems to be a law of progressive acceleration at work. Pictorial transmission is picking up in speed. Five years should be ample to raise the speed to one-sixteenth of a second. That is the moving picture rate. That indicates the production of a commercial receiving-set that will be capable of projecting the received images; no impossible problem. When that happens the athletic meet

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at Wembley, or Pershing Stadium, or Yale Bowl can be caught on a picture film, this film developed and placed in the transmitter and shot across the ocean to be broadcast to any desired extent, all within a few hours of the occurrence."

From that point to coincidental transmission is but a step. The Yale-Harvard football game of 1930 need not impose such discomforts upon its patrons as did the same event in 1924. Forty odd drenched thousands sat in the Bowl that day and watched the pigskin gladiators qualify for the submarine service. In 1930, the 40,000, or 400,000, or 4,000,000 for that matter, can if they wish, sit comfortably at home by the log fire and *watch* the details of that struggle. They will get the view as well as the sound, and that is merely the inevitable development of things already here.

Admittedly this is not the place for a technical description of the Ranger or Jenkins apparatus, yet a generally understandable outline is possible. As used in the London-New York tests the Ranger apparatus is based on the action of light on a celluloid film acting as a screen between the light and a photo-electric cell.

Light from inside a glass cylinder focusses a minute beam on a photographic film fastened to the outside of the cylinder. As the cylinder revolves, the light and dark portions of the picture are traversed by the light beam, and this permits the beam in varying intensity to fall upon a photo-electric cell recently developed in the laboratories of the General Electric Co. This cell then transforms the light waves into electrical impulses, and these are sent out into the ether to be caught at a distant point, and all the above processes reversed. It is the photo-electric cell which is the very eye of the transmitter, for it has the property of varying its electrical resistance according to the values of the light falling upon it. As the electrical impulses from this cell are produced they are passed through a vacuum tube amplifier and then into a modulating device which impresses them upon the ether. Of course, full provision for synchronization of the two machines is made. In the trans-Atlantic tests the impulses travelled from London to the big Marconi station at Caernarvon, Wales, thence they hopped over the Atlantic and were caught on the antenna system of the Radio Corporation at Riverhead, L. I., and transferred over the land wires to the Company's office in Broad street, New York.

The Jenkins apparatus consists of three main parts. First a device upon which the photographic negative is mounted and lighted, then four circular disks of polished glass overlaping each other, and through which the light passing through the photo negative is passed to be thrown on the vital photo-electric cell. As in the Ranger process the light beam is changed to electrical impulses, impressed upon a carrier wave and caught at the receiving station where the process is reversed, the picture then being reassembled on a photographic film.

When the transmitting is in process the glass discs are rotated and the ray of light swept across the negative in closely parallel lines, the disc apparatus acting much as does the shutter of a picture projector. Mr. Jenkins has an alternative receiving process involving the use of an ordinary radio receiver equipped with a mirror and light beam. In describing his process Mr. Jenkins said:

"Many of us will recall that when we were children we were entertained by rubbing a piece of paper under which was a coin with a lead pencil so that gradually the high spots of the coin appeared as shaded areas. Roughly that is the way the transmitting apparatus works except that in place of a pencil we use a beam of light. The essential device is a prismatic ring of a new optical shape, made of glass and for which special machinery had to be devised to insure accuracy. The ring slices the picture into perpendicular strips, converts the light from these strips into electrical values and these are then impressed on the carrier wave. At the receiving end the coalescing beams of light rebuild the sliced image."

There are some of the facts, the actualities of the coming months. There is the scientific outline of what is happening. The effect of those happenings lies in the dim future. We sit at our dinner tables, lie in our beds, work in our offices, walk on the streets, all unconscious that countless electrical impulses are shooting in every direction about us at the modest speed of 186,000 miles per second. Our walls, our bodies even are no impediment to them. In the Ranger tests some of those pictorial impulses doubtless passed through the anatomy of some placid Welsh farmer or fisherman, and through the corporeal structure of a few Long Island truck growers or potato raisers, and disturbed them not at all.

Changes occurring under our eyes are seldom perceptible. The march of progress, really a procedure of fractional degrees, is only appreciable when the eye or memory goes back a distance or a period. Barely twenty-two years have elapsed since two young bicycle repairers from Dayton floated a heavy contraption in the air of Kittyhawk, Va. Within the memory of a twenty-year-old girl is the admonition to "Get a horse". And how long is it since the despised motion picture, "an interesting toy", was used by worried vaudeville managers to empty

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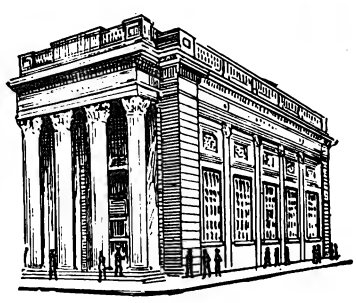

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theatres of too lingering audiences? Yet all these things have now become essentials of our national existence. Seventeen million automobiles roam our highways. Eighteen million Americans daily patronize the motion pictures, and air mail planes ply daily from coast to coast.

And now radio threatens almost a cosmic upheaval; indeed is actually about it, and how conscious are we of what is going on? Barely three years of this newest marvel, and what things have we seen with our eyes and heard with our ears and comprehended not at all! We have just placidly accepted them as if they had always been. Time was when men walked; then they rode on or behind a horse for an æon or two. Our "lame duck" congressmen linger in our legislative laps for some thirteen months after we have signified our disapproval of them because our laws, still thinking in terms of horses, do not yet admit that a man may reach Washington from Oregon in less than several months.

In 1870 did Jones desire to talk with Smith he travelled to Smith's whereabouts, or caused Smith to come to him, and they met physically with each other. Communication implying question and answer was impossible a few hundred feet apart. In 1921 did Robinson and wife yearn for the soothing melodies of a philharmonic orchestra they suitably attired their bodies and transported them to the hall where the orchestra had gathered. Did Brown desire to acquaint a group of his fellows with his views, or did those fellows desire Brown's views, a hall was hired and the audience packed itself into it.

Jones talks easily with Smith a thousand miles or so apart today. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson no longer need meet the discomfort of garment changes and a journey to the music hall. It is but necessary to tune in on the concert. But what of Brown? What provision has been made for him to reach his fellow men, or his fellow men to harken to his silver oratory?

Today eighteen large radio broadcasting stations are available as a unit. Connected together with land wires, they can, and occasionally do broadcast the same programme. Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Providence, Boston, Worcester, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Davenport, Minneapolis, Louisville, St. Louis, Atlanta, Kansas City and Dallas are the component parts of this chain. Draw a circle of one hundred miles radius about each of these stations, estimate the number of listeners in each area and then determine the importance of such an audience. This multiple broadcasting was done as a "stunt" several times last Fall as the political parties required it. But this last arrangement is a commercial venture; a fact. Suppose it were necessary to find a criminal in that area; his fingerprints could be in every official's possession in a few hours, his personal description known to millions given the existing apparatus.

During the International Police Conference just finished at New York a selective radio signalling apparatus was officially demonstrated for the members. The municipal broadcasting station, WNYC, was used for the test.

This signal can be used to notify every precinct and booth in town simultaneously that something demanding general police attention is about to be broadcast by WNYC, so they may listen in. It may be used to throw a radio cordon about the city by signaling the police at ferries, bridges, main highways and railroad stations to listen in as the description is broadcast of a bank robber or securities thief or some other man badly wanted, who

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may be hurrying to get out of the city. It may be used in a given borough or section of the city to reach many precincts with orders to turn out all available men for riot or other emergency duty.

Each receiving set in the system is being equipped with special apparatus which causes it to light a light—or ring a bell, if that is preferred—after its particular combination of musical tones has been sent out by WNYC. Every instrument is tuned up to respond to the vibration of the musical tone, but each is adjusted so that it rings its bell or lights its light only when it is acted on by certain combinations of notes and pauses. Each one will respond to three combinations of intermittent sounds—its own particular combination, its group combination and the general alarm combination.

Even if it is intended to ring the bell of one station or booth, it will be heard by all the listeners-in on WNYC. The message that is thereupon sent either to the single station, to the group or to all of them will be heard on the receiving sets tuned in on WNYC.

Every large city has its transit problems and cries them aloud. Subways, elevated lines, trolley cars, motor-buses, all are crowded and struggling with rush hours. But gradually we are learning that it is no longer so vital that we transfer our bodies from place to place. Radio has intervened. Now, to what extent is broadcasting beginning to help solve those transit problems? If radio will bring us entertainment then we need not go so often afield for entertainment, and consequently we will use transit facilities less. To what extent, say, when we have television in five years?

The churches are glancing obliquely and suspiciously at radio, and well they may. Forty of them, inspired by wisdom, observing the handwriting on the wall have either built or hired broadcasting facilities. The economics of religion are changing too, for the problem of financial support is a spectre lurking in the future. If you have people safely shut in a building it is possible to collect from them, but when they are scattered over a five thousand mile area with identities unknown the problem is different.

In the years when Christianity was in the making the spiritual teacher personally carried his message to small groups in the field, beside the stream or in a quiet room. It was the first itinerant pastorship. Men and women were so gathered together because, since they could neither read nor write, it was necessary for them to get their information by word of mouth, and Jesus of Nazareth probably addressed no greater gathering than five thousand at any one time.

Then came the printing press, but the old order persisted. What was originally a necessitous makeshift became cast in the mould of tradition when the necessity for it had begun to disappear, and gradually the physical edifice assumed a greater role and men and women began to "go to church". Yet today hundreds of thousands receive their spiritual pabulum via the loud-speaker. What is just over the hill for the Word of God? Recently a clergyman denounced radioed religion. He insisted it was no religion at all unless people physically gathered in a specific building. Others are inclined to believe that religion is concerned principally with the mind and what goes on in it, and that the location or position of the body is unimportant.

Will a few great preachers, outstanding figures in the eyes of men, supply the needs of the nation? And then what becomes of the little white church in the valley? Will people travel miles to hear the spiritual arguments

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of modest Reverend Smith when they can remain at home and thrill to the vital message of a Fosdick or a Cadman? What will the new generation do about its spiritual needs? Truly here is a bigger problem than any the churches have faced in the two thousand years of their existence.

What is over the hill for the theatre, both regular and picture? How will radio affect the musician? Personality and economics thrust in here. Twenty-five years ago an actor who earned $500 a week was at the top of his profession. His salary was limited by the number of those who could witness his performance in two hours or so. Then came the moving picture, and the size of the audience tremendously increased. Today salaries of $5,000 a week are not uncommon. What will an audience of twelve million mean to the professional entertainer in dollars and cents? What becomes of the theatre and the music hall?

Ten years ago the motion picture began to draw people from their homes in nightly millions by its cheap and satisfactory entertainment. The motor-car lured other millions until in the words of a satirist, "Home is merely a place to start out from." Today radio is counteracting this to some extent and restoring home life. If one can see the Passion Play at Oberammergau without going there, what is the effect on Oberammergau? If people travel less they will require fewer cars. Will the Genius of Detroit continue to produce five thousand daily of those vehicles with which he has flooded the world? Will the fears for the consumption of gasoline overtaking production be eliminated by radio television?

Has the city anything to fear from what lies over the hill? Originally a drawing together for protection, the community built walls and gates and defences. Then as a measure of peace came, the city became the market place. Men remained because of the need for physical propinquity in trading. Will that communal life continue with radio preparing new miracles to abridge distance?

And the farm? Estimates place a million radio sets on the farms of the United States. Three million elsewhere in the land. The growth is estimated at 2,000 sets a day; the effective range of a station about one hundred miles for regular service. In the beginning broadcasters sought to serve the farmer with crop and weather reports, with market statistics, but the cry went up from the farms that they would prefer a little more jazz and less weather, and now the rural silences echo to Vincent Lopez's orchestra, and the melodies of the Marine Band, while excerpts from "Pagliacci" vie with the banalities of the latest musical comedy. And what will follow when television comes to the farm?

Congress is preparing to broadcast, and whether this is a gesture of pride, justification or defense no one knows. Those on the mailing list of the *Congressional Record* regard it as unnecessary cruelty. Others incline to the belief that the radiation of what goes on under the Capitol dome will tend to elevate the oratorical level and improve the quality of thought that is presumed to precede it.

Unquestionably with the swift development of the press the oratorical excellences began to disappear. True some lingual calisthenics took their place, but these twanged out of tune. Gentlemen with paucity of talent, poverty of mind, and enlarged ego soon learned to get the consent of Congressional confreres to "extend the remarks in the Record". That means that Senator Blink or Repre-

(*Continued on page* 89)

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Should There Be a Church on MAIN STREET?

By WILLIAM H. RANKIN

BROADWAY is the longest street in the world.

Geographically, it runs north—I believe as far as Albany.

But *figuratively* it runs through every town and hamlet of the country as far west as San Francisco.

Where in this land is the lad who has not envisioned himself on Broadway?

Where is the lad who in imagination has not stood on its magic pavements though the soil beneath his feet be of clay or dust?

Broadway, the magnetic!

* * *

ONLY the man who has never been west of the Jersey shore, who has never milked a cow, who has never followed a team of steaming horses across a sun-beaten field, who has never whittled a stick on the steps of the general store . . . only he, robbed of one of life's thrills, can fail to sense the emotional powers of the name Broadway.

But what is this mysterious magnetism in the name Broadway? Here it is: bright lights . . . the crowds . . . cabarets . . . the parade of night life!

Isn't Broadway deserving of something better?

Must Broadway be to the youth of America the goddess of frivolity and levity?

* * *

THERE is at present on foot a most laudable movement to put Christianity on Broadway.

Not that Broadway is wicked, not that fun or diversion is unholy, but that the presence of the Cross may be a tempering and uplifting influence.

Holy objects beget reverence, and reverence inspires reflection.

The plan is to erect a magnificent temple of worship at Broadway and 173rd Street.

It will be a masterpiece of architectural grace, and from its most heavenward spire will flash at night a lighted cross, an unquenchable symbol that God is present.

It will be a cathedral and an office building combined.

It will contain schools, auditoriums, offices, hotel accommodations, cafeterias, etc. Its total cost will be approximately $4,000,000.

Now *who* are the masons? *Who* are the builders? *Who* are the financiers of this praiseworthy undertaking?

The citizenship of New York and the Nation at large! Popular subscription is turning Broadway Temple from plan and idea to brick and mortar.

Not popular subscription in the sense that you have always known it—contributions. But in an investment sense . . . you buy a bond, in denominations from $100 to $1000, and it pays you a 5 per cent return.

You help build a shrine to God, and receive payment for it.

Could you invest your money in a finer purpose? Does not the spectacle inspire and charm?

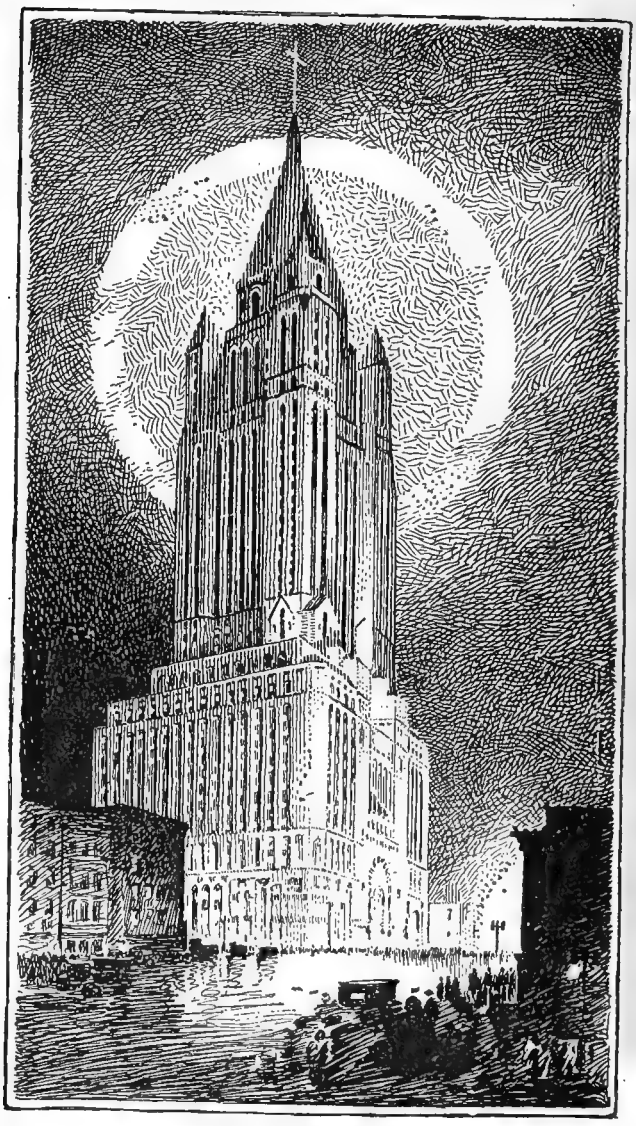
A definite and predetermined return plus the dividends of reclaimed souls, redeemed humanity and spiritually strengthened lives! Religion and revenue. Salvation and increment.

* * *

MAY we count upon you to do your part? Will you add your bricks that the Cross may be raised higher and brighter?

Will you help New York remind the youth of America that Broadway is more than a corridor of frivolity—that it is more than an electrical pageant—that it is more than a street to entertain visitors . . . that the Holy Spirit in all its majesty prevails as well as foot lights and night clubs?

"Buy these Bonds and Let God Come to Broadway"



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(*Continued from page 87*)

sentative Blopp spoke five hundred words on the floor and wrote in five thousand more that he thought of later in the less disturbing atmosphere of his office.

With Congressional broadcasting many changes lie over the hill. Legislators with a message they greatly wish to reach the public will be apt to time that delivery when they know most people will hear it. That means say at eight or nine o'clock in the evening. Does this presage a change in legislative hours? Last July when in the Democratic Convention Mr. Bryan had a battle on his hands, Western voters listening in took a swift hand by wiring their delegates to support the old war horse. That is possible of application to Senators and Representatives who are very likely to hear directly from the home folks when radio carries the proceedings into the ether, and this may mean a far greater measure of direct government by the people than any framer of the Constitution ever dreamed of.

Little actual reflection of the work of Congress can be gleaned from the newspapers. This is largely because of space limits, though the discretionary powers of selection necessarily placed in the hands of correspondents must be of effect also. Naturally news values attached to the bizarre or dramatic affect the legislative picture. With radio putting the full business on the air one will be less likely to discover a totally empty press gallery, and on inquiry to be told that this is so because:

"Tom Hefflin is just delivering the eighty-fourth installment of his opinion of the Federal Reserve Board."

Technically the law assumes all public matters to be freely open to the public, but actually no such thing occurs. When the situation becomes ticklish there is always the resort of an "executive session", which of course, means a secret session. When public broadcasting of public matters becomes general what will happen to the politician—especially the peanut politician? What lies over the radio hill for him?

When increased power from super stations gives greater signal strengths the programmes even from foreign stations will be available night or day. Within eighteen months London, New York, Paris, Berlin, and so on will be handling unit programmes emanating from one or two or three or all of the others. It is inevitably just over the radio hill. Indeed why should we waste the superb talents of a Paderewski or a Kreisler, a Lloyd George or a Hughes on a few hundred gathered in a hall.

The disturbed economists flutter and cry: "But who is going to pay for all this? Free broadcasting can't last, you know. It's economically unsound."

Frankly I don't know. It occurs to me, however, that endowing a broadcasting station is as effectively possible as endowing a college or a library. George Eastman has given some $60,000,000 to education. J. B. Duke quietly tossed $40,000,000 into the same pot. Andrew Carnegie devoted more than $250,000,000 to philanthropic educational purposes. And these are but three. Two or three million will endow a pretty good station, and there is no vital necessity for five hundred and sixty-seven of them, which is the present count.

Then cities will install stations in increasing numbers. Fifty or more universities and colleges have found radio of tremendous value in extension work.

So far radio has been considered from its effect upon our minds and environments, but there remain the physiological possibilities. Our atmosphere is filled with radio oscillations, akin in some measure to sunlight, having the same speed and other identical characteristics. What effect will all this increasing radio-activity have upon our bodies? It is sheerly impossible that anything so elementally vital should have no effect. Will our health improve? Will the processes of decay be halted or slowed up? Will earthly existence be lengthened?

How far have we actually come into contact with the cause of Life itself? How intimately have we touched the hem of Mind? Is all that is happening so swiftly and tremendously but a tiny fringe of the Infinite, and how vastly will further perception affect our welfare? The man or woman who cannot see a little way over the radio hill is surely to be pitied, for just behind that interesting knoll lie the endless potentialities of Intelligence itself, and radio may be the link that binds us with What Is To Be.

We may yet control metereological conditions through radio. Possibly the solution to our power problems lies there. Tesla insists it does and Steinmetz surely believed it.

But, says someone, what of its value in war? You have said nothing of that.

No, and I shall not. The hill mercifully hides many horrors, and too many are known today. Give radio full swing, nurse its international possibilities and a long step will have been taken toward the elimination of man's maddest absurdity.

"So and So," said Whistler on one occasion, "is a dangerous and unspeakable person. I sincerely hate him."

"Then you know him well," suggested an acquaintance.

"Know him?" cried Whistler. "I have never even seen the fellow! How could I hate a man I knew?"

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Seated, left to right, Subdirector of Police, Hakon Jorgensen and Mr. Eric Scheffer. Standing, Captain John Golden, New York Police Department, Miss Ingeborg Neilsen and Captain Hugo Wunche, aid to the Danish representatives at the International Police Conference.

The Detectives of Denmark

(Continued from page 23)

This system was mentioned in this magazine last month in an article describing the uniformed police force of Copenhagen. Inspector Jorgensen is in command of that force. His invention, however, is of use and value chiefly to detectives, with whom the present article deals. A description of this invention, necessarily very brief and superficial owing to limitations of space, is here given.

It is a method of sending absolutely positive identification of any fingerprint from one place to another by means of any commercial form of transmission available; notably telegraph, telephone and radio. This is done by means of numbers.

The first number refers to the finger from which the print has been taken. The index finger No. 1 and the rest follow in order, so that the little finger is No. 4 and the numbers return to the thumb, No. 5.

Next to be considered is the pattern. These are primarily divided into three great classes; whorls, arches and loops, as the illustrations show. For purposes of distant

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identification, however, a more specific classification is required, and variants of the primary classes are added until in all there are seven, as given below:

1. Arch.
2. Tent.
3. Loop, with delta to the right.
4. Loop, with delta to the left.
5. Whorl.
6. Double loop.
7. Composite or scarred; i.e., freaks.

The "deltas", it may be explained, are the points to be found in all fingerprints, where side ridges separate and give place to the central pattern, the part of the print to be classified.

Second to be investigated and registered are the ridges; and here the method differs according to the pattern. If it is a whorl, the ridges are traced; in a loop they are counted. The arch is not further classified, for this pattern is to be found in only about five per cent of the fingerprints, and its rarity, at this stage of the proceedings is in itself a sufficient classification.

A whorl, as will be seen by looking at the illustration, has two deltas, one on each side. A ridge is traced from one delta to the other. It is classified according to its course; whether it ends inside the whorl, outside the whorl or whether it continues to end in the other delta.

A loop pattern, it will be noticed, has but one delta, which is known as the outer terminal. The loop itself is the core, or inner terminal. The number of ridges between these two terminals are counted. In the example shown here there are eleven ridges.

In order to trace or count the ridges, and more especially in order to place the characteristics, which are finally to be considered, a simple instrument is used alike in sending and receiving. It consists of a magnifying glass placed over a square aperture, in model exactly like those which linen-testers employ, but with this additional feature; the square field is ruled with a diagram of parallel and radial lines. These parallel lines are four millimeters apart, and the intervening spaces are halved by means of dots. Single-millimeter zones are therefore easily measured by inspection; that is, estimated visually. The radial lines serve, if necessary, to divide into identifiable spaces that portion of the print which lies above the pattern proper, near the finger-tips. It is an exceptional case that requires their use. All spaces are designated by numbers.

The characteristics, so-called, are tiny abnormalities which nearly always appear in one or more ridges on any finger. They also are numbered, as shown in the diagram. A normal, unbroken ridge is designated by zero. Thence the numbers run on, through hooks of two sorts, forks, islands and so on, to a minute fragment of a ridge, which is numbered nine.

Thus, by a series of numbers, longer or shorter as the case may require (and it is rare indeed that more than fifty numbers are needed) any fingerprint can be found in a properly arranged file within two minutes at most after the descriptive message has been received.

The Distant Identification Bureau, founded by Inspector Jorgensen, and of which he still retains charge, is purely a labor of love with him; his official time is occupied with the uniformed police, of which he is the head. The same is true of Mr. Eric Scheffer, his associate, who is what we might call Judge-Advocate General of the Danish navy. It is upon the greatest woman fingerprint

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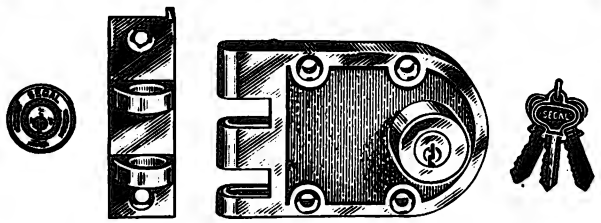

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specialist in the world, Miss Injeborg Hellner-Neilsen, that most of the practical work falls.

Under her supervision the Bureau issues a semi-yearly pamphlet, *The Distant Identification Register*, which contains, in condensed form, a record of every criminal fingerprint which has been taken in Denmark during the preceding six months. This is sent to every police-headquarters in the country, so that each in effect has at its command a complete Central Office Criminal Identification Bureau.

It is Inspector Jorgensen's great desire that this identification system, together with its periodical register, may be extended to cover the civilized nations of the globe, to the end that national boundaries will be practically abolished so far as the international crook and bolshevik propagandist is concerned, though not in a way the latter would choose, even though the abolition of such boundaries is a goal of his ambition.

It is most devoutly to be hoped that this may be accomplished. But even if it is not, there is no reason why this system should not be made of use throughout the length and breadth of our own land, for its cost would be negligible and its benefits enormous. It is one of the lessons we may learn from Denmark; but it is not the only one.

Some of their kindly but sensible laws might teach us with great profit to ourselves. There, for example, the police have judiciary powers in certain minor offences, which relieves the courts, saves time and expense and results in substantial justice being done. More important is the matter of police accessibility to arrested persons. Here, the moment a suspect is lodged in jail, the police lose all control. They have no right to question and require an answer, and thus a very substantial bar is constantly placed in the way of their necessary investigations. In Copenhagen the city prison adjoins Police Headquarters and is controlled by police officials. The suspect may be reached and interrogated at any time information from him is required.

Even their combination patrol-and-emergency car is a model we well might copy. It is practically a jail on wheels. In cases, for example, of unlawful assemblies, it enables the police to go get a ringleader, shut him up, leave him and depart in a compact body, undiminished by guards left behind, in search of another.

Perhaps we should apologize to our Danish friends for the fact, but nevertheless it *is* a fact, that our surprise at the number of lessons we could profitably learn from them began only after we landed in their country but remained with us until, most reluctantly, we were obliged to leave their hospitable shores.

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What Makes a Criminal?

(*Continued from page* 41)

from society will remain honest by preference. It is my observation of hundreds of criminals whose reform has been complete and permanent that makes this conclusion a definite one. It is this capacity of humanity to turn from evil ways to methods of life which society recognizes as right and proper that really proves my first conclusion, which is that crime is an accident to which a moment's carelessness may subject any human being."

And there we come gradually to the basic fact in considering any question of criminality; that the accidency of crime is a factor of civilization, and that individuals are occasionally exposed to it. Whether the exposure proves fatal or not depends largely on the economic, social, mental and physical stature of the individual. If the British report above referred to did nothing more than indicate this, it would still have been a noteworthy achievement. And in confirmation, when Thomas Mott Osborne was warden of Sing Sing Prison he made it abundantly clear to this writer that a tremendously large proportion of the men in jail were there because they entirely lacked the ability to support themselves by their own efforts and turned to crime for their livelihood.

An eminent criminal authority, Sir B. Donkin, M. D., associated with the survey at Parkhurst Prison, in an address upon those researches said:

"The only important link between crime and heredity is the larger minority of persons with mental defect, apparently of congenital nature, found among convicted criminals than in the population at large. * * * They have merely followed the path of least resistance, since they have been unable to acquire the complex characters essential to the average man."

Such a statement brings us more closely to the root of criminality, and this becomes most apparent when a single sentence from the Parkhurst-Goring report is considered.

"The work showed that nearly all thieves and burglars are physically deficient—actually underweight—criminals, recruited from those less able mentally or physi-

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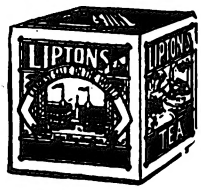

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cally. It is simply a question of defective intelligence."

The indications then are clearly that the State is itself at fault, for the causes are obviously malnutrition, poor education, and negative moral culture. It is doubtful if a more positive case against a State could be made since all three causes are theoretically at least within its control. In this age of wealth and culture to be faced with the appalling thousands of children afflicted with rickets is virtually an indictment of our boasted civilization. It is but a few months since an eminent European authority impartially examined our educational system, and found it sadly lacking. Those inclined to doubt his analysis may hold converse with the average school child. The third count, that of moral culture, is sufficiently glaring to require little indication. Throughout the land the question is being debated, not temperately, but loudly, clamantly, intolerantly, from a sordidly sectarian basis.

The Goring report strikes definitely at the very inception of the Lombroso theory. Dr. Goring says:

"Lombroso's theory began with his accidentally noting one gloomy December morning certain anomalous structures in the skull of a brigand he had been examining. He then began to search for physical peculiarities among criminals. Naturally he found what he sought and claimed that in every organ and structure, from quality of hair to pedal deformity, the criminal is beset with definite, morbid physical stigmata. Red and gray hair and baldness, says Lombroso, are rare among criminals."

And then comes the very definite conclusion that might well be considered by every legislative body in any civilized country:

"There is no distinct criminal type. Physical and mental construction of both criminal and law-abiding persons are identical, but it is an undisputable fact that there is a mental, moral and physical type of person who tends to the commission of crime. On statistical evidence the criminal is differentiated by inferior stature, by defective intelligence, and by anti-social proclivities. One in thirteen persons of the general population will be likely to be convicted of an indictable offense.

"Defective physique and intelligence run together. Crimes of violence are associated with fine physiques, while fraudulent offenders are generally free from constitutional weaknesses. It is noteworthy that tall persons are almost never guilty of rape, or offenses against women. The criminal is unquestionably a product of the

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most prolific stocks, and conviction for crime is associated with constitutional rather than with circumstantial conditions."

In brief, the whole question goes back to the political system under which the State operates, and the degree of criminality is dependent very definitely upon the three great factors over which the State is supposed to exercise most control. And in this connection attention may be drawn to that final sentence in which the report is definite in charging to the most prolific stocks the most criminality. In other words, human fecundity is apparently lower in quality as it increases in quantity.

One might hesitate to suggest animalism here, but the records of two extraordinary families tend to bear this conclusion out. In Professor Irving Fisher's Report on National Vitality, published through the Government Printing Office, is reference to the family known as "Jukes" from the immediate progenitor of which were descended in seventy-five years over 1,200 persons. Of these 310 were professional paupers, 50 prostitutes, 7 murderers, 60 habitual thieves, and 130 common criminals. The Jukes family in those seventy-five years cost the State over $1,300,000.

Then there was the other family known as the "Tribe of Ishmael," which in six generations produced murderers, thieves, vagrants and prostitutes in extraordinary numbers. Such instances as these cited by professor Fisher bear out fully the findings of the Goring report concerning the influence of circumstances of the individual, particularly when it is further learned that in almost every instance of criminal tendency in both families, subnormality in physique and mentality were apparent.

Naturally these deficiencies are not to be found in one hundred percent of criminality, since in many instances individuals of reasonably normal stature and mentality take the criminal bent. In such instances two principal reasons are usually found to have been present, either the crime has been one of passion, involving lack of supreme control, or acquisitiveness has become so paramount an emotion that it has developed into an abnormal habit.

The Goring report dealt largely with appearances, or physical features, including the high physiognomical factor claimed by Lombroso. No basis for physiognomical criminal classification was found; on the contrary, likenesses of a large number of the criminal prisoners showed a surprising retention of the normal type of

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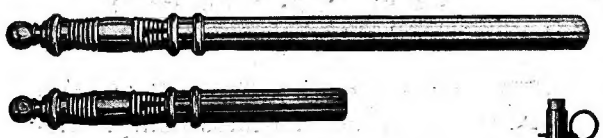

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features of the every day man and woman. A composite portrait of thirty individuals betrays nothing that could be classified as abnormal in anyway.

Basically criminality is due to the main causes given above, and obviously the remedy is easily available. Physical training in clean forms of sport and athletics, economic improvement in family life so that adequate nourishment is assured, a better proportion of education, and some thorough system of moral training—which need not necessarily be religious training in view of the sectarian jealousies that have made their appearance—will reduce the degree of criminality tremendously, at least in so far as it affects those criminals in embryo. Reformation of occasional or habitual criminals now in penal institutions must necessarily follow the same lines. In some circles it has become the fashion to decry the possibility of reform, but every experienced police officer can cite instances of thorough and lasting reformation, for circumstance, education and physical and moral training are effective here also.

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